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THE
REPOSITORY:
A SELECT COLLECTION
OF
FUGITIVE PIECES
OF
WIT AND HUMOUR,
IN
PROSE AND VERSE.
BY THE MOST EMINENT WRITERS.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed for CHARLES DILLY.

MDCCLXXXIII.

25

THE
H I L L I A D:
AN
E P I C P O E M.

By C. S M A R T, A. M.

Fellow of Pembroke-Hall, in the University of Cambridge.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED,

Copious PROLEGOMENA and NOTES VARIORUM,

PARTICULARLY,

Those of QUINBUS FLESTRIN, Esq; and
MARTINUS MACULARIUS, M. D. Acad.
Reg. Scient. Burdig. &c. Soc.

“ — Pallas te hoc vulnere, Pallas
“ Immolat, & pœnam scelerato ex sanguine fumit.”

First printed in 1753.

Vol. IX.

B



[3]

A
L E T T E R
T O A

FRIEND at the UNIVERSITY of CAMBRIDGE.

DEAR *****,

I AM now to acknowledge several letters which I lately received from you, without any return on my part. As I have been very much hurried of late with a multiplicity of affairs, I must beg you will not only be kind enough to overlook my past omission, but to indulge me for a little time longer. As soon as I am master of sufficient leisure, I will give you my sentiments, without reserve, concerning the affair about which you have thought proper to consult me; for the present, I desire you will consider this as a receipt for your many favours, or a promissory note to discharge my debt of friendship as soon as possible.

The design and colouring of a poem, such as you have planned, are not to be executed in a hurry, but with slow and careful touches, which

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will give that finishing to your piece, remarkable in every thing that comes from your hand, and which I could wish the precipitancy of my temper would permit me to aim at upon all occasions. I long to see you take a new flight to the regions of fame, not upon unequal wings, that sometimes rise to a degree of elevation, and then fall again, but with an uniform tenour, like the bird in VIRGIL,

Radit iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas.

I have been now for about three weeks in this scene of smoke and dust, and I think the republic of letters seems to be lamentably upon the decline in this metropolis. Attorneys clerks, and raw unexperienced boys, are the chief critics we have at present. With a supercilious look and peremptory voice, which they have caught from a few of their oracles, as dark and ignorant as themselves, these striplings take upon them to decide upon fable, character, language, and sentiment.

*Nescis, heu nescis dominæ fastidia Romæ;
Crede mihi nimium martia turba sapit.*

With regard to writers, the town swarms with them, and the aim of them all is pretty much
the

the same, viz. to elevate and surprize, as Mr. Bays says. At the head of these still continues the INSPECTOR. As we frequently laughed together concerning this writer when you were last in town, I need not here give you a description of his parts and genius. I remember you expressed great amazement at the reception his essays seemed to meet with in all our coffee-houses; but you must consider, that there are artifices to gain success, as well as merit to deserve it. The former of these his INSPECTORSHIP is eminently possessed of, and sooner than fail he will not hesitate, in order to make himself talked of at any rate, to become most glaringly ridiculous. This answers the purpose of the booksellers, as well perhaps as Attic wit, and hence it results that they are willing to continue him in their pay.

In the packet, which I have sent to you by the stage-coach, you will find a paper called the IMPERTINENT, written by himself. In this curious piece he has not stopped at abusing his own dear person, which is the only subject he has not handled with his usual malice, and the rest of it is made a vehicle for invective against Mr. Fielding and me. It was ushered into the world in a pompous manner, as if intended to be continued, but no second number was ever published; and, to

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shew you a further instance of his fallacy, he thence took occasion to triumph over a pretender to essay-writing, which, he would fain insinuate, cannot be executed by any one but himself.

This unfair dealing, so unworthy a man who aspires to be a member of the serene republic of letters, induced me to waive, for a time, the design you know I was engaged in, in order to bestow a few lines upon this scribler, who in my eyes is a disgrace to literature. In the first heat of my poetic fury, I formed the idea of another DUNCIAD, which I intended to call after the name of my hero, THE HILLIAD. The first book of it you will receive, among other things, by the coach, and I shall be glad to be favoured with your opinion of it.

If it conduces to your entertainment, I shall have gained my end; for though I have received such provocation from this man, I believe I shall never carry it any further. I really find some involuntary sensations of compassion for him, and I cannot help thinking, that, if he could keep within the bounds of decency and good-manners, he would be a rare instance of what may be done by a fluency of periods, without genius, sense, or meaning. Though I am persuaded he is quite incorrigible, I am still reluctant to publish that piece, for I would rather be recommended to posterity

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posterity by the elegant and amiable Muses, than by the Satyric Sister, politely called by an eminent author, "the least engaging of the Nine."

On this account I shall proceed no further 'till you have favoured me with your opinion, by which I will absolutely determine myself. I hope therefore you will peruse it as soon as you can with convenience, and return it to me by the stage. You may shew it to Jack *****, and to Mr. ****.

I am, with great sincerity,

Dear *****,

London, 15 Dec.
1752.

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

DEAR SMART,

THE perusal of your poem has given me so much pleasure, that I cannot postpone thanking you for it, by the first opportunity that has offered. I have read it to the persons you desired I should, and they approve the design in the highest manner. I cannot conceive what

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should make you hesitate a moment about the publication; and, to be free with you, you must not by any means suppress it. When I say this, I must observe, that I should be glad to see you better employed, than in the dissection of an insect; but since the work should be done by somebody, and since you have made such a progress, I must take the liberty to insist, that you will not drop this undertaking.

To speak in plain terms; I look upon it to be indispensably incumbent on you to bring the miscreant to poetic justice; it is what you owe to the cause of learning in general, to your *Alma mater* this university, and, let me add, it is what you owe to yourself. The world will absolve you from any imputation of ill-nature, when it is considered that the pen is drawn in defence of your own character. Give me leave, upon this occasion, to quote a passage from the SPECTATOR, which I think pertinent to the present subject.

“ Every honest man ought to look upon himself
“ as in a natural state of war with the libeller
“ and lampooner; and to annoy them where-
“ ever they fall in his way. This is but retalia-
“ ting upon them, and treating them as they
“ treat others.”

Thus

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Thus thought the polite Mr. Addison in a case where he was not immediately concerned; and can you doubt what to do, when personally attacked? As soon as the hissing of the snake is heard, some means should be devised to crush him. The advice of VIRGIL is,

Cape saxa manu, cape robora pastor.

I can tell you that your friends here expect this of you, and we are all unanimous in thinking, that a man who has the honour of belonging to this learned university, and to whom the prize, for displaying with a masterly hand the attributes of his Maker, has been adjudged for three years successively, should not on any account suffer himself to be trifled with, by so frigid and empty a writer. I would have you reflect that you launched into the world with many circumstances, that raised a general expectation of you, and the early approbation of such a genius as Mr. POPE, for your elegant version of his ode, made you considered as one who might hereafter make a figure in the literary world; and let me recommend to you, not to let the laurel, yet green upon your brow, be torn off by the prophane hands of an unhallowed hireling. This, I think, as is observed already, you owe to yourself, and

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to that university which has distinguished you with honour.

Besides the motives of retaliation, which I have urged for the publication of your poem, I cannot help considering this matter in a moral light, and I must avow, that in my eyes it appears an action of very great merit. If to pull off the mask from an impostor, and detect him in his native colours to the view of a long-deluded public, may be looked upon as a service to mankind (as it certainly is), a better opportunity never can offer itself.

In my opinion, the cause of literature is in imminent danger of a total degeneracy, should this writer's diurnal productions meet with further encouragement. Without straining hard for it, I can perceive a corruption of taste diffusing itself throughout the cities of London and Westminster. For a clear vein of thinking, easy natural expression, and an intelligible style, this pretender has substituted brisk question and answer, pert, unmeaning periods, ungrammatical construction, unnatural metaphors, with a profusion of epithets, inconsistent for the most part with the real or figurative meaning of his words, and, in short, all the masculine beauties of style, are likely to be banished from among us by the continuation

tinuation of his papers for almost two years together.

Now, Sir, I submit it to you, whether this may not lead on a total depravity of sense and taste. Should the more sober at our coffee-houses be dazzled with false embellishments, should boys admire the unnatural flourishing, I do not in the least question, but the rising generation will be totally infected with this strange motley style, and thus antithesis and point will be the prevailing turn of the nation.

it is to prevent a contagion of this sort, that HORACE took the pen in hand: for this, Quintilian favoured the world with his excellent work. The ingenious authors of France have carefully attended to this point. Truth, they insisted, is the very foundation of fine writing; and that no thought can be beautiful, which is not just, was their constant lesson. To enforce this, and to preserve a manly way of thinking, BOILEAU lashed the scriblers of his time; and in our own country the Spectators, Tatlers, and Guardians, have laboured for this end. To this we owe the Bathos, in which we find exposed, with the most delicate traits of satire, all false figures in writing; and finally to this we owe the Dunciad of Mr. POPE.

These

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These instances, dear Smart, are sufficient to justify your proceeding; and let me tell you, that the cultivation of taste is a point of more moment than perhaps may appear at first sight. In the course of my reading, I have observed that a corruption in morals has always attended a decline of letters. Of this Mr. POPE seems to be sensible; and hence we find, in the conclusion of his Dunciad, the general progress of dulness over the land is the final *coup de grace* to every thing decent, every thing laudable, elegant, and polite.

Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor public fame, nor private dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glympse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, CHAOS! is restor'd,
Light dies before thy uncreating word.
Thy hand, great ANARCH, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.

I am aware that you may answer to what has been premised, that the man is not of consequence enough for all this, and you may observe to me, that at first setting out I myself called him by the figurative and typical appellation of an insect. But if an insect gets into the sunshine, and there blazes, shines, and buzzes to the annoyance

noyance of those who may be basking in the beams, it is time for the Muse's wing to brush the thing away. In plain English, the rapidity, with which this writer went on in his progress, was so astonishing, that I really looked upon him to be reserved for the great instrument of dulness in the completion of her work, which certainly must be accomplished, unless a speedy stop be put to that inundation of nonsense and immorality with which he has overwhelmed the nation.

I have mentioned immorality, nor will I retract the word. Has he not attacked, maliciously attacked, the reputation of many gentlemen, to whom the world has been greatly obliged?—He did not brandish his goose-quill for any length of time, before he discharged a torrent of abuse upon the reverend Mr. Francis, whose amiable character, and valuable translation of HORACE, have endeared him both to those who are, and those who are not, acquainted with him. Even beauty and innocence were no safe-guards against his calumny, and the soft-eyed virgin was by him cruelly obliged to shed the tender tear.

Upon the commencement of the Covent-Garden Journal, Mr. Fielding declared an humourous war against this writer, which was intended to be carried on with an amicable pleasantry, in order to contribute to the entertainment of the town.

It

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It is recent in every body's memory, how the INSPECTOR behaved upon that occasion. Conscious that there was not an atom of humour in his composition, he had recourse to his usual shifts, and instantly disclosed a private conversation; by which he reduced himself to the alternative mentioned by Mr. POPE; "and if he lies not, must at least betray." Through all Mr. Fielding's inimitable comic Romances, we perceive no such thing as personal malice, no private character dragged into light; but every stroke is copied from the volume which nature has unfolded to him; every scene of life is by him represented in its natural colours; and every species of folly or humour is ridiculed with the most exquisite touches. A genius like this is perhaps more useful to mankind, than any class of writers; he serves to dispel all gloom from our minds, to work off our ill-humours by the gay sensations excited by a well directed pleasantry, and in a vein of mirth he leads his readers into the knowledge of human nature; the most useful and pleasing science we can apply to. And yet so deserving an author has been most grossly treated by this wild Essayist. And, not to multiply instances, has he not attempted to raise tumults and divisions in our theatres, contrary to all decency and common sense, and contrary to the practice of all polite writers,

writers, whose chief aim has ever been to cherish harmony and good-manners, and to diffuse through all ranks of people a just refinement of taste in all our public entertainments?

These considerations, dear Sir, prompt you to the blow, and will justify it when given. I believe, I may venture to add, never had poet so inviting a subject for satire; POPE himself had not so good a hero for his DUNCIAD. The first worthy who sat in that throne, viz. Lewis Theobald of dull memory, employed himself in matters of some utility, and, upon his being dethroned, the person who succeeded was one who formerly had some scattered rays of light; and in most of his comedies, though whimsical and extravagant, there are many strokes of drollery: not to mention that the Careless Husband is a finished piece.

But in the Hero of the Hilliad all the requisites seem to be united, without one single exception. You remember, no doubt, that, in the dissertation prefixed to the Dunciad, the efficient qualities of an hero for the little epic are mentioned to be vanity, impudence, and debauchery. These accomplishments, I apprehend, are glaring in the person you have fixed upon. As a single and notable instance of the two first, has he not upon all occasions joined himself to some celebrated

brated name, such as the Right Honourable the Earl of Orrery, or some other such exalted character? I have frequently diverted myself by comparing this proceeding to the cruelty of a tyrant, who used to tie a living person to a dead carcass; and, as to your hero's debauchery, there are, I am told, many pleasant instances of it.

Add to these several subordinate qualifications; such as foppery, a surprizing alacrity to get into scrapes, with a notable felicity of extricating himself, an amazing turn for politicks, a wonderful knowledge of herbs, minerals, and plants, and, to crown all, a comfortable share of gentle dulness. This gentle dulness is not that impenetrable stupidity, which is remarkable in some men, but it is known by that countenance which Dr. Garth calls, "demurely meek, insipidly serene." It is known by a brisk volubility of speech, a lively manner of saying nothing through an entire paper, and upon all occasions by a conscious simper, short insertions of witty remarks, the frequent exclamation of wonder, the self-applauding chit-chat, and the pleasant repartee.

Upon the whole, dear Smart, I cannot conceive what doubt can remain in your mind about the publication; it is conferring on him that ridicule, which his life, character, and actions, deserve. I shall be in town in less than a fortnight, when

I shall

THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE. 17

I shall bring your poem with me, and if you will give me leave, I will help you to some notes, which I think will illustrate many passages.

—*Satyrarum ego, (ni pudet illas)*
Adjutor, &c. JUV.

I am, dear SMART,

Cambridge,
21st Dec. 1762.

Yours very sincerely,

*** *****

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF THE
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN
AND IRELAND

BY

JOHN HANCOCK

LONDON

PRINTED BY

JOHN HANCOCK

AT THE

PRINTING OFFICE

IN

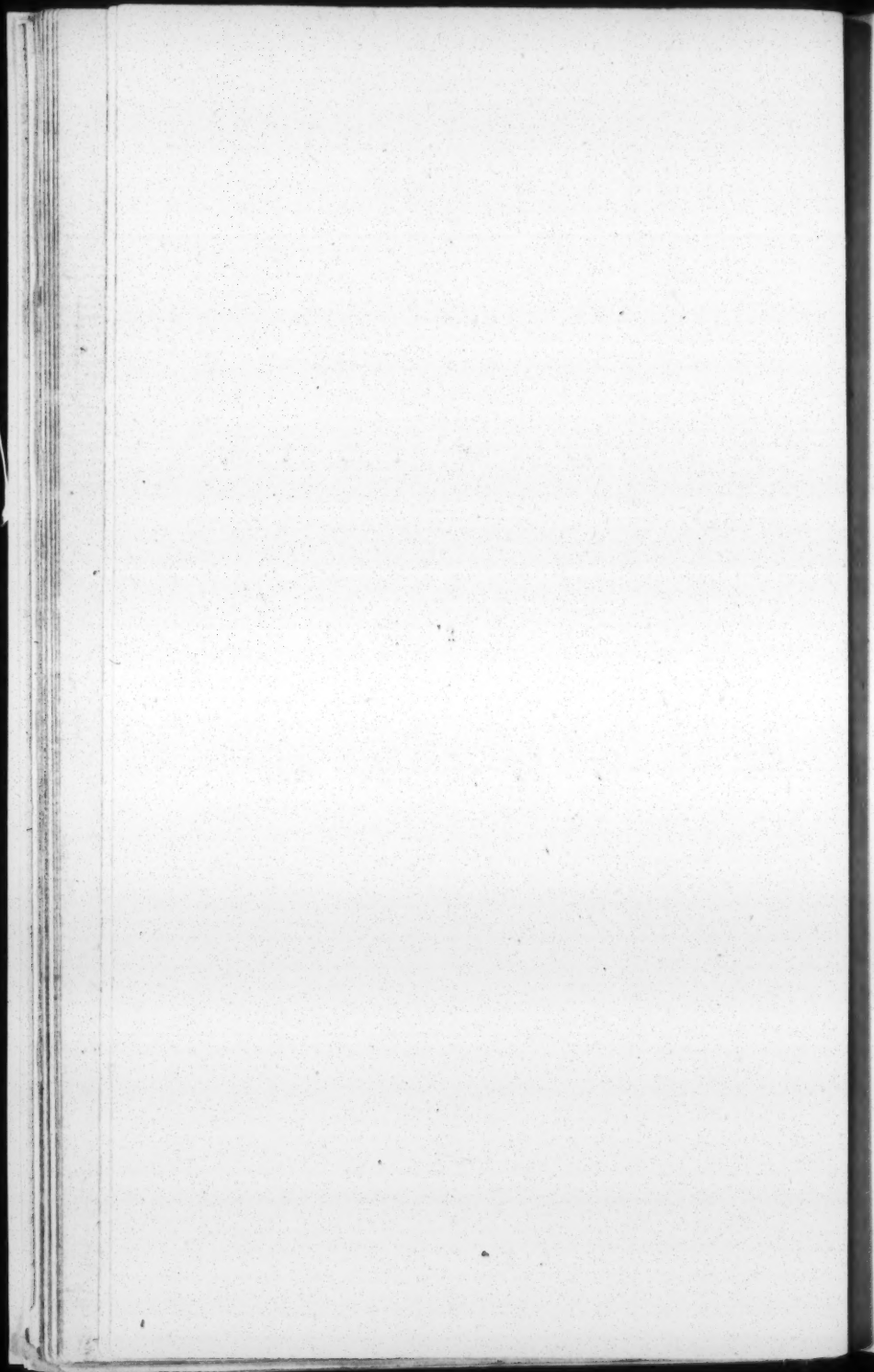
ST. MARTIN'S LANE

1750

PROLEGOMENA

TO THE

H I L L I A D.

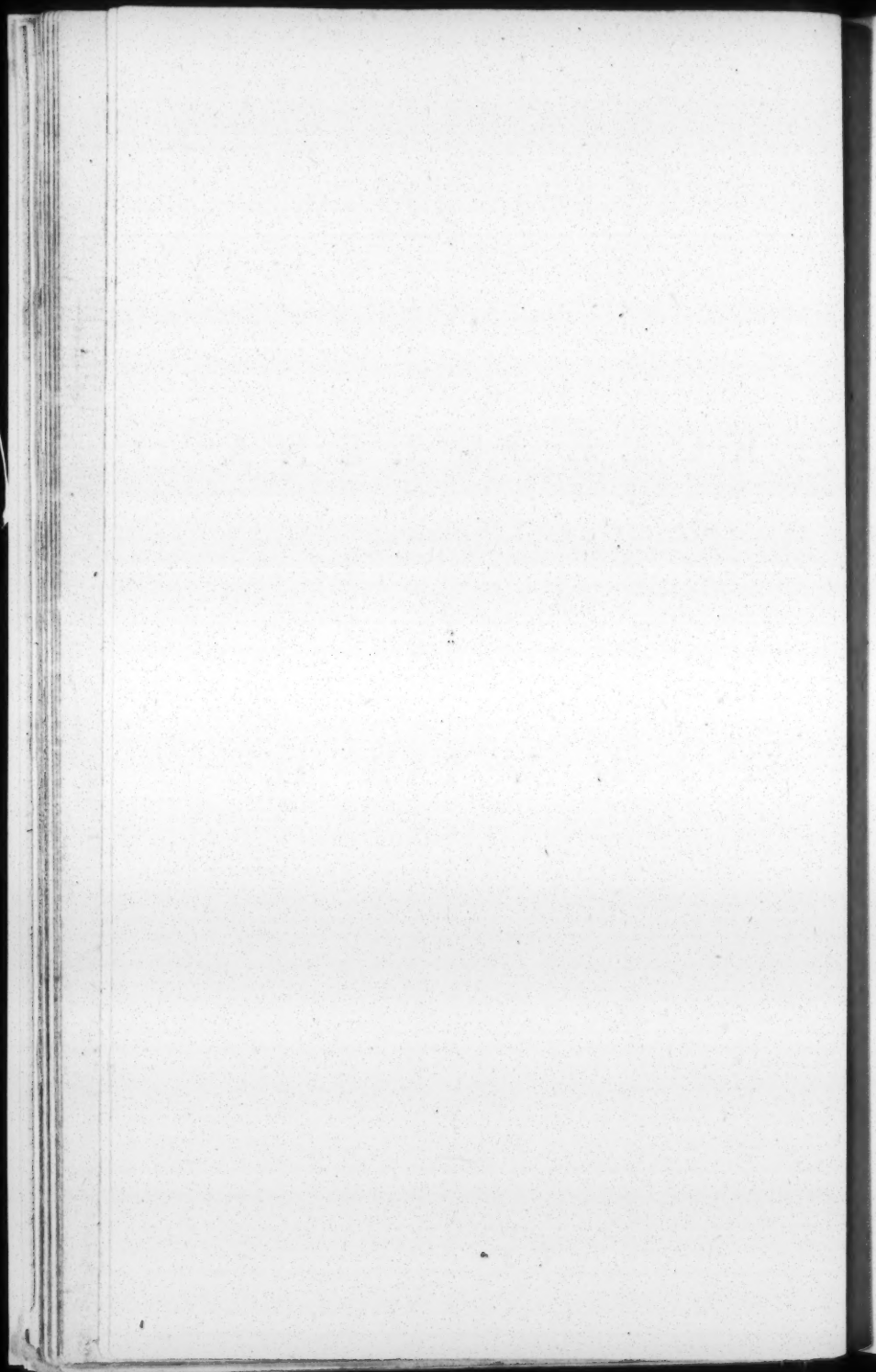


E X T R A C T
FROM A
PAPER called the IMPERTINENT,

Published Aug. 13, 1752.

WRITTEN BY DR. HILL.

THERE are men who write because they have wit; there are those who write because they are hungry: There are some of the modern authors who have a constant fund of both these causes; and there are who will write, although they are not instigated either by the one or by the other. The first are all spirit; the second are all earth; the third disclose more life, or more vapidity, as the one or the other cause prevails; and for the last, having neither the one nor the other principle for the cause, they shew neither the one nor the other character in the effect: But begin, continue, and end; as if they had neither begun, continued, nor ended at all.



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Of the first one sees an instance in Fielding; Smart with equal right stands foremost among the second; of the third, the mingled wreath belongs to Hill; and for the fourth, none who has been curious enough to read the college oration in honour of phyfic, and in defamation of quacks and quackery, will dare to dispute the pre-eminence with Sir William Browne.

Those of the first rank are the most capricious, and the most lazy of all animals: The monkey genius would rarely exert itself, if even idleness innate did not give way to the superior love of mischief. The ass that character the second is as laborious, and as dull, and as indefatigable as he is empty: Stranger to the caprice of genius, he knows none of its risings or its fall; but he wears a ridiculous comicalness of aspect, that makes people smile when they see him at a distance: His mouth opens, because he must be fed; and the world often joins with the philosopher in laughing at the insensibility and obstinacy that make him prick his lips with thistles.

E X T R A C T

FROM THE

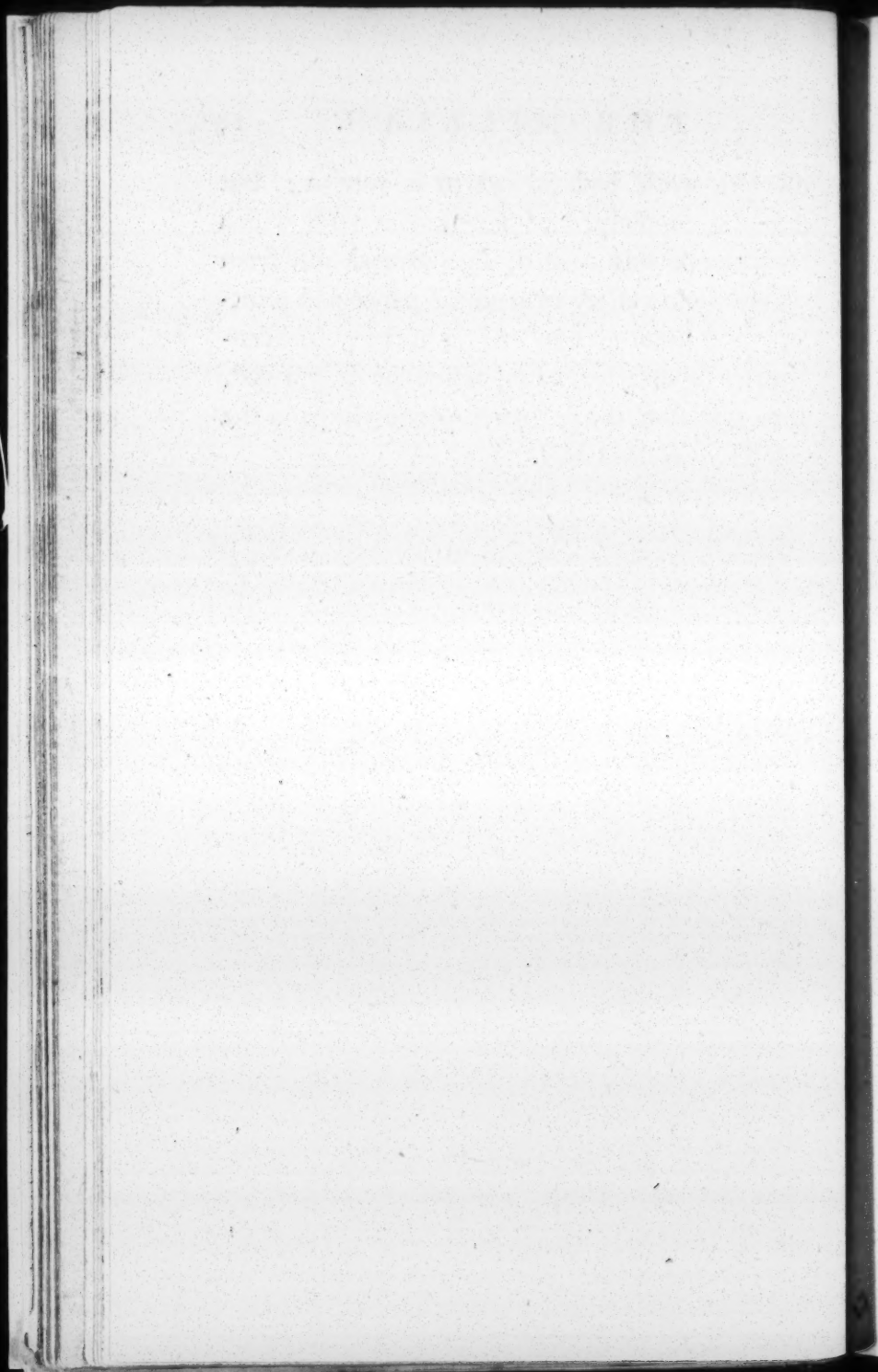
GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE,

For August 1751. Page 387.

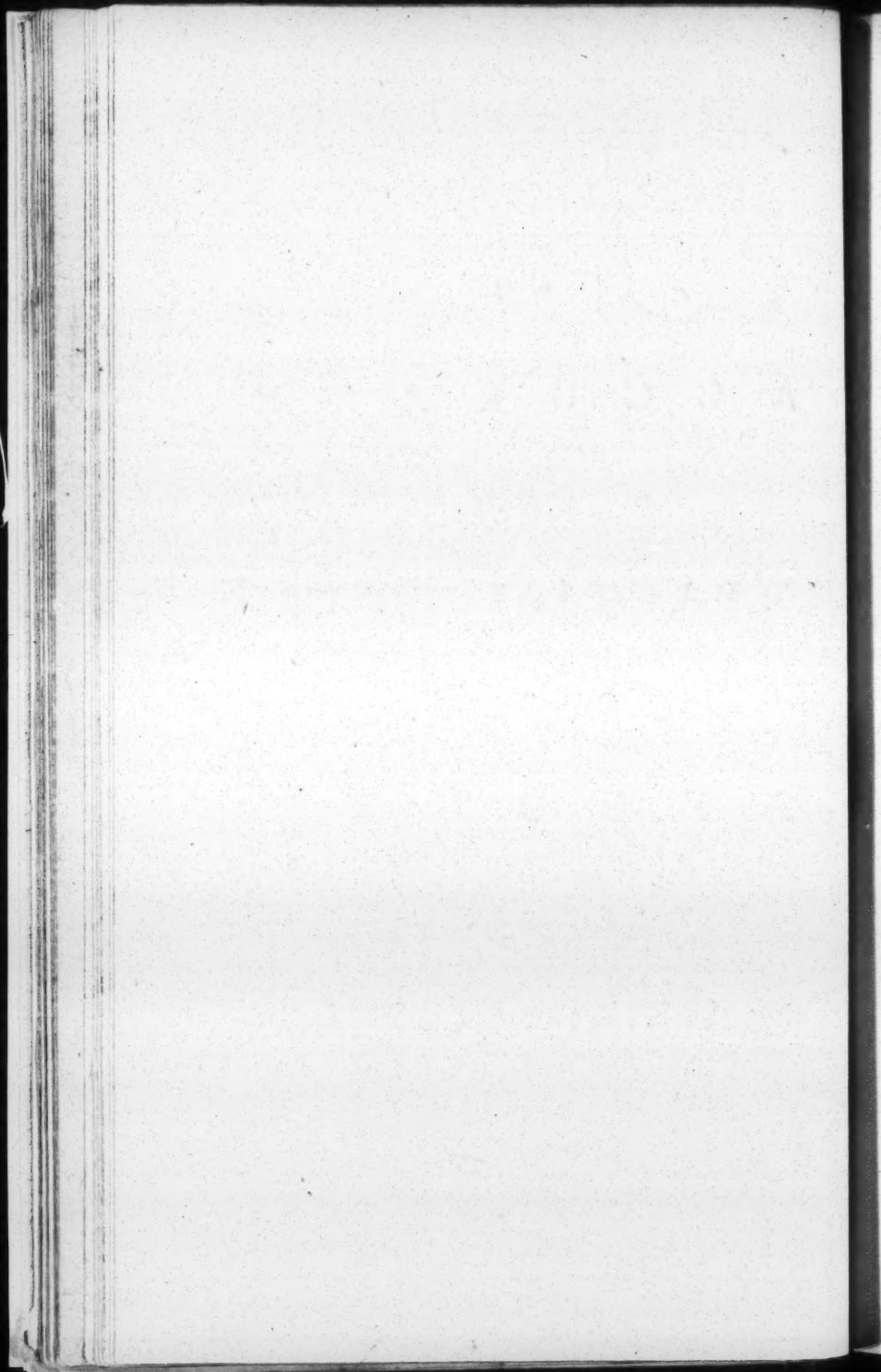
THE Impertinent, printed [in the manner of the Rambler,] for J. Bouquet, price two-pence. To have been continued every Thursday. Of this piece, Dr. Hill, in his Inspector of the Tuesday following, says, "Of all the periodical pieces set up in vain during the last eighteen months, I shall mention only the most pert, the most pretending, and short-lived of any. I have in vain sent to Mr. Bouquet for the second number of the Impertinent. There must have been indignation superior even to curiosity, in the sentence passed on this assuming piece; and the public deserves applause of the highest kind, for having crushed in the bud so threatening a

mischief. It will be in vain to accuse the town either of patronizing dullness, or ill-nature, while this instance can be produced, in which a load of personal satyr could not procure purchasers enough to promote a second number. It will not be easy to say too much in favour of that candour, which has rejected and despised a piece that cruelly and unjustly attacked Mr. Smart, &c."—This character of the Impertinent, and an account of its reception, however quaint and inaccurate the expressions, as they are indisputably just, might be thought a sufficient gratification of public curiosity; but there is yet an interesting anecdote behind, with which 'the world has a right to be acquainted.'—The man who thus resents the cruel treatment of Mr. Smart in the Inspector, and he who thus cruelly treated him in the Impertinent, is known to be the same. The worthy and ingenious Dr. Hill, who every day obliges the world with a moral or a philosophical essay, and on Saturday with a lecture on religion, is the scribbler who published the load of personal abuse, that excited the indignation of the public, and produced the most pert, assuming, and short-lived of all the periodical pieces which have lately appeared; and in this abuse and pertness he would probably have persisted
till

till the work had swelled to a volume; but that the contempt and indignation with which his attempt was treated, discouraged him from risking the necessary expence of paper and printing, and induced him to join in the public censure, as a detected felon, when he is pursued, cries out stop thief, and hopes to escape in the croud that follows him.



AN
ACCURATE
AND
IMPARTIAL STATE
OF THE
ACCOUNT
BETWEEN
Mr. SMART and Dr. HILL.



Mr. SMART Debtor to Dr. HILL;
For his PRAISES.

Saturday, March 9th, 1751. Inspector, N^o VI.
at the Close of the Essay.

“**M**R. J. D — spoke an excellent
“ * prologue; and this lady an epilogue
“ hardly at all inferior to it; the least we can
“ say in regard to this part of the performance
“ is, that they both deserved all the applause
“ they received on their delivering them.”

Tuesday, April 14th, 1752. Inspector, N^o 350.

“**W**E find Mr. Smart, a person of real and
“ of great genius, in a late poem on one
“ of the attributes of the Supreme Being, in the
“ midst of passages that would have done honour
“ to many an ancient, talking of shrubs of amber,
“ as if that mineral substance had been a plant
“ growing at the bottom of the sea.”

* This prologue and epilogue were written by Mr. Smart.

PER-CONTRA Creditor, for his ABUSE.

Thursday, August 13th, 1752.

IMPERTINENT, N^o I. and last.

Wednesday the 6th of December, 1752.

INSPECTOR N^o 543.

“THERE is one Smart also, against whose
“ severity I have still less to plead—’twas I
“ that introduced him to the world—his * Book-
“ feller

* “Whereas the Inspector in his paper of the 7th instant,
“ has confidently asserted, that he recommended Mr. Smart
“ to me, and made us acquainted; I think it my duty to
“ undeceive the public, and contradict an assertion so abso-
“ lutely false.

“ The truth is—Dr. Hill (the supposed author of the In-
“ spector) called at my house one Sunday in the afternoon,
“ about six months after Mr. Smart and I had been concerned
“ together in business, and expressed a desire of being made
“ known to him. As Mr. Smart was then above stairs, I
“ brought them together, when the Doctor complimented
“ him on his writings, and gave both him and me an invi-
“ tation to his house, which was never complied with. By
“ the manner of their addressing each other they appeared
“ to be absolute strangers; and after the Doctor was gone,
“ Mr. Smart told me he had never seen Dr. Hill before.

“ I

“seller took him into salary on my approbation
 “of the specimens which he offered.—I betrayed
 “him into the profession, and having starved
 “upon it, he has a right to abuse me.—I am
 “afraid I have since been guilty of saying that
 “he had genius,—has he not reason to make me
 “the hero of a Dunciad?”

Thursday, December 7th, 1752.

The whole INSPECTOR.

“I farther declare, that to the best of my knowledge and
 “belief, Mr. Smart never wrote any thing for hire, nor did
 “he ever sell me any copy of his that I have published.

“St. Paul’s Church-Yard,

JOHN NEWBERY *.

“December 9, 1752.

* As the remainder of this Account consists only of
 “Extracts from the Monthly Review, August 1752, on Mr.
 “Smart’s poems, it seems unnecessary to insert any more
 “of it.

Due on the BALANCE TO THE INSPECTOR,
THE HILLIAD,
AN HEROIC POEM.

Bedford Coffee-House, Jan. 16, 1753.

RECEIVED then of * one Smart, the first
book of the HILLIAD, in part of payment,
for the many and great obligations he is under
to me.

his
The + INSPECTOR.
mark

Witness { QUINBUS FLESTRIN,
GABRIEL GRIFFIN.

* See Inspector, N^o 543.

T H E
H I L L I A D.
BOOK THE FIRST.

THOU God of jest, who o'er th' ambrosial
bowl
Giv'st joy to Jove, while laughter shakes the pole;
And

NOTES VARIORUM.

Thou God of jest.] As the design of heroic poetry is to celebrate the virtues and noble achievements of truly great personages, and to conduct them through a series of hardships to the completion of their wishes, so the little epic delights in representing, with an ironical drollery, the mock qualities of those, who, for the benefit of the laughing part of mankind, are pleased to become egregiously ridiculous, in an affected imitation of the truly renowned worthies above-mentioned. Hence our poet calls upon Momus, at first opening of his poem, to convert his hero into a jest. So that, in the present case, it cannot be said, *facit indignatio versum*, but, if I may be allowed the expression, *facit iustitia versum*; which may serve to shew our author's temper of mind is free from rancour, or ill-nature. Notwithstanding the great incentives he has had to prompt him to this undertaking, he is not actuated by the spirit of revenge; and, to check the sallies of fancy and humourous invention, he further invokes the goddess Themis, to administer strict, poetic justice.

Shakes the pole.] Several cavils have been raised against this passage. QUINBUS FLESTRIN, the unborn poet, is of
VOL. IV. D

And thou, fair Justice, of immortal line,
 Hear, and assist the poet's grand design,
 Who aims at triumph by no common ways, 5
 But on the stem of dulness grafts the bays.

O thou,

NOTES VARIORUM.

opinion that it is brought in merely to eke out a verse; but though in many points I am inclined to look upon this critick as irrefragable, I must beg leave at present to appeal from his verdict; and, though Horace lays it down as a rule not to admire any thing, I cannot help enjoying so pleasing an operation of the mind upon this occasion. We are here presented with a grand idea, no less than Jupiter shaking his sides and the heavens at the same time. The Pagan thunderer has often been said to agitate the pole with a nod, which in my mind gives too awful an image; whereas the one in question conveys an idea of him in good humour, and confirms what Mr Orator Henley says in his excellent tracts, that "the Deity is a joyous being."

MARTINUS MACULARIUS, M. D.

Reg. Soc. Bur. &c. Soc.

[*Grafts the bays.*] Much puzzle hath been occasioned among the naturalists concerning the engraftment here mentioned. HILL's Natural History of Trees and Plants, vol. LII. p. 336, saith, it hath been frequently attempted, but that the tree of dulness will not admit any such inoculation. He adds, in p. 339, that he himself tried the experiment for two years successively, but that the twig of laurel, like a feather in the state of electricity, drooped and died the moment he touched it. Notwithstanding this authority, it is well known that this operation has been performed by some
 choice

O thou, whatever name delight thine ear,
Pimp! Poet! Puffer! 'Pothecary! Player!

NOTES VARIORUM.

choice spirits. ERASMUS in his encomium on folly shews how it may be accomplished; in our own times POPE and GARTH found means to do the same: and in the sequel of this work, we make no doubt but the stem here mentioned will bear some luxuriant branches, like the tree in VIRGIL,

Nec longum tempus, et ingens

Exiit ad Cælum ramis felicibus arbor,

Miraturque novas frondes et non sua Poma.

Pimp] An old English word for a mean fellow; see CHAUCER and SPENSER.

Poet.] QUINBUS FLESTRIN saith, with his usual importance, that this is the only piece of justice to our hero in this work. To this assents the widow at Cuper's, who it seems is not a little proud of the "words by Dr. Hill, and "the musick by Lewis Granon, Esq;" This opinion is further confirmed by Major England, who admires the pretty turns on Kitty and Kate, and Catherine and Katy. But from these venerable authorities, judicious Reader, you may boldly dissent, *meo periculo*. MART. MAC.

Puffer.] Of this talent take a specimen. In a letter to himself he saith; "you have discovered many of the beauties of the ancients; they are obliged to you; we are obliged to you; were they alive they would thank you; we "who are alive do thank you." His constant custom of running on in this manner occasioned the following epigram,

Hill puffs himself: forbear to chide;

An insect vile and mean

Must first, he knows, be magnify'd

Before it can be seen.

Whose baseless fame by vanity is buoy'd,
 Like the huge earth self-center'd in the void, 10
 Accept one partner thy own worth t' explore,
 And in thy praise be singular no more.

Say, Muse, what Dæmon, foe to ease and truth,
 First from the mortar dragg'd th'adventurous youth,
 And

NOTES VARIORUM.

'Potbecary, Player.] For both these *vide* WOODWARD'S letter, *passim*.

Like the huge earth,] The allusion here seems to be taken from OVIN, who describes the earth fixed in the air, by its own stupidity, or *vis inertia*:—

Pendebat in aere tellus,

Ponderibus librata suis.—

But, reader, dilate your imagination to take in the much greater idea our poet here presents to you: consider the immense inanity of space, and then the comparative nothingness of the globe, and you may attain an adequate conception of our hero's reputation, and the mighty basis it stands upon. It is worth observing here, that our author, *quasi aliud agens*, displays at one touch of his pen more knowledge of the planetary system, than is to be found in all the volumes of the mathematicians.

This note is partly by Macularius; and partly by Mr. Jinkyns. Philomath.

Say, Muse,] Observe, gentle reader, how tenderly our author treats his hero throughout his whole poem; he does not here impute his ridiculous conduct, and all that train of errors which have attended his consummate vanity, to his

And made him, 'mongst the scribbling sons of men,
 Change peace for war, the pestle for the pen? 15
 Twas on a day (O may that day appear
 No more, but lose it's station in the year,
 In the new style be not it's name enroll'd,
 But share annihilation with the old!) 20
 A tawny Sibyl, whose alluring song
 Decoy'd the 'prentices and maiden throng,

NOTES VARIORUM.

own perverse inclination, but with great candour insinuates, that some Dæmon, foe to Hillario's repose, first misled his youthful imagination; which is a kind of apology for his life and character. He is not the only one who has been seduced to his ruin in this manner. We read it in POPE,

Some Dæmon whisper'd Visto have a taste.

Hence then arise our hero's misfortunes; and that the Dæmon above-mentioned was a foe to truth, will appear from Hillario's notable talent at misrepresenting circumstances, for which see all the INSPECTORS.

May that day appear,] This seems to be wrote with an eye to a beautiful passage in a very elegant poem;

Ye Gods, annihilate both space and time,

And make two lovers happy.—

The request is extremely modest, and I really wonder it was never complied with; but it must be said, in favour of Mr. Smart, that he is still more reasonable in his demand; and it appears by the alteration in the style, that his scheme may be reduced to practice, though the other is mighty fine in theory. The INSPECTOR is of this opinion, and so is Monsieur de Scaizau.

First from the counter young HILLARIO charm'd,
 And first his unambitious soul alarm'd——
 An old strip'd curtain cross her arms was flung, 25
 And tatter'd tap'stry o'er her shoulders hung;

NOTES VARIORUM.

[*A tatter'd tap'stry*] Our Author has been extremely negligent upon this occasion, and has indolently omitted an opportunity of displaying his talent for poetic imagery. HOMER has described the shield of Achilles with all the art of his imagination; VIRGIL has followed him in this point, and indeed both he and OVID seem to be delighted when they have either a picture to describe, or some representation in the labours of the loom. Hence arises a double delight; we admire the work of the artificer, and the poet's account of it; and this pleasure Mr. Smart might have impressed upon his readers in this passage, as many things were wrought into the tapestry here mentioned. In one part our hero was administering to a patient, "and the fresh vomit runs for ever green." The theatre at May-fair made a conspicuous figure in the piece—the pit seemed to rise in an uproar,—the gallery opened it's rude throats—and apples, oranges, and halfpence, flew about our hero's ears.—The mall in St. James's park was displayed in a beautiful Vista, and you might perceive Hillario with his janty air waddling along.—In Mary le Bone Fields, he was dancing round a glow worm; and finally the rotunda at Ranelagh filled the eye with its magnificence, and in a corner of it stood a handsome young fellow holding a personage, dressed in blue silk, by the ear; "the very worsted still looked black and blue." There were many other curious figures, but out of a shameful laziness has our poet omitted them.

POLYMETIS CANTABRIGIENSIS.

Her loins with patch-work cincture were begirt,
 That more than spoke diversity of dirt ;
 With age her back was double and awry,
 Twain were her teeth, and single was her eye, 30
 Cold palsy shook her head—she seem'd at most
 A living corpse, or an untimely ghost,
 With voice far-fetch'd from hollow throat profound,
 And more than mortal was th' infernal sound.

“ Sweet boy, who seem'st for glorious deeds
 design'd, 35

“ O come and leave that clyster-pipe beind ;
 “ Cross this prophetic hand with silver coin,
 “ And all the wealth and fame, I have, is thine !”
 She said—he (for what stripling could withstand ?)
 Straight with his ONLY six-pence grac'd her hand.
 And now the prescious fury all her breast 40
 At once invaded, and at once possess'd ;
 Her eye was fixt in an extatic stare,
 And on her head uprose th' astonish'd hair :

NOTES VARIORUM.

Tb' astonish'd hair :] This passage seems to be an imitation
 of the Sibyl in the sixth book of VIRGIL ;

Subito non vultus, non color unus

Nec comptæ mansere comæ—

and is admirably expressive of the witch's prophetic fury,
 and ushers in the prediction of Hillario's fortune with pro-
 per solemnity.—

This note is, by one of the *Æolists*, mentioned with
 honour in the Tale of a Tub.

No more her colour, or her looks the same, 45
But moonstruck madness quite convuls'd her
frame,

While, big with fate, again she silence broke,
And in few words voluminously spoke.

“ In these three lines athwart thy palm I see,
“ Either a tripod, or a triple-tree, 50
“ For oh! I ken by mysteries profound,
“ Too light to sink thou never canst be drown'd—
“ Whate'er thy end, the Fates are now at strife,
“ Yet strange variety shall check thy life—
“ Thou grand dictator of each public show, 55
“ Wit, moralist, quack, harlequin, and beau,
“ Surveyman's vice, self-prais'd, and self-prefer'd,
“ And be th' INSPECTOR of th' infected herd;
“ By any means aspire at any ends,
“ Balenefs exalts, and cowardice defends, 60

NOTES VARIORUM.

Be th' INSPECTOR, &c.] When the Distemper first raged among the horned cattle, the king and council ordered a certain officer to superintend the beasts, and to direct that such, as were found to be infected, should be knocked in the head. This officer was called the INSPECTOR; and from thence I would venture to lay a wager, our hero derived his title.

BENTLEY, Junior.

“ The

"The checquer'd world's before thee—go—

"farewell,

"Beware of Irishmen—and learn to spell."

Here from her breast th' inspiring fury flew,

She ceas'd—and instant from his sight withdrew.

Fir'd with his fate, and conscious of his worth, 65

The beardless wight prepar'd to fall forth.

But first ('twas just, 'twas natural to grieve)

He sigh'd, and took a soft pathetic leave.

NOTES VARIORUM.

Beware of Irishmen, &c.] It is extremely probable that our poet is intimately acquainted with the classics; he seems frequently to have them in his eye, and such an air of enthusiasm runs through this whole speech, that the learned reader may easily perceive he has taken fire at some of the prophecies in HOMER and VIRGIL.—The whole is delivered in breaks, and unconnected transitions, which denote vehement emotions in the mind; and the hint here concerning the Irish is perfectly in the manner of all great epic poets, who generally give the reader some idea of what is to ensue, without unfolding the whole. Thus we find in VIRGIL,

Bella, horrida bella,

Et Tybrim multo spumantem sanguine cerno.

and again,

Alius latio tibi parvus Achilles.

And in the sequel of this work, I believe, it will be found, that as Æneas had another Achilles, so our hero has had as formidable an adversary.

"farewell,

" Farewell, a long farewell to all my drugs,
 " My label'd vials, and my letter'd jugs;
 " And you, ye bearers of no trivial charge 70
 " Where all my Latin stands inscrib'd at large;
 " Ye jars, ye gallipots, and drawers adieu,
 " Be to my memory lost, as lost to view,
 " And ye, whom I so oft have joy'd to wipe,
 " Th' ear-sifting syringe, and back-piercing pipe,
 " Farewell—my day of glory's on the dawn, 75
 " And now—Hillario's occupation's gone."

Quick with the word his way the hero made,
 Conducted by a glorious cavalcade;
 Pert Petulance, the first attracts his eye, 80
 And drowsy Dulness slowly saunters by,
 With Malice old, and Scandal ever new,
 And neutral Nonsense, neither false nor true.

Infernal

NOTES VARIORUM.

Farewell, a long farewell,] The ingenious Mr. Lauder says, that the following passage is taken from a work, which he intends shortly to publish by subscription, and he has now in the press a pamphlet, called "Mr. Smart's Use and Abuse of the Moderns." But, with his leave, this passage is partly imitated from Cardinal Woolsey's speech, and from Othello.

M. MACULARIUS.

Neutral nonsense, &c.] The train, here described, is worthy of Hillario, pertness, dulness, scandal, and malice, &c. being the very constituents of an hero for the mock heroic, and it is not without propriety that nonsense is introduced

Infernal Falshood next approach'd the band
With * * * and the Koran in her hand.

85

NOTES VARIORUM.

troduced with the epithet, neutral; nonsense being, like a Dutchman, not only in an unmeaning stupidity, but in the art of preserving a strict neutrality. This neutrality may be aptly explained by the following epigram,

Word-valiant wight, thou great he-shrew,
That wrangles to no end;
Since nonsense is nor false nor true,
Thou'rt no man's foe or friend.

Falshood,] This lady is described with two books in her hand; but our author chusing to preserve a neutrality, though not a nonsensical one, upon this occasion, the Tories are at liberty to fill up this blank with Rapin, Burnet, or any names that will fit the niches; and the Whigs may, if they please, insert Echard, Higgons, &c. But why, exclaimeth a certain critic, should falshood be given to Hillario?—Because, replieth Macularius, he has given many specimens of his talent that way. Our hero took it into his head some time since to tell the world that he caned a gentleman, whom he called by the name of Mario; what degree of faith the town gave him upon that occasion, may be collected from the two following lines, by a certain wag who shall be nameless.

To beat one man, great Hill was fated;
What man?—a man that he created.

The following epigram may be also properly inserted here:

What Hill one day says, he the next does deny,
And candidly tells us—'tis all a damn'd lye:
Dear Doctor—this candour from you is not wanted;
For why should you own it? 'tis taken for granted.

Her

Her motley vesture with the leopard vies,
 Stain'd with a foul variety of lies.
 Next spiteful Enmity, gangren'd at heart,
 Presents a dagger and conceals a dart.
 On th'earth crawls Flatt'ry with her bosom bare, 90
 And Vanity sails over him in air.

Such was the groupe — they bow'd and they
 ador'd,

And hail'd Hillario for their sovereign lord.
 Flush'd with success, and proud of his allies,
 Th' exulting hero thus triumphant cries : 95
 " Friends, brethren, ever present, ever dear,
 " Home to my heart, nor quit your title there,
 " While you approve, assist, instruct, inspire,
 " Heat my young blood, and set my soul on fire ;

NOTES VARIORUM.

Crawls Flattery, &c.] Our hero is as remarkable for his encomiums, where it is his interest to commend, as for his abuse, where he has a dislike ; but from the latter he is easily to be bought off, as may be seen in the following excellent epigram :

An author's writings oft reveal
 Where now and then he takes a meal.
 Invite him once a week to dinner,
 He'll saint you, tho' the veriest sinner.
 Have you a smiling, vacar face,
 He gives you soul, expression, grace.
 Swears what you will, unswears it too ;
 What will not beef and pudding do ?

"No foreign aid my daring pen shall chuse, 100

"But boldly versify without a Muse.

"I'll teach Minerva, I'll inspire the Nine

"Great Phœbus shall in consultation join,

"And round my nobler brow his forfeit laurel

"twine."

He said--and Clamour of Commotion born, 105

Rear'd to the skies her ear-afflicting horn,

While JARGON grav'd his title on a block,

And styl'd him M. D. Acad. Budig. Soc.

But

NOTES VARIORUM.

Without a Muse, &c.] No! the devil a bit!—I am the only person that can do that!—My poems, written at fifteen, were done without the assistance of any Muse, and better than all Smart's poetry.—The Muses are strumpets—they frequently give an intellectual *Gonorrhœa*—Court debt not paid—I'll never be poet laureate.—Coup de grace unanswerable—Our foes shall knuckle, and buckle, and truckle, and all our friends shall checkle and chuckle—five pounds to any bishop that will equal this—*Gum guaiacum*, Latin for *lignum vitæ*—Adam the first Dutchman—victorious stroke for Old England—Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee.

Oratory-Right-Reason-Chapel, Saturday

13th of January, and old-style for-ever.

Jargon grav'd, &c.] JARGON is here properly introduced gravings our hero's titles, which are admirably brought into verse; but the gentleman who wrote the last note, Mr. Orator Henley, takes umbrage at this passage, and exclaimeth to the following effect: "Jargon is meant for
"me."

But now the harbingers of fate and fame,
 Signs, omens, prodiges, and portents came. 110
 Lo! (though mid-day) the grave Athenian fowl,
 Eyed the bright sun, and hail'd him with an howl,
 Moths, mites, and maggots, fleas, (a numerous
 crew!)

And gnats and grubworms crouded on his view,

NOTES VARIORUM.

“me.” There is more music in a peal of marrow-bones and cleavers than in these verses.—I am a logician upon fundamentals.—A rationalist,—lover of *mankande*, Glastonberry thorn—huzza, boys.—Wit a vivacious command of all objects and ideas.—I am the only wit in Great Britain. See Oratory Tracts, &c. 10036.

Patience, good Mr, Orator! We are not at leisure to answer thee at present, but must observe that *Jargon* has done more for our hero, than ever did the society at Bourdeaux, as will appear from the following extract of a letter sent to MARTINUS MACULARIUS, by a fellow of that society:

J'ai bien reçue la lettre, dont vous m'avez fait l'honneur le 12me passé. A l'égard de ce Monsieur Hillario, qui se vante si prodigieusement chez vous, je ne trouve pas qu'il est enrôlé dans notre société, et son nom est parfaitement inconnu ici. J'espère de vos nouvelles, &c.

Moths, mites, &c.] The important objects of his future speculations!

O would the sons of men once think their eyes,
 And reason given 'em but to study flies.

M. MACULARIUS.

Insects!

Insects! without the microscopic aid, 115
 Gigantic by the eye of Dulness made!
 And stranger still—and never heard before!
 A wooden lion roar'd, or seem'd to roar.
 But (what the most his youthful bosom warm'd,
 Heighten'd each hope and every fear disarm'd) 120
 On an high dome a damsel took her stand,
 With a well-freighted jordan in her hand,
 Where curious mixtures strove on every side,
 And solids found with laxer fluids vied—
 Lo! on his crown the lotion choice and large, 125
 She foused—and gave at once a full discharge.

Not

NOTES VARIORUM.

Dulness made!] This passage may be properly illustrated by a recollection of two lines in Mr. POPE's Essay on Criticism:

As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Wooden lion roar'd,] Not the Black Lion in Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, where the New Craftsman is published, nor yet the Red Lion at Brentford, but the beast of the Bedford, who may be truly said to have been alive, when animated by Addison and Steele, though now reduced to that state of Blockheadism, which is so conspicuous in his master. *Ficulnus, inutile lignum!* BENTLEY, JUNIOR.

A full discharge,] Reader do not turn up your nose at this passage! it is much more decent than POPE's—Recollect what SWIFT says, that a nice man has filthy ideas, and let it be considered this discharge may have the same effect
 upon

Not Archimedes, when with conscious pride,
 I'VE FOUND IT OUT! I'VE FOUND IT OUT! he
 cry'd,
 Not costive bardlings, when a rhyme comes pat,
 Not grave Grimalkin when she smells a rat:
 Not the shrewd statesman, when he scents a plot, 130
 Not coy Prudelia, when she knows what's what,
 Not our own hero, when (O matchless luck!)
 His keen discernment found another Duck;
 With such ecstatic transports did abound,
 As what he smelt and saw, and felt and found. 135

NOTES VARIOKUM.

upon our hero, as a similar accident had upon a personage of equal parts and genius.

Renew'd by ordure's sympathetic force,
 As oil'd by magic juices for the course,
 Vig'rous he rises from th' effluvia strong,
 Imbibes new life and scours and stinks along.

POPE'S Dunciad.

Archimedes, &c.] As soon as the Philosopher here mentioned discovered the modern *Save-all*, and the *New-invented patent black-ball*, he threw down his pipe, and run all along Piccadilly, with his shirt out of his breeches, crying out like a madman, ευρηκα! ευρηκα! which in modern English is, the job is done! the job is done!

VETUS SCHOL.

Another Duck.] Hillario having a mind to celebrate and recommend a genius to the notice of the world, compares him to Stephen Duck, and at the close of a late INSPECTOR, cries out, "I have found another Duck, but who shall find a Caroline?"

"Ye Gods, I thank ye to profusion free,
 "Thus to adorn and thus distinguish me,
 "And thou, fair Cloacina, whom I serve,
 " (If a desire to please, is to deserve,) 140
 "To you I'll consecrate my future lays,
 "And on the smoothest paper print my soft essays."
 No more he spake; but slightly slid along,
 Escorted by the miscellaneous throng.

NOTES VARIORUM.

Print my soft essays,] Our hero for once has spoken truth
 of himself, for which we could produce the testimonies of
 several persons of distinction. Bath and Tunbridge-wells
 have upon many occasions testified their gratitude to him on
 this head, as his works have been always found of singular
 use with the waters of those places. To this effect also
 speaketh that excellent comedian, Mr. Henry Woodward,
 in an ingenious parody on *Busy, curious, thirsty fly, &c.*

I.

Busy, curious, hungry Hill,
 Write of me, and write your fill.
 Freely welcome to abuse,
 Could'st thou tire thy railing muse.
 Make the most of this you can,
 Strife is short, and life's a span.

II.

Both alike your works and pay
 Hasten quick to their decay,
 This a trifle, those no more,
 Tho' repeated to threescore.
 Threescore volumes when they're writ,
 Will appear at last but — t.

VOL. IV.

E

And

And now, thou Goddess, whose fire-darting eyes
 Defy all distance and transpierce the skies, 145
 To men the councils of the Gods relate,
 And faithfully describe the grand debate.

The cloud-compelling thund'rer, at whose call
 The Gods assembled in th' etherial hall,
 From his bright throne the deities address; 150
 "What impious noise disturbs our awful rest,

NOTES VARIORUM.

And now, thou Goddess, &c.] This invocation is perfectly in the spirit of ancient poetry. If I may use Milton's words, our author here presumes into the heavens, an earthly guest, and draws empyreal air. Hence he calls upon the Goddess to assist his strain, while he relates the councils of the Gods. VIRGIL, when the plot thickens upon his hands, as Mr. Bayes has it, has offered up his prayers a second time to the Muse, and he seems to labour under the weight of his subject, when he cries out,

Majus opus moueo, major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.

This is the case at present with the writer of the HILLIAD, and this piece of machinery will evince the absurdity of that Lucretian doctrine, which asserts that the Gods are wrapped up in a lazy indolence, and do not trouble themselves about human affairs. The words of Lucretius are,

Omnis enim per se deum natura necesse est

Immortali ævo summa cum pace fruatur.

Semota a rebus nostris, disjunctaque longe.

It is now recommended to the editors of the Anti-Lucretius to make use of this instance to the contrary, in the next publication of that work.

M. MACULARIUS.

"With

" With din prophane assaults immortal ears,
 " And jars harsh discord to the tuneful spheres?
 " Nature, my hand-maid, yet without a stain,
 " Has never once productive prov'd in vain, 155
 " 'Till now—luxuriant and regardless quite
 " Of her divine, eternal rule of right,
 " On mere privation sh'as bestow'd a frame,
 " And dignify'd a nothing with a name,
 " A wretch devoid of use, of sense and grace, 160
 " Th' insolvent tenant of incumber'd space.
 " Good

NOTES VARIORUM.

Incumber'd space.] Jupiter's speech is full of pomp and solemnity, and is finely closed by a description of our hero, who is here said to take up a place in the creation to no purpose. What a different notion of the end of his existence has Hillario, from what we find delivered by the excellent Longinus in his Treatise on the Sublime. The passage is admirable, translated by the author of the Pleasures of Imagination. "The Godlike geniuses of Greece were well-assured that nature had not intended man for a low-spirited or ignoble being; but bringing us into life and the midst of this wide universe, as before a multitude assembled at some heroic solemnity, that we might be spectators of all her magnificence, and candidates high in emulation for the prize of glory: she has therefore implanted in our souls an inextinguishable love of every thing great and exalted, of every thing which appears divine beyond our comprehension. Hence by the very propensity of nature we are led to admire, not little

E 2

" Springs

“ Good is his cause, and just is his pretence,”
(Replies the God of theft and eloquence.)

“ A hand mercurial, ready to convey,

“ E’en in the presence of the garish day, 165

“ The work an English classic late has writ,

“ And by adoption be the sire of wit—

“ Sure to be this is to be something—sure,

“ Next to perform, ’tis glorious to procure.

NOTES VARIORUM.

“ springs or shallow rivulets, however clear and delicious,
“ but the Nile, the Rhine, the Danube, and much more
“ than all the Ocean.”—Instead of acting upon this plan,
Hillario is employed in pursuit of insects in Kensington-
gardens; and, as this is all the gratitude he pays for the
being conferred upon him, he is finely termed an Insolvent
tenant.

By adoption be the sire, &c.] Our hero has taken an entire
letter from Sir Thomas Fitz-Osborne, and with inimitable
effrontery published it in his INSPECTOR, N^o 239, as a
production of his own. We are informed that, having
been taxed with this affair, he declares with a great deal of
art, that it was given him by another person, to which all
we have to say is, that the receiver is as bad as the thief.

M. MACULARIUS.

Glorious to procure.] If our author could be thought capa-
ble of punning, I should imagine that the word *procure*, in
this place, is made use of in reference to an appellation
given to our hero in the commencement of this poem, viz.
a *Pimp*, but the reader will please to recollect that the
term *Pimp* is not in that passage used in its modern accep-
tation.

“ Small

“ Small was th’ exertion of my God-like soul, 170
 “ When privately Apollo’s herd I stole,
 “ Compar’d to him, who braves th’ all-seeing sun,
 “ And boldly bids th’ astonish’d world look on.”

Her approbation Venus next exprest,
 And on Hillario’s part the throne address: 175

“ If

NOTES VARIORUM.

Small was th’ exertion, &c.] Not so fast, good poet, cries out, in this place, M. MACULARIUS. We do not find that Hillario, upon any occasion whatever, has been charged with stealing Apollo’s quiver; and certain it is, that those arrows, which he has shot at all the world, never were taken from thence. But of Mercury it is recorded by HORACE, that he really did deceive the God of wit in this manner;

Te boves olim nisi reddidisses

Per dolum amotas, puerum minaci,

Voce dum terret viduus phævætra.

Risit Apollo.

Venus next express’d,] Venus rises in this assembly quite in the manner attributed to her in the ancient poets; thus we see in VIRGIL that she is all mildness, and at every word breathes Ambrosia;

— *At non Venus aurea contra,*

Pauca refert.—

She is to speak upon this occasion, as well as in the case produced from the *Æneid*, in favour of a much-loved son, though indeed we cannot say that she has been quite so kind to Hillario as formerly she was to *Æneas*, it being evident that she has not bestowed upon him that lustre of youthful bloom, and that liquid radiance of the eye, which she is said to have given the pious Trojan.

“ If there be any praise the nails to pare,
 “ And in soft ringlets wreath th’ elastic hair,
 “ In talk and tea to trifle time away;
 “ The mien so easy and the dress so gay!

NOTES VARIORUM.

— *Lumenque juvenæ,*

Purpureum, et laetos oculis afflavit honores.

On the contrary Venus here talks of his black self, which makes it suspected that she reconciled herself to this hue, out of a compliment to Vulcan, of whom she has frequent favours to solicit; and perhaps it may appear hereafter, that she procured a sword for our hero from the celestial blacksmith’s forge. One thing is not a little surprizing, that, while Venus speaks on the side of Hillario, she should omit the real utility he has been of to the cause of love by his experience as an apothecary, of which, he himself hath told us, several have profited; and it should be remembered at the same time, that he actually has employed his person in the service of Venus, and has now an offspring of the amorous congress. It is moreover notorious, that having, in his elegant language, tasted of the cool stream, he was ready to plunge in again, and therefore publicly set himself up for a wife, and thus became a fortune-hunter with his pen, and if he has failed in his design, it is because the ladies do not approve the new scheme of propagation without the knowledge of a man, which Hillario pretended to explain so handsomely in the *Lucina sine concubitu*.—But the truth is, he never wrote a syllable of this book, though he transcribed part of it, and shewed it to a bookseller, in order to procure a higher price for his productions.

QUINBUS FLESTRIN.

“ Can

" Can my Hillario's worth remain unknown, 180
 " With whom coy Sylvia trusts herself alone;
 " With whom, so pure, so innocent his life,
 " The jealous husband leaves his buxom wife?
 " What tho' he ne'er assume the post of Mars,
 " By me disbanded from all amorous wars; 185
 " His fancy (if not person) he employs,
 " And oft ideal countesses enjoys—
 " Tho' hard his heart, yet beauty shall controul;
 " And sweeten all the rancour of his soul,
 " While his black self, Florinda ever near, 190
 " Shews like a Diamond in an Ethiop's ear."

When Pallas—thus—" Cease—ye immortals—
 " cease,

" Nor rob serene stupidity of peace—
 " Should Jove himself in calculation mad
 " Still negatives to blank negations add, 195
 " How could the barren cyphers ever breed,
 " But nothing still from nothing would proceed?

NOTES VARIORUM.

Diamond in an Ethiop's ear.] There is neither morality,
 nor integrity, nor unity, nor universality in this poem.—
 The author of it is a SMART; I hope to see a SMART EAD
 published; I had my pocket picked the other day, as I was
 going through Paul's Church-yard, and I firmly believe it
 was this little author, as the man who can pun will also
 pick a pocket.

JOHN DENNIS, Junior.

“ Raise or depress—or magnify—or blame,
 “ Inanity will ever be the same.”

“ Not

NOTES VARIORUM.

Inanity will ever be, &c.] Our author does not here mean to lift himself among the disputants concerning pure space; but the doctrine he would advance is, that nothing can come from nothing. In so unbelieving an age as this, it is possible this tenet may not be received, but if the reader has a mind to see it handled at large, he may find in Rumgurtius, vol. 16. pagina 1001. “ De hac re multum et turpius hallucinantur scriptores tam exteri quam domestici, spatium enim absolutum et relativum debent distingui, priusquam distincta esse possunt; neque ulla alia regula ad normam rei metaphysicæ quadrabit, quam triplex consideratio de substantiâ inanitatis, sive entitate nihili, quæ quidem consideratio triplex ad unam reduci potest necessitatem; nempe idem spatium de quo jam satis dictum est.” This opinion is further corroborated by the tracts of the society of Bourdeaux. “ Selon la distinction entre les choses, qui n’ont pas de difference; il nous faut absolument agreeer, que les idees, qui ont frappé l’imagination, peuvent bien etre, effacer, pourvu qu’on ne s’avise pas d’oublier cet espace immense, qui environne toute la nature, et le système des étoiles.” Among our countrymen, I do not know any body that has handled this subject so well as the accurate Mr. Fielding, in his essay upon Nothing, which the reader may find in the first volume of his miscellanies; but with all due deference to his authority, we beg leave to dissent from one assertion in the said essay; the residence of nothing might in his time have been in a critick’s head, and we are apt to believe that there is a something like nothing

“ Not so (says Phœbus) my celestial friend, 200
 “ E’en blank privation has its use and end—
 “ How sweetly shadows recommend the light;
 “ And darkness renders my own beams more
 bright!
 “ How rise from filth the violet and rose!
 “ From emptiness, how softest musick flows! 205
 “ How

NOTES VARIORUM.

thing in most criticks heads to this day, and this false appearance misled the excellent metaphysician just quoted; for nothing, in its *puris naturalibus*, as Gravefande describes it in his experimental philosophy, does subsist no where so properly at present as in the pericranium of our hero.

MART. MACULARIUS.

Musick flows;] Persons of most genius, says the INSPECTOR, Friday Jan. 26, N^o 587, “ have in general been the fondest of musick. Sir Isaac Newton was remarkable for his affection for harmony; he was scarce ever missed at the beginning of any performance, but he was seldom seen at the end of it.” And indeed of this opinion is M. MACULARIUS; and he further adds, that if Sir Isaac was still living, it is probable he would be at the beginning of the INSPECTOR’S next song at Cuper’s, but that he would not be at the end of it, may be proved to a mathematical demonstration, though Hillario takes so much pleasure in beating time to them himself; and though he so frequently exclaims, Very fine!—O fine!—vastly fine!—Since the lucubration of Friday, Jan. 26, has been mentioned, we think proper to observe here, that his INSPECTORSHIP has the
 most

" How absence to possession adds a grace,
 " And modest vacancy to all gives place !
 " Contrasted when fair nature's works we spy,
 " More they allure the mind, and more they
 " charm the eye.
 " So from Hillario some effect may spring, 210
 " E'en him—that slight Penumbra of a thing."

Morpheus

NOTES VARIORUM.

most notable talent at a motto—**QUINBUS FLESTRIN** saith,
 " he is a tartar for that," and of this, learned reader, take a
 specimen along with you. How aptly upon the subject of
 musick does he bid his reader pluck grapes from the loaded
 vine !

Carpite de plemis pendentes vitibus uvas.

OVID.

The above-mentioned **QUINBUS FLESTRIN** peremptorily
 says, this line has been cavilled at by some minor critics,
 because " the grapes are sour ;" and indeed of that way of
 thinking is **MACULARIUS**, who hath been greatly astonished
 at the taste of Hillario, in so frequently culling from **Valerius Flaccus**. But he is clearly of opinion, that the lines
 from **Wells** and **Dennis** are selected with great judgment,
 and are hung out as proper signs of what entertainment is to
 be furnished up to his customers.

Penumbra of a thing,] Whatever mean opinion **Dr. Phœbus**
 may entertain of his terrestrial brother physician and poet :
 on earth, Hillario is talked of in a different manner, as will
 appear from the following parody on the lines prefixed by
Mr. DRYDEN, to **MILTON's Paradise Lost**.

Morpheus at length in the debate awoke,
 And drowsily a few dull words he spoke—
 Declar'd Hillario was the friend of ease,
 And had a soporific power to please.— 215
 Once more Hillario he pronounc'd with pain,
 But at the very sound was lull'd to sleep again.

Momus

NOTES VARIORUM.

Three great wise men, in the same Æra born,
 Britannia's happy island did adorn :
 Henley in care of souls display'd his skill,
 Rock shone in physick, and in both John H—ll,
 The force of nature could no farther go,
 To make a third, she join'd the former two.

QUINBUS FLAESTRIN.

Lull'd to sleep again.] The hypnotick, or soporiferous quality of Hillario's pen, is manifest from the following attestation, which was published in the New Craftsman, and is a letter from a tradesman in the city.

“S I R,

“From a motive of gratitude, and for the sake of those
 “of my fellow-creatures who may unhappily be afflicted,
 “as I have been for some time past, I beg leave, through
 “the channel of your paper, to communicate the disorder I
 “have labour'd under, and the extraordinary cure I have
 “lately met with. I have had, for many months succes-
 “sively, a slow nervous fever, with a constant flutter on
 “my spirits, attended with pertinacious watchings, twitch-
 “ings of the nerves, and other grievous symptoms, which
 “reduced me to a mere shadow. At length, by the inter-
 “position

Momus the last of all, in merry mood,
 As moderator in the assembly stood:
 "Ye laughter-loving pow'rs, ye Gods of mirth,
 "What not regard my deputy on earth! 220
 "Whose chymic skill turns brass to gold with ease,
 "And out of Cibber forges Socrates!
 "Whose

NOTES VARIORUM.

"position of the divine providence, a friend who had himself
 "experienced it, advised me to have recourse to the reading
 "of the INSPECTOR. I accordingly took one of them, and
 "the effect it had upon me was such, that I fell into a
 "profound sleep, which lasted near six and thirty hours.
 "By this I have attained a more composed habit of body,
 "and I now doze away almost all my time, but, for fear of
 "a lethargy, am ordered to take them in small quantities.
 "A paragraph at a time now answers my purpose, and under
 "heaven I owe my sleeping powers to the above-mentioned
 "INSPECTORS. I look upon them to be a grand soporificum
 "mirabile, very proper to be had in all families. He makes
 "great allowance to those who buy them to sell again, or to
 "send abroad to the plantations; and the above fact I am
 "ready to attest whenever called upon.

"Given under my hand this 4th January, 1753.

"Humphrey Roberts, weaver in Crispin-street, Spittle-
 "fields, opposite the White Horse."

Forges Socrates,] Socrates was the father of the truest philosophy that ever appeared in the world, and though he has not drawn God's image, which was reserved for the light of the gospel, he has at least given the shadow, which, together
 with

" Whose genius makes consistencies to fight,
 " And forms an union betwixt wrong and right !
 " Who (five whole days in senseless malice past)
 " Repents, and is religious at the last ? 225
 " A paltry

NOTES VARIORUM.

with his exemplary life, induced Erasmus to cry out, *Sancte Socrates, ora pro nobis* ; of Mr. Cibber we shall say nothing, as he has said abundantly enough of himself ; but to illustrate the poet's meaning in this passage, it may be necessary to observe, that when the British worthy was indisposed some time since, the INSPECTOR did not hesitate to prefer him to the God-like ancient philosopher. *O te, Bollane, cerebri felicem.*

M. MACULARIUS.

Consistencies to fight,] Alluding to his egregious talent at distinctions without a difference.

Religious at the last ?] On every Saturday the florid Hillario becomes, in Woodward's phrase, a Lay-preacher ; but his slimy, heavy, impotent lucubrations have rather been of prejudice to the good old cause ; and we hear that there is now preparing for the press, by a very eminent divine, a defence of Christianity against the misrepresentations of a certain officious writer ; and for the present we think proper to apply an epigram, occasioned by a dispute between two beaux concerning religion.

I.

On grace, free-will, and myst'ries high,
 Two wits harangu'd the table ;
 J—n H—ll believes, he knows not why,
 Tom swears 'tis all a fable.

" A paltry player, that in no parts succeeds.

" A hackney writer, whom no mortal reads !

" The

NOTES VARIORUM.

II.

Peace, idiots, peace, and both agree,

Tom, kiss thy empty brother ;

Religion laughs at foes like thee,

But dreads a friend like t'other.

A paltry player, &c.] It appears that the first effort of this universal genius, who is lately become remarkable as the Bobadil of literature, was to excel in Pantomime. What was the event?—he was damned.—Mr. Cross, the prompter, took great pains to fit him for the part of Oroonoko—he was damned.—He attempted Captain Blandford—he was damned.—He acted Constant in the Provok'd Wife—he was damned.—He represented the Botanist in *Romeo and Juliet*, at the Little Theatre in the Hay-market, under the direction of Mr. The. Gibber—he was damned.—He appeared in the character of Lothario, at the celebrated theatre in May-Fair—he was damn'd there too. Mr. Cross, however, to alleviate his misfortune, charitably bestowed upon him a 15th part of own benefit. See the *Gentleman's Magazine* for last December; and also Woodward's letter, *passim*.

No mortal reads.] Notwithstanding this assertion of Momus, our hero pro eâ, quâ est, verecundiâ, compareth himself to Addison and Steele, which occasioned the following epigram, by the Right Honourable the Earl of * * * addressed to the Right Honourable G—c D—n.

Art thou not angry, learning's great protector,

To hear that flimsy author, the INSPECTOR,

“ The trumpet of a base deserted cause,
 “ Damn’d to the scandal of his own applause !
 “ While

NOTES VARIORUM.

Of cant, or puff, that daily vain indisect,
 Call Addison, or Steele, his brother writer?
 So, a pert H—ll (in Æsop’s fabling days)
 Sworn up with vanity, and self-giv’n praise,
 To his huge neighbour Mountain would have said,
 “ See, (brother,) how We Mountains lift the head!
 “ How great We shew! how awful, and how high,
 “ Amidst these poultry Mounts, that here around us lie !”

And now, reader, please to observe, that, since so ingenious a nobleman hath condescended to take notice of his INSPECTORSHIP, Mr. Smart doth not need any apology for the notice he hath also taken of him.

M. MACULARIUS.

The trumpet, &c.] In a very pleasant account of the riots in Drury-Lane Play-House, by Henry Fielding, Esq; we find the following humorous description of our hero in the character of a trumpeter. “ They all ran away except the trumpeter, who, having an empyema in his side, as well as several dreadful bruises on his breech, was taken. When he was brought before Garrick to be examined, he said; the ninnies, to whom he had the honour to be trumpeter, had resented the use made of the monsters by Garrick; that it was unfair, that it was cruel, that it was inhuman, to employ a man’s own subjects against him; that Rich was lawful sovereign over all the monsters in the universe, with much more of the same kind; all which Garrick seemed to think unworthy of an answer: but when the trumpeter challenged

“ While thus he stands a general wit confest, 239
 “ With all these titles, all these talents blest,
 “ Be he by Jove’s authority assign’d,
 “ The UNIVERSAL BUTT of all mankind.”

So spake and ceas’d the joy-exciting God,
 And Jove immediate gave th’ assenting nod, 235
 When Fame her adamantine trump uprear’d,
 And thus th’ irrevocable doom declar’d.

“ While in the vale perennial fountains flow,
 “ And fragrant Zephyrs musically blow ;
 “ While the majestic sea from pole to pole 240
 “ In horrible magnificence shall roll ;
 “ While yonder glorious canopy on high
 “ Shall overhang the curtains of the sky ;
 “ While the gay seasons their due course shall run,
 “ Rul’d by the brilliant stars and golden sun ; 245
 “ While wit and fool antagonists shall be,
 “ And sense, and taste, and nature shall agree ;

NOTES VARIORUM.

lenged him as his acquaintance, the chief with great disdain turned his back, and ordered the fellow to be dismissed with full power of trumpeting again on what side he pleased.”—Hillario hath since trumpeted in the cause of Pantomime, the gaudy scenery of which with great judgment he dismisses from the Opera-House, and saith, it is now fixed in its proper place in the theatre. On this occasion, MACULARIUS cannot help exclaiming, “ O Shakespear! O Johnson! rest, rest perturbed spirits.”

“ While

" While Love shall live, and Rapture shall rejoice,
 " Fed by the notes of Handel, Arne, and Boyce;
 " While with joint force o'er Humour's droll
 " domain,
 " Cervantes, Fielding, Lucian, Swift shall reign;
 " While thinking figures from the canvas start,
 " And Hogarth is the Garrick of his art;
 " So long in flat stupidity's extreme,
 " Shall Hill th' ARCH-DUNCE remain o'er every
 " dunce supreme."

NOTES VARIORUM.

Handel, Arne, and Boyce,] The first of these gentlemen may be justly looked upon as the Milton of musick; and the talents of the two latter may not improperly be delineated by calling them the Drydens of their profession, as they not only touch the strings of love with exquisite art, but also, when they please, reach the truly sublime.

Hogarth is the Garrick, &c.] The opinion which Mr. Hogarth entertains of our hero's writings, may be guessed at, by any one who will take the pleasure of looking at a print called Beer-Street, in which Hillario's critique upon the Royal Society is put into a basket directed to the Trunk-Maker in St. Paul's Church-Yard. I shall only just observe, that the compliment in this passage to Mr. Hogarth is reciprocal, and reflects a lustre on Mr. Garrick, both of them having similar talents, equally capable of the highest elevation, and of representing the ordinary scenes of life with the most exquisite humour.

Conclusion.] And now, candid reader, MARTINUS MACULARIUS hath attended thee throughout the first book of

this most delectable poem. As it is not improbable that those will be inquisitive after the particulars relating to this thy commentator, he here gives thee notice that he is preparing for the press, Memoirs of MARTINUS MACULARIUS, with his travels by sea and land, together with his flights aerial, and descents subterraneous, &c. And in the mean time he bids thee farewell, until the appearance of the second book of the HILLIAD, of which we will say, *speciosa miracula promit*. And so as Terence says, *Vos valete & plaudite*.

ERRATUM Magnum Lacrymabile.

It is with the utmost regret, that I am obliged to accuse OUR EPIC POET of a most notorious blunder, and that in the very introduction to this work.—*Turpissimum est in ipso limine cespitasse*.—He has made himself debtor to Dr. Hill for his praises, and creditor for his abuse; whereas in truth and nature the reverse must be right, viz. The Doctor's abuse is an obligation, and his praise is downright Billingsgate. Swift says,—

On me when blockheads are satyric,
I take it for a panegyric.

And again,

When scoundrels give me the dominion,
They damn me in my own opinion.

M. MACULARIUS.

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P A T R I O T I S M*,

A M O C K - H E R O I C.

I N S I X C A N T O S.

"Behold thy Gods, O Israel!"

I KINGS.

"Contra vitia asperè, contra pericula animosè, contra for-
"tunam superbè, contra ambitionem contumeliosè."

LUCILIUS.

First printed in 1765.

* The Editor of this work would apologize for the insertion of a political performance which satirizes persons whose names demand respect, and espouses opinions which have created so much disturbance in the nation; if he thought it was possible by means of it to revive any of the disputes, which when this pamphlet first made its appearance unhappily agitated the minds of the Publick. At so great a distance of time, he presumes it may be read merely with a view to its literary merits, without creating any uneasy sensations, even in those whom the violence of political prejudices may have placed in a ridiculous or disgraceful situation. The author, a gentleman of eminence, as a man of letters, is said to be still living.

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P A T R I O T I S M,

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M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O I.

'T WAS night; the voice of jollity was
hush'd,

Doz'd all her vot'ries, reasonably flush'd;
Song, argument, invention, laughter, jest,
Wit, bawdry, criticism, had reel'd to rest;
Scandal had empty'd all his tub on *BUT*, 5
Abuse of *Royalty* itself was mute;

Sleep in his pleasing bands had all things ty'd,
All but the eyes of disappointed *PRIDE*.

She lay revolving in her anxious mind,
How *Resignation* had too much resign'd; 10

That places were dispens'd as others will'd,
And ev'ry gap of government was fill'd;
New Statesmen at the helm usurp'd her trade,
While glibly sail'd the ship without her aid.

Seeking repose from side to side she flings, 15
No change of posture pause of anguish brings.
Each grinding thought alleviation scorns,
And sharpens all the goose-down into thorns.

Forth from the loathed bed in haste she flew,
And round her weary'd limbs her vestments threw.
Enwrought with gold, in lèlac purple dy'd, 20
The velvet cas'd her endless length of side.
Two calveless bags of silk then stretch'd to see
If they could reach from heel to distant knee.
Next splay-foot shoes she to her insteps girt, 25
Shoes which disdain'd, yet still were doom'd to dirt;
Her thigh sustain'd a sword unknown to war,
And beam'd upon her breast a silver star,
Whose rays with magic influence could warm
Almost to consequence the languid form. 30

Accoutred thus, forth of her door she went,
And her dark visit was to FACTION bent;
Resolv'd, like heav'n-rejected *Saul*, to try
What counsel t'other party might supply.
Onward she strides, impatient of delay, 35
Flound'ring thro' ev'ry kennel in her way;
Now *Charing-cross*, the *Temple* next she pass'd,
Then the dull, sable, *Ditch*, with equal haste.
Now reach'd St. *Paul's*, and bless'd the Lord that
there
Tho' He was prais'd, 'twas with unwilling prayer.
Thence

Thence in a grateful rapture stretch'd to *Bow*, 40
 And heard th' *unmuffled* tongue of night strike *two*.
 Acknowledging the omen, she advanc'd,
 While sudden vigour thro' each sinew danc'd.

High on a hundred columns, whose dead weight
 Presses the rustic base in aukward state, 45
 Where hardly they sustain, their shafts unbent,
 The load of cornice, and of pediment
 Which, rough with sculpture in strong emblem clad,
 Tells us, that riches make a city mad;
 The pond'rous mansion-house of *FACTION* stands,
 Rais'd by o'er-reaching heads and griping hands.

Before the gate, a giant fierce and fell,
 Stalk'd *Opposition*, watchful centinel!
 And *Who goes there*, he cry'd, *yourself explain*; 55
A friend, she said, *to Denmark, not the Dane*.
 Her well-known Voice he recollected strait,
 Quick every bolt shoots backward on the Gate,
 Bolts to endure which never own'd the power,
 But only made to serve the present hour, 60
 And yet the very best, for strength and size,
 The blacksmith's *Place* and *Pension* could devise.

Of canker'd brass and rusty ir'n each door,
 Stood massive, spirtled thick with human gore,
 Which Popularity for ever draws 65
 From fools, in Patriot-Rebellion's cause.

Open

Open they burst, with desperate recoil,
The jarring hinges scream for want of oil,
Loud and discordant, as when civil rage
Incites two kindred armies to engage.

Near *Aylesbury* first caught the horrid sound,
And echo'd all its terrors with rebound,
Concord at *distant Stowe* perceiv'd the yell,
While down her ill-adapted vizor fell ;
Extremest Exeter rock'd to the noise, 75
And aided its hoarse thunder with her voice:
At once her cyders sour, and all around
Her apple-blossoms strew the blushing ground.

And now, where yawn'd the portal rude and vast,
To FACTION's residence the Goddess past. 80
Close to the door, in the first vestibule,
Sat *Clamour, Riot, Insult, and Misrule,*
Stern *Menace, Licence* grown to dang'rous size,
Reproach, and an infinitude of *Lyes*.

A thousand voices bellow through the room, 85
A thousand echoes clatter 'gainst the dome ;
Copious, but unconnected eloquence,
Words of fierce import, but of little sense ;
Not meant to mean, and therefore to appear
More irritative to the vulgar ear. 90
There might be heard, 'midst other piteous
cries,

Liberty! Property! and no Excise!

Of *Magna Charta* the more dreadful roar;
 Prerogative, and Arbitrary Power—:
 There *Habeas-corpus* howl'd, from jail broke
 loose, 95
 Slavery, and privilege, and wooden shoes—
 Corruption, favourites, and no address—
 And uncontroul'd the licence of the press:
 Sounds that all sense of order could erase,
 But get the man, who bursts thro' all, a place. 100

Stunn'd with the deaf'ning peal she pass'd along,
 (Yet passing would caress the friendly throng)
 Thro' vast saloons which spoke *May'r-royal* state,
 Rich without taste, and without grandeur great.
 Yet here the chissel and the pencil strove 105
 Best to record the objects of Mob-love.
 Tribunes, and Ephori, and Demagogues,
 By men call'd patriots, but by Gods plain rogues;
 Such as, provided they themselves grew great,
 Felt no remorse to overturn a State. 100
 Nor wanted here each dirty, dreadful job,
 That *Faction* perpetrates to please the Mob.
 To please the Mob, here mighty *Strafford* bled,
 And *Land* laid down his venerable head.
 To please the Mob, here *Portobello's* wall 115
 Before the boist'rous *Vernon* learns to fall;
 At once, his SIX SHIPS ONLY batter down.
 The sympathetic Ministry, and town.

To please the Mob, *Byng* stains the blushing Deep,
 And *Blakeney* earns a peerage in his sleep. 120
 To please the Mob, our fleets their canvas strain,
 And expeditions hide the wond'ring Main,
 The Main more wond'ring wafts us back, alas!
 Thinn'd from the wars of *Rochford* and *St. Cas*:
 What matter? since defeat our joy inspires, 125
 And *Cassel* lost can light a thousand fires.
 To please the Mob, *Pitt*, prone with Mobs to mix,
 Puts up to public sale his coach and fix.
 By having pleas'd the Mob, here *Cromwell* stood,
 And shew'd how private thrives by public good; 130
 And might have shewn us gulls, if gulls could see,
 That *Slavery* tracks th' abuse of *Liberty*.
 Confess'd at length the Patriot-Tyrant reign'd,
 And snapt that freedom *Charles* had only strain'd.
Hampden * was here, in his *Eidolon* here, 135
 And would-be tutor to the Royal Heir,
 But he himself dwells in the fields of Fame,
 Wedded to Liberty's immortal name.
 And here in tints more recent might be view'd
 (Instructive picture of court gratitude!) 140
 How round their prince his favour'd servants stand,
 While fierce rebellion gores his bleeding land;

* *Hollis* was to be made Secretary of State, *Pym*
 Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord Say Master of the
 Wards, the Earl of *Essex* Governor, and *Hampden* Tutor,
 to the Prince.

Faith, honour, duty, loyalty, the laws,
 Urge them, no doubt, to perish in his cause?
 No, but to serve with *Granville* they refuse; 145
 So great a crime in Monarchs 'tis, to *abuse*!
 A hundred other equal deeds appear,
 Nay, half the *English* History was here.
 While, over all the rest, conspicuous shines
 Old *Sarah's* legacy in golden lines. 150

Around in less compartments were bestow'd
 Of underling incendiaries a crowd,
 Such as employ'd the pulpit or the press,
 T' enforce the doctrines of licentiousness;
 Here *Party* canoniz'd such denizens, 155
 Whose ears had paid the forfeit of their pens;
 And while in all her glaring daub she paints,
 Villains grow heroes, scoundrels turn to saints.

Our Goddess midst the rest herself descry'd,
 Mix'd with the leaders of the *other side*; 160
 "And, ah! she said, the very walls can trace,
 "How often we change principles for place."

END OF CANTO I.

PATRIO.

P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O II.

IN the Recess of something like a tomb,
 Which *Architecture*, (sick of *Greece* and *Rome*,
 And copying what never was at all,)
 Is pleas'd to christen an *Egyptian Hall*;
 Our Goddess, whom she sought, at length
 survey'd, 5

In anti-kingly majesty array'd.
 Busy she found him in this solemn place,
 At solemn sacrifice, with solemn face.
 He but to *Commerce* scorn'd to pour a prayer,
 No other Deity employ'd his care. 10

Of solid gold, and of enormous size,
 Yet not so big her belly as her eyes,
 She stood; and seem'd as she would hide the Globe
 Beneath the drap'ry of her flowing robe.

A M O C K - H E R O I C, 79

Fast by, with full Extent of gullet grac'd, 15
Her attribute, the *Cormorant*, was plac'd.

The victims dire Religion bade him cull,
All without blemish, all of blackest wool,
All newly bought, all newly slay'd alive,
A hecatomb, of Negro slaves twice five. 20
He on their reeking muscles, red and blue,
Sharp vinegar, with salt and pepper, threw;
They writh with pain convolv'd. As when to
cram

Some citizen's unfathomable wem,
The Turtle, riven with his mail, poor fish! 25
Perceives himself begin to grow a dish;
Convuls'd, each undulating fibre plays
In waves of agony a thousand ways.
So fixt the inextinguishable soul,
That dress'd, perhaps he feels thy teeth, K * *. 30
And thus, one knee down to the pavement laid
Lowly, with supplicating voice he pray'd.

“ Mover of Heav'n and Earth, whose vast em-
“ brace

“ Spreads co-extensive with this nether space;
“ Nature opposes to whose thirst of gain 35
“ Her Oceans, Alps, and Andes, all in vain!
“ Whose iron sway each cowering Ind proclaims,
“ And at thy counter buys its diadems —

“ Or

80 P A T R I O T I S M, C A N T O I I.

“ Or hear’st thou rather, mistress of the seas,
 “ Daughter of Neptune ! round whose azure
 “ knees 40
 “ While in fond infancy thou sporting plaid’st;
 “ Give, give, oh give me all that is, thou said’st:
 “ He could not all. But peace with perj’ry made,
 “ Else heav’n have mercy on the fairest trade !

“ Oh, by whatever name best call’d, give
 “ ear, 45
 “ Assist the *Needful* in this time of fear ;
 “ And ere the Nation, pausing from its woes,
 “ Fold up its idle arms in soft repose,
 “ Ere Plenty cease to starve, ere Int’rest fall,
 “ And Privateering grow no trade at all, 50
 “ Ere, piercing thro’ the cobwebs that we weave,
 “ Mankind this universal Truth perceive,
 “ That, load at pleasure the feign’d fav’rite’s head,
 “ A PEOPLE’S FAV’RITE IS THE MAN TO DREAD;
 “ Diffuse thy pride of riches ev’ry way, 55
 “ Till all would govern, not one soul obey :
 “ Then leave to me, Fears, Jealousies, Complaints,
 “ Not as of old, wrapp’d in the cloak of Saints,
 “ But given naked to the peoples arms,
 “ With all Licentiousness can boast of charms.” 60

He ceas’d, the image neither speaks, nor rocks;
 Our modern statues are the veryest blocks !

Civilities are ne'er so duely paid
To any folks, as when we want their aid.
The Goddeſs therefore patiently repreſs'd 65
Herſelf till now, then Faction thus addreſs'd :

“ O Thou ! for whom and from whom I was
“ form'd,
“ Whoſe counſel moulded, and whoſe ſpirit
“ warm'd,
“ Whoſe early whiſpers taught me firſt to know
“ Theſe purple honours, which around me glow, 70
“ To thee I come my ſorrows to impart;
“ Reſt ſhuns theſe eyes, and care corrodes this
“ heart :

“ But thou aſſiſt, in this conjuncture nice,
“ The lab'ring Party with thy ſage advice.
“ Thus far, indeed, ſuccels has crown'd our
“ arms, 75

“ BUT quits; not ſhaken with our fierce alarms,
“ For who wild, empty, clamour would regard;
“ That in his conſcience finds his own reward?
“ But that the honeſt fool reſolv'd before
“ To make his long'd-for peace, and throw up
“ pow'r,

“ Reſolv'd like *Phineas* in the gap to ſtand 80
“ And ſtaunch the ſpouting art'ries of the land,
“ Convinc'd, the People ſtill this truth would
“ prove,

“ That ſerve them, and you loſe their ſickle love.

" And now, for public quiet, yields that rein 85
 " We quitted only to resume again.
 " But we advance no higher than before ;
 " Our empty niches know us all no more ;
 " Still the State Truncheon flies our eager grasp,
 " And Calumny is at its latest gasp. 90
 " What to do next ! Insult can do no more,
 " Higher than *Forty-five* it cannot soar ;
 " Where, to full pitch of sturdy vigour grown,
 " It fairly gives the lye home to the T—e :
 " Nothing remains which farther we can drive, 95
 " Or *Forty-eight* comes next to *Forty-five*.

" Then shall we idly sit, hand-cuff'd and dumb,
 " And let Truth work, and purge away the scum
 " We have fermented ? let the dross deject,
 " Till its clear bosom shall all Heav'n reflect ? 100
 " Forbid it Fate ! forbid it Ridicule !
 " And all our boasts to ruin or to rule !

" We must and will have all : but how to seize,
 " To spill the cyder, or cut down the trees,
 " More suits at law commence, more paper
 " write, 105
 " To give more dinners, and more guests invite,
 " I come to ask. Or if thy wond'rous art
 " Some, yet untried, invention can impart,
 " How to one common channel may be bent
 " The shores that sink in private discontent.

" Till, purify'd by Party all their mud,
 " We pour resistless the impetuous flood ;
 " As roll a thousand rills down London streets,
 " Each rank and black with all the filth it meets,
 " Yet, in the river soon as join their streams, 115
 " They instantly become the silver Thames ;
 " Deign to advise, thy counsel be my guide."
 She said, and FACTION to her thus reply'd :

" To raise the Mob by master-strokes of art,
 " Inflame the passions, and mislead the heart, 120
 " Make happy subjects surfeit on their ease,
 " Repine at blessings, and grow sick of peace, —
 " To pour the multitude which way we list,
 " And ere they're injur'd, set them to resist,
 " Halloo them on, to roar with frantic zeal, 125
 " Against oppressions which no soul can feel,
 " Till they desire to spill their desp'rate lives,
 " For Printers' 'Prentices' prerogatives ; —
 " To bid a little river flow along
 " The sole criterion to know right from wrong, 130
 " With ev'ry lash of infamy impel
 " The farther side, because it *won't* rebel, —
 " On all who dare imply we do amiss,
 " Point ready Obloquy's insulting his ;
 " Hold up, in whomsoever we disapprove, 135
 " (And that means all who share their Master's
 " love)

" Virtue or Genius, like th' Athenian Owl,
 " To the blunt peck of ev'ry other fowl;
 " All the humanity of BUTE to blot,
 " And all thy candour, MANSFIELD, sink in
 " *Scot*; — 140

" Recast the Royal Virtues, which before
 " The Nation worship'd, and cry down the ore,
 " To teach the People this indulgent Reign
 " With ev'ry charge of 'Tyranny to stain,
 " Unchoak'd to swallow contradictions down, 145
 " In *Antonine's* mild look fear *Nero's* frown,
 " Wrest his intention, and distort each fact,
 " And lend them treason till they long to act—
 " The Prince against his Counsellors to move,
 " And while we only seem to beg, reprove, 150
 " In terms of duty wrap each boist'rous deed,
 " Kneel while we stab, and libel while we plead,
 " FACTION has pow'r; nay, has already done,
 " And yet but little of our course we've run,
 " Much still remains; and we must toil and
 " strive 155

" Ere the great days of Anarchy revive:
 " A watchful eye scouls over all our game,
 " And while it seems to wink, but takes its aim.

" Oh! had but Fate to HALIFAX decreed
 " His seat of birth on t'other side the *Tweed*! 160
 " Had some bleak Shire, of penury the reign,
 " More starv'd than *Famine's* Prophecy can feign,
 " But

" But giv'n him Title, in the gen'ral ban,
 " We with the country had o'erwhelm'd the man;
 " There like *Enceladus* he'd lain oppress'd \ 165
 " With half an Island bearing on his breast.
 " While now, on its high basis, past our aim,
 " This perfect statue rests without a maim.
 " But could we hope his virtues to decry,
 " And shew them blighted to the People's eye; 170
 " Would not *Ierne* all their bloom renew,
 " And call the blushing honours fresh in view?
 " Recount, how lenity to prudence join'd
 " Shone the reflexion of his Sov'reign's mind;
 " How form'd to win by ev'ry honest art, 175
 " Bless'd by each voice, and lord of ev'ry heart;
 " Yet, when a Nation press'd him to receive
 " All that a Nation's gratitude could give,
 " The strong allure of int'rest he withstood,
 " Above reward, and paid by, doing good? 180

" Here then we stick; but still of hope a gleam
 " Points thro' the dusky thought its trembling
 " beam:

" The Deities, from Heav'n self-exil'd, meet
 " At a grand council, and a grander treat,
 " To-morrow. Such AMBITION's high behest, 185
 " And FOLLY does the honours of the feast.
 " Be there, the best advice sure to receive,
 " If multitude of Counsellors can give:

“ Till then beneath this roof remain my guest,
“ ’Tis break of day, and time to go to rest.” 190

So saying, her attendants she bid spread
For her great visitant the lofty bed.
And first the Fox’s skin began the Pile,
Next of the Bear was spread the shaggy spoil,
And over that the Lion’s tawny hide 195
Finish’d the whole for disappointed PRIDE.
There ev’ry pore, as she extended laid,
Imbib’d instruction from the mystic bed.

END OF CANTO II.

PATRIO.

P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O III.

O H, for the warning voice of him who saw
 The ruin continental Measures draw,
 What time by perjurable *Syr* he swore
 To waste on them nor man nor guinea more;
 That yet the People, made in time aware, 5
 Might haply 'scape *Sedition's* dang'rous snare!

For now the rolling hours brought on, too
 soon!

The day, whose morn as usual rose at noon,
 Wherein th' Arch-enemy to peace began
 To meet in deep consult her dark Divan: 10
 The Sun conceal'd in fogs his fullen ray,
 And dreadful omens usher'd in the day.

Forth from his *George-Street* airy upward springs
 The fierce *North-Briton* on audacious wings :
 Th'encumber'd air could scarce sustain this Fowl,
 Which dares an Eagle, tho' it looks an Owl. 15
 Undazzled he beholds the tow'ring height,
 And to Olympus lifts his desp'rate flight.

Next him uprose, and of as bad portent,
 On wings, ah pity ! by the Muses lent, 20
 A black-bird erst in sober liv'ry drest,
 Now party-colour'd plumage stains his breast ;
 Passion had chang'd his old appearance meek,
 Had arm'd his talons, and hook'd down his beak :
 His pinion strong, if dirt depress'd it not, 25
 And sweet his throat would it cry aught but *Scot*—
 Neglected soon we let the Parrot roar,
 Whose dictionary knows but Rogue and Whore.

Of lower flight, scarce hov'ring from the ground,
 The *Monitor* his lesser circle wound ; 30
 The Vulture he, of old whom *Jove* severe,
 (That *Jove* who would direct this nether sphere,)
 Ordain'd thro' *Holland's* sides to bore his way,
 And on his growing vitals weekly prey.

And these behind with boding, croaking cry, 35
 The *Contrast* flutter'd, for it could not fly.
 While hopp'd on either side, pert, noisy, light,
 The Magpye *Gazetteer*, half black, half white.
 Around,

Around, on ev'ry part whole flocks arose
 Of Rooks and Ravens, Chronicles, and Crows; 40
 Fann'd by innumerable pens, the sky
 Of Printer's ink assum'd the sable dye.

Now prone from his meridian, when the sun
 Had more than half his evening journey run,
 And Folly's board, with heap'd profusion press'd, 45
 Had spread satiety from guest to guest;
 PRIDE, in whose bosom, alien to repose,
 Still carkled all her cares, to speak arose:
 Thrice she essay'd; but from her elbow chair
 As oft AMBITION nodded to forbear: 50
 She stopp'd, so wont t' obey. Now forward comes
 The baby-show of paper, glass, and plumbs,
 Borne by a hundred servants thro' the space,
 Who ne'er saw wages but in shape of Place,
 And up they pile the vast desert in air; 55
 (The plate of gold by rule of Court was there)
 Where *Robinson* had play'd his master part,
 And in one jobb exhausted all the Art.

High in the midst of the whole fabric rais'd,
 A barley-sugar Minister was plac'd, 60
 His comfit promises who round him throws
 On Dresden-china courtiers rang'd in rows.
 So just the artist did his skill display,
 Ev'n in the gifts they seem'd to melt away.

Close

Cloſe at his ſide, and wond'ring ſhe was ſweet, 65
Juſtice no longer ſtern, poſſeſs'd her ſeat:
 The Maſter had her likenefs hit ſo pat,
 You'd ſwear ſhe was the ſiſter of Judge Pratt.

Beneath in ſugar, as in crime, combin'd,
 Were HALIFAX and EGREMONT deſign'd: 70
 The noble robbers ſtood in flagrant act,
 A ſtol'n braſs candleſtick confeſs'd the fact.

And oppoſite in *Naples* biſcuit roſe,
 Whoſe moat in green and ſilver tiſſue flows,
 The guilty tow'r of *Julius*; all around 75
 In orange-peel its dreadful warders frown'd,
 And ſeem'd to tread, ſight horrid and unmeet!
 A wafer MAGNA-CHARTA under feet.

There round a chariot, thro' the parted throng,
 In bronze the threat'ning bruifers march'd along;
 The decent Mob, ſuch fear within them dwelt,
 Retire to diſtance, and forbear to pelt.

Here, in the front, was form'd a ſumptuous
 feaſt,
 And ſeem'd both great and amiable the gueſt;
 Giv'n to whoſe name the outward form ap-
 pear'd, 85
 But the ſly honours at another leer'd.

A M O C K - H E R O I C, 91

Th' immense pile stood compleat; the whole to
shape,

Quite round the ruddy apple mourn'd in crape.
All prais'd the hand, all the design admir'd,
Warm'd as they gaz'd, but when they tasted,
fir'd. 90

Now *Loyalty* begins the sacred health,
On which *Sedition* only creeps by stealth:
The toasts, still as they wander from this source,
Shew more evanid its diluted force.

As when, all-graceful MARLBOROUGH, your
drefs 95

Tell us that *Ranelagh* you mean to bless,
While down your perfect form in rainbow rows,
The lutestring stripe with gay confusion flows;
The point insensible, (the diff'rence seen)
Where purple steals to yellow, or to green: 100
We find, deluded thro' the varying silks,
That what commenc'd with G—— concludes
with W——.

I trust that Heav'n the *Thracian* did destroy,
Perverter first of toasting, born to joy,
Who mingled Int'rest with the flow of soul, 105
And dash'd with Party, Friendship's smiling bowl.
Menace and fell Revenge lurk to be quaff'd
In the foul bottom of the dang'rous draught.

At

At FOLLY's board no mischief stalk'd behind,
 For people out of place are of one mind, 110
 Jointly they hunt; but diff'rence and debate
 Come when they share the Bear's-skin of the
 State.

And now in general discourse they join,
 Heated with healths, more potent than the wine,
 Till custom, reason, fact, are chang'd and chopp'd,
 To all that modern Patriots adopt. 115
 All spoke, and all advis'd a thousand things,
 To buoy up Citizens and weigh down Kings;
 And some direct the matter how to mince,
 And mean by evil Counsellors the Prince, 120
 How turn Militia to a Counter-Guard;
 And while disbanded valour they reward,
 (Humanity can never be a crime,)
 They keep it ready till a proper time.
 Some mourn the injuries They groan beneath, 125
 Who owe to courts the very air they breathe,
 Who, one small boon deny'd, those courts resist,
 And but for that, that only, are dismiss'd:
 As to past favours—staunch State-Atheists say,
 Duty, the soul, dies with its body, pay. 130
 Some tell the ready way on mobs t' impose,
 Whose fight extends no farther than their nose,
 To whom conviction never found its way,
 They still believe the Pulteney of the day.

Others

Others advance how squabbles make us great, 135
 And cutting throats gives vigour to a state.
 What profits burgeon from domestic jars,
 And all the blessings show'r'd on civil wars :
 The song was partial, yet it took the ear
 Of all who fought their thousand pounds a year.

When FOLLY, to give order to debate,
 Stood up a mighty driveller of state,
 Ridiculously grand, her cap and bells
 Important insignificance conceals.
 A petticoated *Neslor* she appears, 145
 Bending beneath unvenerable years.
 A shrivell'd evidence how very small
 A share of reason goes to rule this Ball;
 Two reigns she'd blunder'd thro' still uppermost,
 Quitted the third, nor gave the fourth for lost. 150
 With manna still her tongue run o'er replete,
 Thick, clammy, mawkish, purgatively sweet,
 And fell her words like hail in summer day,
 As hard, as cold, as apt to melt away.
 The *Lingua-Franca* sediment of school, 155
 Where she mis'd science, mark'd her still more
 fool ;
 Which with six Latin shreds conn'd o'er with pain,
 Wove the loose texture of her flimsy brain.
 She mumbled now tow'rds speech : but ere the
 course

Of tinkling nonsense guggled from its source, 160

PARTY, all-gracious mistress, who imparts
 Sense to void heads, and worth to hollow hearts,
 Trembling for her new profelyte, made haste,
 With kind precaution, where the brain is plac'd
 In skulls that have it, gently to distil 165
 Three drops of sage prepar'd by Dr. Hill.

The clouds of dulness part, and just dispense
 A wat'ry gleam of transitory sense;
 New rays of tepid reason entrance find,
 And short conceptions sprout within her mind. 170

Thus in Umæan * Lapland, when the ground,
 From the long rigour of the frost unbound,
 Receives the lowly sun in level line
 Refracted, for he only seems to shine:
 The wond'ring native new-learn'd culture plies 175
 And sees lean harvests in pale verdure rise,
 Thin-scatter'd spires of trembling bents appear,
 And the wild barley shakes its bearded ear.
 And thus she spoke, intelligible grown,
 With utt'rance new, and meaning not her own. 180

“ My voice shall be for open war, oh Peers!
 “ It suits so well my temper and my years,
 “ Which unimpair'd preserve their wonted fire,
 “ Demand employ, and scorn the word RETIRE;

* The Sieur Martin Eresvahre, the present governor of
 that province, has taken great pains to instruct the inhabi-
 tants in culture, writing, and reading.

“ Nor

"Nor from my shoulders think their burthen

" great, 185

"Years press not from their number, but their

" weight.

"Oh were I but as young, high in renown,

"As when one Heir apparent to the Crown,

"I at a Royal christ'ning dar'd provoke,

"Deserv'd his menace, tho' I 'scap'd its stroke;

"Or when, tho' somewhat doubled then with age,

"The next to him I glory'd to engage!

"Witness ye banks of *Cam*, that overthrow,

"When thy dull stream had doubts which way

" to flow,

"Till I triumphant won the laurell'd day, 195

"And the disputed Title bore away!

"Forgive the boasts, me, since they serve to shew,

"To insult, nor to opposition new.

"That glorious monarch, (so we call him now,

"Whom when alive we treated God knows

" how, 200

"Whom ev'n the *City* now reveres, yet then

"Disdain'd to hear the name of *Dettingen*)

"Saw, when his sceptre trembled in his hand,

"Me in the front of his deserters stand.

"Nor think I single list in your design, 205

"The men who laugh at me, for me resign,

“ Themselves from what they have in hand
“ seclude,

“ While hope of more appears like gratitude;
“ These all increase your bands with ready aid,
“ Forces the Court against itself has paid. 210

“ Lead on, I follow, glad to have arraign’d,
“ Whatever measures my whole life maintain’d;
“ Convictive contradictions come about,
“ Seen in the different lights of *in* and *out*.

“ Did I its general extent allow? 215
“ I see th’ Excise in all its horrors now.
“ Against the *Craftsman* did my writ revail,
“ And send poor *Franklyn* o’er and o’ to Jail?
“ Now, perish’d Liberty! I mourn aloud,
“ Thy fall by forms, which then the law
“ avow’d!

“ Made I, of heads like mine with numbers
“ more.

“ Such war and peace as ne’er were made
“ before?

“ The present peace with energy I hate,
“ And kneel before the word INADEQUATE.
“ Or was my judgment formerly inclin’d, 225
“ To think addresses spoke the people’s mind?
“ Instructed, now I see their full import,
“ Against they do, but never for, a Court:

“ And

“ And yet it hurts me that it is address’d, 229

“ But when by *Cambridge*, more than all the
“ rest,”—

Th’ o’erwhelming thought she could no longer
bear,

But sputt’ring still to speak, sunk to her chair.

E N D O F C A N T O I I I .

P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O IV.

IN study'd dignity of action flow,
 Bespeaking favour with a winning bow,
 AMBITION next arose. Her pow'rful lore,
 Credulity preventive stepp'd before:
 For *Eloquence*, the cheat, had brought her up 5
 To all the slight-hand of the ball and cup;
 Taught her to twist, and turn, and shew, and hide,
 And make the worse appear the better side;
 Shew'd her, to clash how contradictions ceas'd,
 While fact and reason took what shape she
 pleas'd. 10

As the bright stream, which Nature loves to pour
 Irriguous thro' the vale, had nurs'd each flow'r,
 Had charm'd the ear and eye thro' op'ning glades,
 With untaught murmurs from unforc'd cascades;

But

But when comprefs'd thro' pipes, as whim pre-
vails, 15

Squirts into fans, and fans, and peacocks tails :
The glitt'ring baubles who with wonder spies,
Receives the spout at last in his own eyes.

And thus she said: " O Thou, who dost preside
" O'er *Britain's* Isle, and all her measures guide, 20
" Whose doctrine Heav'n's own precept far out-
" goes,

" Bids us love, better than ourselves, our foes;
" O *Jannus-Party!* now incline to hear
" Thy double face, and thy quadruple ear.
" And ye, now present, to my nod devote, 25
" Lords, and Lords betters, Aldermen ! take
" note

" That FOLLY to my bosom here I bend,
" Her, my contempt till now, but now my
" friend

" Link'd in the common cause she shall remain
" My firm confed'rate, till I rule again. 30

" 'Twere needless here to tell, what yet you see
" Draws its conceal'd, dim origin from me –
" The rage of Faction, when each nerve it moves,
" He, who disclaims not, tacitly approves.
" Behold ! the cloud, I said, would threat the
" land, 35

" That cloud shall rise in likeness of this hand,
H 2 " Pour

" Pour all its forms, directed as I please,
 " And wash away the hateful works of peace :
 " Peace, which myself I dar'd not bring about,
 " I knew it right, but knew 'twould throw me out,
 " Another ventur'd, foolish, or secure 41
 " In his own soul, and above lust of pow'r,
 " Seal'd the great deed to which his wish aspir'd,
 " And unrewarded, but by that, retir'd.

" And could he think, of peace the foe pro-
 " fest, 45
 " Title and pension had inclin'd to rest ?
 " That on AMBITION's eye repose would creep,
 " Lull'd by those medicated fops to sleep?

" She who twin'd unanimity, and shew'd
 " The wond'ring world how firm *Britannia*
 " stood, 50
 " Can the reverted wheel as quick incite,
 " Till all the splitting fibres disunite,
 " She, who fell Party's tortuous folds could break,
 " And set her foot upon that dragon's neck, 54
 " The deadly teeth, which from those jaws she
 " drew,
 " Can plant, and they can pullulate anew.
 " Those grains of discord giv'n to fertile land
 " Sprout rank, and faithful to the sower's hand.
 " Yes, in ripe harvest see them nod again,
 " A threat'ning crop of discontented men; 60
 " Which

A MOCK-HEROIC. 101

"Which way to wave they from my breath
 "expect,
"Blame as I point, and hate as I direct.

"It grieves me, FOLLY, nay it gives me fears,—
"This foul defection of your black Hussars,
"Whose wav'ring duty, truant from its string, 65
"Transfers itself from Chancellor to King.
"Now by the laurels of *Belleisle*, my boast,
"And the unnumber'd millions which they cost,
"Should e'er my Borough for addressing move,
"And honest *Allen* dare the peace approve, 70
"In such contempt the rebels I should hold,
"I'd toss them back their dirty box of gold!

"But ere the People languish, haste to use
"The daring spirit we have known t' infuse;
"The *English Oak-bay* as you bid him cries, 75
"And to roar louder firmly shuts his eyes:
"He's yours at pleasure clos'd while they remain,
"All's over if he opens them again.
"Employ him while, all enemies o'ercome,
"He longs for new ones in his friends at home, 80
"The proper catch-words *Party* shall provide,
"To range the fools on either foolish side;
"No previous injury need rouse their force,
"Match but the *Broughtons*, and they hate of
 "course.

“ Oh if we seize with skill the coming hour, 85
 “ And re-invest us with a robe of power,
 “ Rule while we live! let future days transmute
 “ To ev’ry merit all we’ve charg’d on BUTE;
 “ Let late Posterity receive his name,
 “ And swell its sails with ev’ry breath of fame; 90
 “ Downward, as far as Time shall roll his tide,
 “ With ev’ry pennant flying, let it glide,
 “ And Truth, emerging from the clouds we raise,
 “ Gild all their orient colours with her blaze.
 “ Let his lov’d Arts, attendant on his way, 95
 “ Their wanton trophies to the gale display;
 “ While each dispassionate, each honest pen
 “ (Deterr’d by clamour, nor allur’d by gain,
 “ Bard or Historian) shall from either shore
 “ Hail its approach, and its great courie ex-
 “ plore; 100
 “ Faithful to probity, and virtue’s cause,
 “ Pursue its progress, and direct th’ applause:
 “ Glad Gratulation shall with shouts approve,
 “ And own him worthy of his lov’reign’s love.”

She had proceeded, but the mingled sound 105
 Of arguing voices spread the table round,
 Some affirm’d positive, some ask’d perplext,
 And some launch’d out in notes upon the text;
 Till one more audible than all the rest,
 With strong exertion thus himself express’d: 110
 “ Why

"Why sit we here projecting some new blow,
 "Since FATE determines all events below?
 "On that tribunal let our envoy wait,
 "And who so fit as FOLLY upon FATE?"

Th' advice was grateful to the gen'ral ear, 115
 All begg'd that great commission she would bear,
 Which, bowing low, she said should be achiev'd,
 Tho' trembling at the honour she receiv'd;
 The point thus settled, from the board they move,
 Dispers'd as pleasure led, or bus'ness drove. 120

But FOLLY sought her library with speed,
 For one she had for show, but not to read,
 There jumbling in her head what she thought,
 Thought,
 How best to find the trackless road she sought,
 She chose t' essay the force of her own prate, 125
 Rememb'ring to how many once 'twas fate.

And now the mystic gibberish she tried,
 Something that neither promis'd nor deny'd,
 But drew one on to hope, "it wish'd so well—
 "And though it doubted, yet—it could not
 "tell— 130
 "O! my dear *What's-your-Name*, of me be sure,
 "I would a member had not ask'd before—
 "You'll let me see you soon, by then I'll try"—
 Then seem'd to squeeze a hand, and said,
 "Good-by."

Strange force of charms ! By this the solid
ground 135

Grew mortal sick with the unmeaning sound,
In strong convulsions rock'd ; at length it cleft,
And a wide opening towards the center left,
To regions unexplor'd, which, dark and great,
Are the domain of MYSTERY-OF-STATE. 140
Pond'ring a-while she stood, and wish'd to know
The *Calais*-passage to these realms below,
'Till curiosity her fears expung'd,
And she intrepid on her errand plung'd.

Now, as she journey'd, faded on her sight 145
The feeble glimmerings of distant light,
Faint and more faint the intercepted ray
Withdrew itself, and died upon her way.
And now, thro' darkness, palpable, abhorr'd,
Her groping hands the doubtful path explor'd, 150
Till, nigh the confines where the lower sphere
Joins to our world, but yet is ne'er the near,
Thin streaks of budding day salute her eye
With the first dawns of the nether sky ;
For other suns they have and stars than we, 155
By which no mortal but themselves can see.

Now the receding gloom her sight renew'd,
And cloath'd with form each bright'ning object
stood.

The opening scene with wonder she surveys,
Not knowing that she travell'd her own ways. 160

Here

Here for the upper surface she discern'd,
 How flatt'ry lay to bubbling lather churn'd,
 Whose bottom form'd a thicker sediment
 Of coarse and clumsy clergy compliment.
 This happy compost with its supple oil 165
 Invigorates and opens the fertile soil,
 Calls forth each seed of dirt to bud and flow'r,
 And trick itself in all the hues of pow'r;
 While from her urn Partiality supplies
 The stream to blood and merit she denies. 170
 Hence blooms th' unlearn'd Divine in all the glow
 His double-petal'd mitre can bestow,
 Hence spreads the Under Clerk his ample shoot,
 And strikes in the revenue deep his root,
 Hence high his flourish'd head the Valet rears, 175
 And hence Attornies blossom into Peers.

Still lower, in their different strata spread,
 As Levity thought fit to range, were laid
 Close in their shells involv'd, yet innocent,
 The unhatch'd vermin of a government. 180
 Here grubs and maggots Favour's sun-shine wait,
 To get new shapes, and wing the world in state,
 Or, more industrious, snug, and warm as milk,
 Spin their soft nests, and wrap themselves in silk.
 Hence snails of Office thro' their slimy tracks 185
 Crawl off at last with houses on their backs.
 Hence worms and earwigs in new figures sport,
 And tinge themselves in ev'ry dye of Court,

'Till pinch'd with cold, another form they try,
 And dip their varying films in LIBERTY. 190
 Here yet unfang'd, wriggle the viper race,
 Which fond Administration broods in place,
 'Till fatten'd on herself, and fit for strife,
 They thro' her bowels gnaw their way to life.
 Here public Zeal, the alligator, hides 195
 Her selfish eggs, and for their birth provides,
 Of incubation in no need they stand,
 But hatch in Popularity's hot sand;
 To prey with open mouths away they scour,
 Yet seem to mourn the country they devour. 200

Now lower as she went, the hoary deep
 Discovers where the seeds of metals sleep.
 She saw, and lik'd to see, the plodding head
 Do the world's business, yet be only lead;
 That impudence, its copper birth forgot, 205
 Grows brass, and is important on the spot;
 That talk and pertness still succeed by din,
 And shine and tinkle in the shape of tin;
 That ignorance and meanness rais'd to pow'r,
 Their low materials quickly silver o'er; 210
 That Whig and Tory principles unfold
 Their like constituency, and turn to gold.
 But wit, the quick-silver, escap'd her view,
 Or seeing what it was she little knew,
 Last saw, where party-gems their rays refine, 215
 How Patriotism inflames the blazing mine.

She

A M O C K - H E R O I C. 107

She now perceiv'd, from this instructive fight,
A kind of reminiscence, all was right.

The soul is never taught, but recollects
The traces of its prior intellects, 220
Acknowledges the state she held before,
And owns the beaming shield at Troy she bore.

END OF CANTO IV.

PATRIO.

P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O V.

ALL-dreaded Nemesis! whose *Iron-rod*
 Obeys in Party's Star-chamber her nod,
 Oh! keen to mark, with fierce but patient glance,
 The angry hour of penalty advance,
 Wherein t' express, vindictive of the wrong, 5
 Severe exaction from the blabbing tongue;
 May it be lawful! may th' advent'rous Muse,
 Uncourg'd of Thee, her farther song effuse
 From sacred ignorance to light which bears
 Secrets, to uninitiated ears 10
 Perhaps forbidden, which from human sight
 Thick politics involve in treble night!
 Shudd'ring she repursues her path, and feels
 In thought, thy Blood-hounds op'ning at her heels,
 Yet

Yet whence her fears? what modern Bard that
 sings, 15
 Thinks he can make too free with God and Kings?

Still FOLLY thro' the road abstruse, profound,
 Her serious, tho' not thoughtful, footsteps wound,
 To dissipate the fears which round her grew,
 She would have whistled, but no tune she knew. 20
 Yet that denied, its failure she repays
 With scraps of Cambridge speeches in her praise,
 Which little understood, but much believ'd,
 The tedious error of her way deceiv'd.

When all at once, a Portico in sight, 25
Wild above rule, erects its daring height,
 Bold architecture! in whose rough design
 All orders, jumbled in confusion, join;
 The huddled members cluster into state,
 For Quantity of course appears like Great. 30

The boist'rous Roman Brothers plann'd its
 frame,
 And wounded deep in brass the Gracchi's name,
 But heap on heap while rose the desp'rate shell,
 Its scaffold, faithless to its builders, fell.
 This English hands, with better skill supplied, 35
 New rear'd, and flung its arch from side to side.
 Sacred to Opposition stands the mass,
 And yields to Honour's temple easy pass,
 Leaving

Leaving poor Virtue's antiquated road
By painful fools, like AMHURST, to be trod. 40

Go, liquify the brass, bid it receive
The form of AMHURST, and attempt to live;
Raise the high car, relieve it with his deeds,
Thou, Terror, harness the impatient steeds,
Strew prostrate provinces his wheels beneath, 45
Behind, let Vict'ry, hov'ring with her wreath,
Spread her broad vans beyond the Roman stretch.
No, this, Posterity, 'tis thine to sketch.
Our housewife Britain, a much cheaper way,
Bids Obloquy her debts of honour pay. 50

Here FOLLY enter'd, dazzled to behold
The lofty coving flame with fretted gold,
Where some Copernicus had aim'd to trace
The system state-Astronomers embrace.
Thick interfections cross the puzzled score, 55
With centric and eccentric scribbled o'er.

Here regal Pow'r, fun of the circling sphere,
Shorn of its fierceness, leads the temp'rate year,
Shedding mild radiance, which from pole to pole
Gives warmth, and life, and beauty to the whole. 60

Hardly subordinate, around this source
The wand'ring fires of *Party* whirl their course.
Each fullen Saturn to dark distance strays,
And envies ev'ry other star its rays.

Transverse,

A M O C K - H E R O I C. 111

Transverse, broke from their orbits, streaming
fly 65

The angry comets of Ambition's sky,
Burns the whole hemisphere with sanguine glare,
Ye Monarchs tremble! and ye People stare!
Ah! whither drive these bursts of threat'ning
blaze?

Why NEWTON says they drive to Stow and
Hays; 70

But one frail life was too confin'd t' explain
How wond'rousfly they come about again.

Nor wanted on the walls, rich artifice
Of Emblem, Hieroglyphic, or Device,
Grotesque or Heraldry, all wildly grac'd 75
In gawdy nothingness of modern taste.

Here, *Eloquence* pours forth her thund'ring tide,
And roars, like London Bridge, on either side;
There, *Public Spirit*, swan-like, spreads his snow,
But hides the bosom grim with ooze below; 80
Here, *Clamour*, like the cramp, drowns Worth at
once,

There, bladder *Party* swims the leaden Dunce;
Here, *Liberty*, turn'd Fish-wife, flings her dung,
Makes all her mouths, and shews her ell of
tongue;

There, cleanly *Satire*, to preserve us sweet, 85
Rakes up her filth, and poisons all a street;

Here,

Here, medley monsters sprawl, misshapen things,
And Patriots rampant over muzzled Kings ;
With these, the white-hors'd Saint, revers'd his
fight,

For, sad! the furious Dragon slays the Knight; go
And here, (for Compliment would needs bestow
FOLLY's own, proper, crest, in freshest glow,)
Gives his gay train the Peacock to the wind,
Unmindful of his naked rump behind;
While, lib'ral of th' immodulated note, 95
He screams thro' all his dissonance of throat.

Between, hang Collars, Coronets, and Swords,
And azure Circles charg'd with mystic words,
Each honour contraband that Faction yields,
Unswated for in Glory's crimson fields. 100

Much she admir'd, for all was vast and grand,
But great admirers never understand;
Thro' her own medium view'd, to her they seem
Realizations of a feverish dream,
Dream she once dream'd! but cur'd by pestilential
wight,

And grateful in proportion to her fright,
She made the Public pay (it was not dear)
Her clysters with eight hundred pounds a year.

From hence an ample Court in proud parade
Extends to stretch of fight its colonade, 110

Where

Where in full 'Change, and busy disarray,
 Throng all who trade the *Constitution* way ;
 Throng all who seek to barter side for side,
 All who oppose, or puzzle, or divide. .
 Throng Fav'rites, Ministers, in buzzing swarms,
 And mighty Monarchs' insubstantial forms ; 116
 All mix with all, nor here resentment know,
 For as they lov'd above, they hate below.

But, sep'rate from the hubbub, FOLLY view'd
 Where her late Master's gracious figure stood. 120

" And, ah ! great Sire, with falt'ring voice she
 " cried,

" Things are extremely alter'd since you died.

" Now Hanover no more can cloud your fame,

" But ev'ry soul, that's out, adores your name.

" Did rancour on your living virtues wait ? 125

" Extinct, we hail you, good, and wise, and

" great,

" Your Reign with this invidiously compare ;

" 'Tis all the praise a British King can share—"

The injur'd shade, disdain to reply,

Cried, Pooh ! and stalk'd majestically by. . 130

She would have blush'd, tho' following still to
 speak,

If blush could ever burn on FOLLY's cheek,

When, lo ! the ghost of Pelham stopp'd her way.

" Alas ! too soon review'd, sad sister say,

“ Or is it piety could hither drive 135

• “ Thee, tho’ without a body, still, alive,

“ Or, eel-like slipp’d away beyond thy pow’r,

“ Pursu’st thou here th’ irrevocable hour?”

To whom in answer, FOLLY ; “ From above

“ Nor piety conducts, (we did not love,) 140

“ Nor yet some early hour elaps’d, again

“ Hunt I thro’ all the subsequent in vain ;

“ But solemn embassy to FATE that brings

“ On deep embarras in the state of things :

“ Lead on the unknown way, and as we go, 145

“ Instruct me how you pass your time below.”

When thus, at once advancing, Pelham said,

“ Think not our manners quit us when we’re

“ dead,

“ Secure to be, they mock Death’s feeble shaft,

“ Smile at the Doctor, and defy his draught, 150

“ And hurrying downward (rather than survey

“ The foolish farce their body has to play),

“ The dry-eyed wife, the mutes dissolved in jokes,

“ The hackney-coachmen-gentlemen in cloaks,

“ Th’enfranchis’d son, the mercenary crowd ; 155

“ The tears that smile, and groans that laugh

“ aloud,

“ Here recommence, on a long lease renew’d,

“ The self-same measures they alive pursued.

“ Thus

" Thus Walpole still, with golden balance nice,
 " Exactly librates patriots and their price, 160
 " While doubts the beam, one turning sixpence
 " giv'n

" Mounts Virtue, her accusom'd road, to Heav'n.

" Thus Granville, still impetuous without aim,
 " Less fond of pow'r than literary fame,
 " In the prime passion, lets the second sink, 165
 " Then, all his pleasing knowledge drowns in
 " drink.

" And thus shall Pitt, whene'er he treads these
 " ways,

" Still sue to apron'd citizens for praise,
 " Still, faithful to the steps by which he rose,
 " Oppose, and Opposition re-oppose, 170
 " His amphisbæna management renew,
 " And bid the head of State its tail pursue.
 " From Pitt th' infernal Bench new rules shall
 " draw,

" Till *Rhadamanth* decide on more than law,
 " *Minos* inflame his culprits to rebel, 175
 " And *Æacus* grow popular in hell.

" BUTE, as above, shall exercise below
 " Each blessed gift Heav'n's favour could bestow,
 " And Mansfield still, superior to pretence,
 " Shall put his only trust in honest sense." 180

Here FOLLY interrupting, (for just here
 The sound of exultation struck her ear,
 Paecans responsive from celestial choirs,
 Breath of soft flutes, and touch of heav'nly lyres,
 While fanning Zephyrs scatter'd, as they rose, 185
 What gums and spice the gale of Ceylon blows,)
 ' Say brother, whence, and why, around us swim
 " This cloud of odour, and this voice of hymn?"
 To whom thus Pelham: " Where thou may'st

" perceive

" Yon bays and laurels thickest interweave 190

" Their ever-verdant branches, render'd quite

" Impervious, as insup'able their height,

" Crown'd with immortal flow'rs, in that blest'd

" space,

" The souls of perfect Patriots find their place.

" Blest space! to pure disint'rest justly due, 195

" But trod, like Paradise, by only two.

" No Catos gain admittance to those climes

" Whose virtues do more harm than Cæsar's

" crimes,

" Who from the first to last, with equal pride,

" Mean each by *Liberty*, that *He* should guide. 200

" But far remov'd from reach of Party jobs,

" The war of pamphlets, and the pelt of mobs,

" From Dunquerque clamour'd as the peace is now,

" From an ungrateful Monarch's alter'd brow,

" From

A M O C K - H E R O I C. 117

" From *Shaftesburys* and *Buckinghams*, (so call 205

" The —s and T—s then who led the brawl,) 205

" There CLARENDON, with his SOUTHAMPTON,

" reigns,

" Knit in eternal Friendship's holy chains.

" Hail sacred character! the claim to praise

" Abuse and injury but serve to raise. 210

" What tho' no riots shouted thy lov'd name,

" No Guild-hall portrait glar'd thee into fame,

" No city-letters fluff'd thee with applause,

" The scare-court mawkin of a desp'rate Cause;

" Yet self-approving Conscience, which surveys 215

" Without one pang the tenor of her ways,

" Sees all her aims concentring to this end,

" To fix the crown, yet be the people's friend,

" To curb, but not by faction, pow'r of ill,

" And save a venal State against its will; 220

" Bids warmer transports in thy bosom glow

" Than gratified Ambition could bestow.

" Yet, while I may, oh! let me hither bring

" Each fragrant product of the blushing spring,

" And while I heap these altars, all thine own, 225

" And clear away the moss Neglect has sown,

" Do thou accept the late, but honest, wreaths,

" Which Envy holds from Virtue while she

" breathes.

" All hail, unblemish'd HYDE! who would com-
 " mute.

" Thy banishment, or the retreat of BUTE, 230

" For all that Pitt of windy triumph feels,

" With the whole Common-Council at his heels!"

Here Pelham ceas'd, in rapture deep immers'd,
 Which FOLLY soon, half trembling, thus dispers'd.

" But tell me then, since Heav'n such blessings
 " show'rs 235

" On real Patriots, what becomes of ours?

" Who, mad to repossess the pow'r we've lost,]

" Wish the whole country in distraction tost,

" Order revers'd, confounded right and wrong,

" The strait path crooked, and the short one

" long, 240

" Who truth and falsehood see, as suits the time,

" WILKES nought but virtue, SANDWICH nought

" but crime,

" Who sigh that others don't forsake their trust,

" But sicken because France and Spain are just?

" Does not, in dreadful counterbalance, Pain, 245

" Natural alternative, for such remain?"

When Pelham thus, with countenance secure;

" Feel no alarm, whatever they endure.

" Vengeance no doubt, in ample portion spilt,

" For penalty is but the tail of guilt. 250

" But

" But, whether on their vitals, day by day,
 " The gnawing vultur Disappointment prey,
 " Or doom'd, the leaky sieve of Hope to fill,
 " Or roll the stone of Faction up the hill,
 " To thrid a giddy round, which knows no
 " pause, 255
 " Whirl'd on the wheel of popular Applause,
 " Or strive to snatch in Expectation's dream,
 " The bobbing apple, and elusive stream;
 " Concerns not those, who into life are brought,
 " Seal'd with a bless'd immunity from thought;
 " For pitying Justice tacks, in their defence,
 " Inculpability to want of sense.

" Nature, like other mothers, doats upon
 " The dear defects which grace a booby son.
 " Soon as her blessing on the dolt she pours, 265
 " On Fortune's breath the lucky feather soars:
 " But whether, upward, from its lightness, b'own,
 " The clinging trifle hangs upon a Throne;
 " Or, whisk'd about, on Faction's eddy plays,
 " Seeming to give the motion it obeys; 270
 " Alike to nothing all its squirs amount,
 " *And of its dsings Heav'n takes no account.*

" But here we part, farewell. Thro' either
 " gate,
 " Prone, of itself the road conducts to FATE."

Two gates there are, which seem almost to join,
Yet differ in materials and design. 276

The one, of solid History compact,
Rears its firm greatness on the rock of Fact;
The Tuscan order forms its stately face,
And charms in graceful negligence of grace. 280
The other stands a pile of meaner note,
Built of Biography and Anecdote,
Composit, lac'd with Gothic and Chinese,
Displeasing, from its over zeal to please.

Thro' this, whatever will, a passage earns; 285
To all that comes the facil wicket turns;
To semblances, which sporting Fancy flings,
Thin onion-coats, from surfaces of things:
Except when, in their pleasing turn of ward,
PLUTARCH or CAMPBELL happen upon guard;
They, with just rigour, scrutinizing sit, 291
But crown with roses all that they admit.

Nor balanc'd FOLLY in her choice of gate,
Now first grown conscious of her want of weight,
But kept her pace, unbroken by delay, 295
And thro' the latter issued on her way.

END OF CANTO V.

P A T R I O T I S M,

A

M O C K - H E R O I C.

C A N T O VI.

OF perfect diamond a solid rock ;
Far from the tempest's beat and earthquake's
shock,

Its massive spurs down to the centre shoots,
Where endless Permanency binds the roots ;
Upon its summit awefully elate 5
Immoveably is fix'd the throne of FATE :
The wond'rous pile no mark of structure shews,
Unhewn, unbuilt, the living quarry grows.
Up the steep height an iron causeway tends,
And at the footstool of the Monarch ends ; 10
Here FOLLY pass'd, and as she climb'd the
mound
Hollow and loud her shuffling steps resound.

Rais'd on his seat the hoary Sire appear'd,
 And spread profuse his ample flow of beard;
 No condescension his firm looks avow, 15
 Inexorable sternness knits his brow.
 Around him bawl, but clam'rous to no end,
 The fond addresses which we mortals send;
 He to their purport turns a deafen'd ear,
 Or answers traversely the wasted pray'r; 20
 To spendthrift sons eternal fathers gives,
 And health untaintable to modern wives;
 The maiden's pious vows are still repaid
 With husbands bad at board, and worse abed;
 To *Britain* (every plume of glory won) 25
 Sends news-papers, and all the work's undone:
 Or, just as Party thinks to crown her pains,
 Gives resolution, and the Prince still reigns.

Before his feet was plac'd, slave of his sway,
 NECESSITY, whom Men and Gods obey. 30
 Her strong right hand a pond'rous hammer held,
 Her left with adamantine nails was fill'd,
 Close to her side, of steel an anvil rose,
 (The founding anvil never feels repose)
 With these on this, as fast as FATE assents, 35
 She rivets actions down to their events.
 Millions of *Second-causes* claim in vain
 Their seat usurp'd, and urge their right to reign;
 She holds possession still; while they pursue,
 For ever, their rejected suit, anew. 40

On ev'ry side, and scatter'd ev'ry way,
Her finish'd labours in wild parcels lay
Unrang'd by their importance, equal here
The loss of battles, or at whist appear ;
A Statesman chang'd, or lodging newly lett, 45
Empires transferr'd, or fashions out of date.
The joys, the woes, th' extinction of man's race
Serve but to make the litter of the place.

Here, trebly clench'd the dire injunction lay
For War t' extend his yet too narrow sway ; 50
Hunger or Lust the contest first began,
Ambition soon improv'd upon the plan ;
Religion next inflam'd the fell debate,
And steel'd our hearts, and edg'd our swords with
hate ;
Last, Commerce for an endless quarrel stood, 55
And all before seem'd penury of blood.

There was ordain'd, Law should untie her noose,
And slip the dogs of Licence and Abuse ;
To their own kennel's stench familiar grown,
But pois'ning ev'ry nose except their own, 60
They with full cry the dubious scent explore,
And trail wherever Scandal touch'd before :
Still, oh the shame ! still the loud yelp proceeds,
And the first head of all the forest bleeds.

Here,

Here, in like volume, the decree of FATE 65
 Forbids that madmen should divide the State;
 They with absurd, illib'ral, desp'rate push,
 To shame ev'n Party, and make Faction blush,
 Strive, but in vain, to alienate the hearts
 Of a whole People great in arms and arts; 70
 To us, by Nature, Reason, Int'rest, Blood,
 Conjoin'd, and union'd by the circling flood.

Thro' these as FOLLY pass'd with tott'ring gait,
 From thinking hurry gave an air of state,
 And tripping at the last unlucky law, 75
 (As witches stumble o'er a cross of straw)
 She chanc'd to kick one bundle; light it roll'd
 Into existence; in it was foretold
 A *Mock-heroic* should employ the pains
 Of venal quills, and party-heated brains. 80

She, on her knees, with hands devoutly clos'd,
 At once her message and herself expos'd;
 To whom in answer FATE: "Thus far to come,
 "Swell all its rage, and lash itself to foam,
 "O'er every mound of decency to ride, 85
 "Has been allow'd to riot's moon-drawn tide;
 "Here its proud waves shall stop, the boist'rous
 "flood
 "On which ye hull'd desert you in the mud.

VI. " The mists that veil the morning of this reign,
 65 " The breath of Order shall disperse again, 90
 " Broke they shall scud before the piercing ray,
 " And add new glories to its burst of day.

70 " See the glad prospect shine ! a Briton born,
 " Whom virtues, Angels might possess, adorn,
 " Gives lustre to the Throne ; whose deeds con-
 " fess 95
 " No thirst of pow'r, except the pow'r to bless ;
 " Who from the sceptre no exemption draws,
 " And lives but the first subject of the laws ;
 75 " For *Monarch* reckons in his moral plan,
 " But second title to the HONEST MAN. 100

" Him, had the World deserv'd, Heav'n had
 " design'd

80 " The sov'reign, as the friend, of all mankind,
 " Plac'd as its gentle delegate he'd stood,
 " And won them by example to be good ;
 " Taught them the social duties how to blend, 105
 " The Son, the Brother, Husband, Father, Friend.—

85 " Rouz'd from their dream, the honest and the
 " wife

" Shall view confusion with abhorrent eyes ;
 " Nay, the misled shall say, while drops the tear,
 " How could our love be scribbled into fear ? 110

" Yet

" Yet but a little, ere this child of Glare,
 " This mighty bubble burst to empty air.
 " Rise, crown'd with light, imperious *Wildman*
 " rise,
 " Then sink to nothing in the Nation's eyes;
 " See wild Disperſion craze the Babel-pile, 115
 " And ſome deſert the cauſe, and ſome the iſle,
 " Skulking, by twos and threes, away they fall,
 " As preſencit rats forſake the mould'ring wall,
 " See others drop, deſpairing of reſource,
 " The melancholy martyrs of remorse, 120
 " Wilkes outlaw'd, Churchill in his beer expire,
 " And mute your trumpet, as unſtrung your lyre.
 " Go, tell your ſenders to revere their King.
 " And in your private ear, this only thing
 " Of which it can be capable, receive. 125
 " *Folks of your Age have never long to live.*"
 Nor more — And FOLLY backward on her way
 Sullen and ſilent turn'd her ſteps, tow'rdſ day.

And now, fair DECENCY! to whom we owe
 That peace and order are things known below, 130
 That man was taught, with better aim, to puſh
 Beyond his acorn feaſt and bed of ruſh,
 The rugged cavern's ſhelter to diſown,
 And ſeek convenience in the peopled town,
 There to diſtinguiſh, in ſubjection mild, 135
 'Tween reaſonably free and ſtaring wild;

" Do

Do Thou forgive, if stung with honest pain,
Too far o'er *Satire's* far too open plain
I urge the sportive steed, while I pursue
Through his own paths, the Blatant beast in
view.—

Do thou forgive, if e'er I, unexact, 141
Of his own dirt some little specks contract;
Hard were the task to thrid so foul a way,
And yet no plashing of the soil betray.

But if provok'd to vindicate thy laws, 145
I dip my pen in Truth and Virtue's cause;
If I, when Scandal shoots her load of shame,
Restore it honestly to whence it came;
If my sole aim is licence to restrain,
And laugh thy rebels home to thee again; 150
If, undesirous of the wreath of bays,
Nor over ticklish to the straw of praise,—
Unask'd, unpromis'd, if these lines I pour,
Conviction-drawn, but from my soul abhor
The name of Satirist, who to his share 155
Needs but an ear to rhyme and front to dare,
To hide his splendid bile in moral mask,
And set himself at once about his task;—
As a rough water-dog, New England's breed,
Fresh plaister'd from some pond with mud and
weed, 160
Round from his fleece the dirty puddle shakes,
Rejoicing in the spatter that he makes:

If

If these my motives, not alone forgive,
 But bid this JUST RETALIATION, live;
 While libels, when they've flourish'd for a
 spirit, 165
 Fall like their brother leaves, and rot to dirt,

And this shall live, to tell a better age,
 That, on a time, when Party, swoln to rage,
 Pour'd ev'ry stream of licence uncontroll'd,
 And man and beast, down the mad torrent roll'd;
 One, whom the Muses rarely deign'd to fire, 171
 To stem the headlong tide oppos'd his lyre;
 That urg'd by Truth, he turn'd the tuneful art
 From sounds to things, from passion to the heart,
 For Faction's mirror, held up Reason's light, 175
 Shew'd erring mobs that measures may be right,
 That pow'r and place are Opposition's aim,
 That Patriotism and Int'rest are the same,
 That Order is, what gives us bliss below, 179
 And our best knowledge, when we're well to know.

END OF THE LAST CANTO

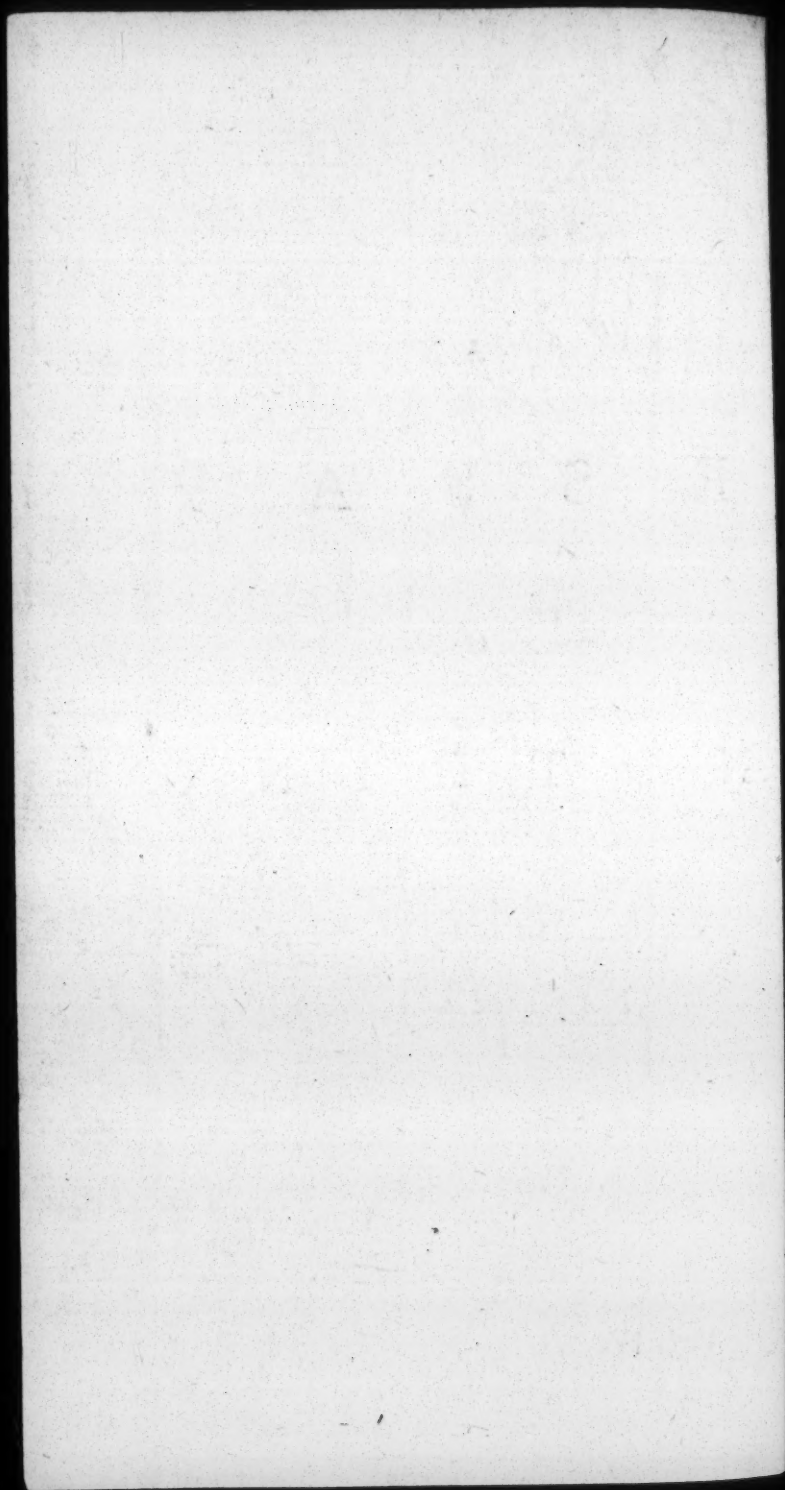
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AN
ESSAY
ON
NOTHING.

BY HENRY FIELDING, Esq;
Not printed in his Works.

VOL. IV.

K



A N
E S S A Y
O N
N O T H I N G.

THE INTRODUCTION.

IT is surprizing, that while such trifling matters employ the masterly pens of the present age, the great and noble subject of this Essay should have passed totally neglected; and the rather, as it is a subject to which the genius of many of those writers who have unsuccessfully applied themselves to politics, religion, &c. is most peculiarly adapted.

Perhaps their unwillingness to handle what is of such importance, may not improperly be ascribed to their modesty; though they may not be remarkably addicted to this vice on every occasion. Indeed, I have heard it predicated of

some, whose assurance in treating other subjects hath been sufficiently notable, that they have blushed at this. For such is the awe with which this Nothing inspires mankind, that I believe it is generally apprehended of many persons of very high character among us, that were title, power, or riches, to allure them, they would stick at it.

But whatever be the reason, certain it is, that except a hardy wit in the reign of Charles II. none ever hath dared to write on this subject. I mean openly and avowedly; for it must be confessed, that most of our modern authors, however foreign the matter which they endeavour to treat may seem at their first setting out, they generally bring the work to this in the end.

I hope, however, this attempt will not be imputed to me as an act of immodesty; since I am convinced there are many persons in this kingdom, who are persuaded of my fitness for what I have undertaken. But as talking of a man's self is generally suspected to arise from vanity, I shall, without any more excuse or preface, proceed to my essay.

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING. 133

S E C T. I.

Of the Antiquity of NOTHING.

THERE is nothing falser than that old Proverb, which (like many other falsehoods) is in every one's mouth:

Ex Nibilo Nihil fit.

Thus translated by Shakspeare, in Lear,

Nothing can come of Nothing.

Whereas in fact, from Nothing proceeds every Thing. And this is a truth confessed by the philosophers of all sects: the only point in controversy between them being, whether Something made the world out of Nothing, or Nothing out of Something. A matter not much worth debating at present, since either will equally serve our turn. Indeed, the wits of all ages seem to have ranged themselves on each side of this question, as their genius tended more or less to the spiritual or material substance. For those of the more spiritual species have inclined to the former; and those whose genius hath partaken more of the chief properties of matter, such as solidity, thickness, &c. have embraced the latter.

But whether Nothing was the Artifex or Materies only, it is plain in either case it will have a right to claim to itself the origination of all things.

And, farther, the great antiquity of Nothing is apparent from its being so visible in the accounts we have of the beginning of every nation. This is very plainly to be discovered in the first pages, and sometimes books of all general historians; and, indeed, the study of this important subject fills up the whole life of an antiquary, it being always at the bottom of his enquiry, and is commonly at last discovered by him with infinite labour and pains.

S E C T. II.

Of the Nature of NOTHING.

ANOTHER falsehood, which we must detect in the pursuit of this Essay, is an assertion, That no one can have an idea of Nothing: but men who thus confidently deny us this idea, either grossly deceive themselves, or would impose a downright cheat on the world: for so far from having none, I believe there are few who have not many ideas of it; though perhaps they may mistake them for the idea of something.

For instance; is there any one who hath not an idea of * immaterial substance?—Now what is immaterial substance, more than Nothing? But here we are artfully deceived by the use of words: for were we to ask another what idea he had of immaterial matter, or unsubstantial substance, the absurdity of affirming it to be Something, would shock him, and he would immediately reply, it was Nothing.

* The author would not be here understood to speak against the doctrine of Immateriality, to which he is a hearty well-wisher; but to point at the stupidity of those, who, instead of immaterial Essence, which would convey a rational meaning, have substituted immaterial Substance, which is a contradiction in terms.

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Some persons perhaps will say then, we have no idea of it: but as I can support the contrary by such undoubted authority, I shall, instead of trying to confute such idle opinions, proceed to shew, First, what Nothing is; Secondly, I shall disclose the various kinds of Nothing; and, lastly, shall prove its great dignity, and that it is the end of every thing.

It is extremely hard to define Nothing in positive terms: I shall therefore do it in negative. Nothing then is not Something. And here I must object to a third error concerning it, which is, that it is in no place; which is an indirect way of depriving it of its existence; whereas indeed it possesses the greatest and noblest place on this earth, viz. the human brain. But indeed this mistake hath been sufficiently refuted by many very wise men; who, having spent their whole lives in the contemplation and pursuit of Nothing, have at last gravely concluded—That there is Nothing in this world.

Farther; as Nothing is not Something, so every thing which is not Something, is Nothing; and wherever Something is not, Nothing is: a very large allowance in its favour, as must appear to persons well skilled in human affairs.

For instance; when a bladder is full of wind,

it

it is full of Something; but when that is let out, we aptly say, there is Nothing in it.

The same may be as justly asserted of a man as of a bladder. However well he may be be-daubed with lace, or with title, yet if he have not Something in him, we may predicate the same of him as of an empty bladder.

But if we cannot reach an adequate knowledge of the true essence of nothing, no more than we can of matter, let us, in imitation of the experimental philosophers, examine some of its properties or accidents.

And here we shall see the infinite advantages which Nothing hath over Something: for while the latter is confined to one sense, or two perhaps at the most, Nothing is the object of them all.

For First; Nothing may be seen, as is plain from the relation of persons who have recovered from high fevers; and perhaps may be suspected from some (at least) of those who have seen apparitions, both on earth, and in the clouds. Nay, I have often heard it confessed by Men, when asked what they saw at such a place and time, that they saw nothing. Admitting then that there are two fights, *viz.* a first and second fight, according to the firm belief of some, Nothing must be allowed to have a very large share

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share of the first; and as to the second, it hath it all entirely to itself.

Secondly; Nothing may be heard: of which the same proofs may be given, as of the foregoing. The Argive, mentioned by Horace, is a strong instance of this,

— *Fuit haud ignobilis Argis,
Qui se credebat miros acedire Tragædos,
In vacuo lætus sessor, plausorque Theatro.*

That Nothing may be tasted and smelt, is not only known to persons of delicate palates and nostrils. How commonly do we hear, that such a thing smells or tastes of nothing? The latter I have heard asserted of a dish compounded of five or six savory ingredients. And as to the former, I remember an elderly gentlewoman who had a great antipathy to the smell of Apples; who upon discovering that an idle boy had fastened some mellow apple to her tail, contracted a habit of smelling them, whenever that boy came within her sight, though there were then none within a mile of her.

Lastly, Feeling; and sure if any sense seems more particularly the object of matter only, which must be allowed to be Something, this doth. Nay, I have heard it asserted (and with a colour of truth) of several persons, that they can
feel

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING. 139

feel Nothing but a cudgel. Notwithstanding which, some have felt the motions of the spirit; and others have felt very bitterly the misfortunes of their friends, without endeavouring to relieve them. Now these seem two plain instances, that Nothing is an object of this Sense. Nay, I have heard a surgeon declare, while he was cutting off a patient's leg, That he was sure he felt Nothing.

Nothing is as well the object of our passion as our senses. Thus there are many who love Nothing, some who hate Nothing, and some who fear Nothing, &c.

We have already mentioned three of the properties of a noun, to belong to Nothing; we shall find the fourth likewise to be as justly claimed by it: and that Nothing is as often the object of the understanding, as of the senses.

Indeed, some have imagined, that knowledge, with the adjective human placed before it, is another word for Nothing. And one of the wisest men in the world declared, he knew Nothing.

But without carrying it so far, this I believe may be allowed, that it is at least possible for a man to know Nothing. And whoever hath read over many works of our ingenious moderns, with proper attention and emolument, will, I believe,
3 confess,

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confess, that if he understands them right, he understands Nothing.

This is a secret not known to all readers; and want of this knowledge hath occasioned much puzzling; for where a book, or chapter, or paragraph, hath seemed to the reader to contain Nothing, his modesty hath sometimes persuaded him, that the true meaning of the author hath escaped him, instead of concluding, as in reality the fact was, that the author, in the said book, &c. did truly, and *bonâ fide*, mean nothing. I remember once, at the table of a person of great eminence, and one no less distinguished by superiority of wit than fortune, when a very dark passage was read out of a poet, famous for being so sublime that he is often out of the sight of his reader, some persons present declared they did not understand the meaning. The gentleman himself, casting his eyes over the performance, testified a surprize at the dulceness of his company; seeing Nothing could, he said, possibly be plainer than the meaning of the passage which they stuck at. This set all of us to puzzling again; but with like success; we frankly owned we could not find it out, and desired he would explain it.—“Explain it!” said the gentleman, “Why he means NOTHING.”

In fact, this mistake arises from a too vulgar error among persons unacquainted with the
mystery

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING. 141

mystery of writing, who imagine it impossible that a man should sit down to write without any meaning at all; whereas, in reality, nothing is more common; for, not to instance in myself, who have confessedly sat down to write this essay, with Nothing in my head, or, which is much the same thing, to write about Nothing; it may be incontestibly proved, *ab effectu*, that Nothing is commoner among the moderns. The inimitable Author of a Preface to the Posthumous Eclogues of a late ingenious young gentleman, says,—There are men who sit down to write what they think, and others to think what they shall write. But indeed there is a third, and a much more numerous sort, who never think either before they sit down, or afterwards; and who, when they produce on paper what was before in their heads, are sure to produce Nothing.

Thus we have endeavoured to demonstrate the nature of Nothing, by shewing, First, definitively, *what it is not*; and, Secondly, by describing *what it is*. The next thing therefore proposed, is to shew its various kinds.

Now some imagine these several kinds differ in name only. But without endeavouring to confute so absurd an opinion, especially as these different kinds of Nothing occur frequently in the
best

best authors, I shall content myself with setting them down, and leave it to the determination of the distinguishing reader, whether it is probable, or indeed possible, that they should all convey one and the same meaning.

These are, Nothing *per se* Nothing; Nothing at all; Nothing in the least; Nothing in nature; Nothing in the world; Nothing in the whole world; Nothing in the whole universal world. And perhaps many others, of which we say—Nothing.

AN ESSAY ON NOTHING.

S E C T. III.

Of the dignity of NOTHING; and an endeavour to prove, that it is the end as well as beginning of all things.

NOTHING contains so much dignity as Nothing. Ask an infamous worthless nobleman (if any such be) in what his dignity consists? It may not be perhaps consistent with his dignity to give you an answer; but suppose he should be willing to condescend so far, what could he in effect say? Should he say he had it from his ancestors; I apprehend a lawyer would oblige him to prove, that the virtues to which this dignity was annexed, descended to him. If he claims it as inherent in the title, might he not be told, that a title originally implied dignity, as it implied the presence of those virtues to which dignity is inseparably annexed; but that no implication will fly in the face of downright positive proof to the contrary? In short, to examine no farther, since his endeavours to derive it from any other fountain would be equally important, his dignity arises from Nothing, and in reality is Nothing. Yet, that this dignity really exists; that it glares in the eyes of men, and produces
much

much good to the person who wears it, is, I believe, incontestible.

Perhaps this may appear in the following syllogism.

The respect paid to men on account of their titles, is paid at least to the supposal of their superior virtues and abilities, or it is paid to Nothing.

But when a man is a notorious knave or fool, it is impossible there should be any such supposal.

The conclusion is apparent.

Now that no man is ashamed of either paying or receiving this respect, I wonder not, since the great importance of Nothing seems, I think, to be pretty apparent: but that they should deny the Deity worshiped, and endeavour to represent Nothing as Something, is more worthy reprehension. This is a fallacy extremely common. I have seen a fellow, whom all the world knew to have Nothing in him, not only pretend to Something himself; but supported in that pretension by others who have been less liable to be deceived. Now whence can this proceed, but from their being ashamed of Nothing? A modesty very peculiar to this age.

But notwithstanding all such disguise and deceit, a man must have very little discernment,

who

who can live long in courts, or populous cities, without being convinced of the great dignity of Nothing; and though he should, through corruption or necessity, comply with the vulgar worship and adulation, he will know to what it is paid, namely, to Nothing.

The most astonishing instance of this respect, so frequently paid to Nothing, is when it is paid (if I may so express myself) to Something less than Nothing; when the person who receives it is not only void of the quality for which he is respected, but is in reality notoriously guilty of vices directly opposite to the virtues, whose applause he receives. This is, indeed, the highest degree of Nothing, or, (if I may be allowed the word) the Nothingest of all Nothings.

Here it is to be known, that respect may be aimed at Something, and really light on Nothing. For instance; when mistaking certain things called gravity, canting, blustering, ostentation, pomp, and such like, for wisdom, piety, magnanimity, charity, true greatness, &c. we give to the former the honour and reverence due to the latter. Not that I would be understood so far to discredit my subject, as to insinuate that gravity, canting, &c. are really Nothing; on the contrary, there is much more reason to suspect (if we judge from

the practice of the world) that wisdom, piety, and other virtues, have a good title to that name. But we do not, in fact, pay our respect to the former, but to the latter: in other words, we pay it to that which is not, and consequently pay it to Nothing.

So far then for the dignity of the subject on which I am treating. I am now to shew, that Nothing is the end as well as beginning of all things.

That every thing is resolvable, and will be resolved into its first principles, will be, I believe, readily acknowledged by all Philosophers. As therefore we have sufficiently proved the world came from Nothing, it follows, that it will likewise end in the same: but as I am writing to a nation of Christians, I have no need to be prolix on this head; since every one of my readers, by his faith, acknowledges that the world is to have an end, *i. e.* is to come to Nothing.

And as Nothing is the end of the world, so is it of every thing in the world. Ambition, the greatest, highest, noblest, finest, most heroic and godlike of all passions, what doth it end in?—Nothing. What did Alexander, Cæsar, and all the rest of that heroic band, who have plundered and massacred so many millions, obtain by all
their

their care, labour, pain, fatigue, and danger ?— Could they speak for themselves, must they not own, that the end of all their pursuit was Nothing? Nor is this the end of private Ambition only. What is become of that proud mistress of the world,—the *Caput triumphati Orbis*? that Rome, of which her own flatterers so liberally prophesied the immortality, in what hath all her glory ended? surely in Nothing.

Again: What is the end of avarice? Not power, or pleasure, as some think; for the miser will part with a shilling for neither: not ease or happiness; for the more he attains of what he desires, the more uneasy and miserable he is. If every good in this world was put to him, he could not say he pursued one. Shall we say then, he pursues misery only? that surely would be contradictory to the first principles of human nature. May we not therefore, nay must we not confess, that he aims at Nothing? especially if he be himself unable to tell us what is the end of all this bustle and hurry, this watching and toiling, this self-denial, and self-constraint!

It will not, I apprehend, be sufficient for him to plead, that his design is to amass a large fortune, which he never can nor will use himself, nor would willingly quit to any other person:

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unless he can shew us some substantial good which this fortune is to produce, we shall certainly be justified in concluding, that his end is the same with that of ambition.

The great Mr. Hobbes so plainly saw this, that as he was an enemy to that notable immaterial substance which we have here handled, and therefore unwilling to allow it the large province we have contended for, he advanced a very strange doctrine, and asserted truly,—That in all these grand pursuits, the means themselves were the end proposed, viz. to Ambition, plotting, fighting, danger, difficulty, and such like:—To Avarice, cheating, starving, watching, and the numberless painful arts by which this passion proceeds.

However easy it may be to demonstrate the absurdity of this opinion, it will be needless to my purpose, since if we are driven to confess that the means are the only end attained,—I think we must likewise confess, that the end proposed is absolutely Nothing.

As I have here shewn the end of our two greatest and noblest pursuits, one or other of which engages almost every individual of the busy part of mankind, I shall not tire the reader with carrying him through all the rest, since I believe

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believe the same conclusion may be easily drawn from them all.

I shall therefore finish this essay with an inference, which aptly enough suggests itself from what hath been said: seeing that such is its dignity and importance, and that it is really the end of all those things which are supported with so much pomp and solemnity, and looked on with such respect and esteem, surely it becomes a wise man to regard Nothing with the utmost awe and adoration; to pursue it with all his parts and pains; and to sacrifice to it his ease, his innocence, and his present happiness. To which noble pursuit we have this great incitement, that we may assure ourselves of never being cheated or deceived in the end proposed. The virtuous, wise, and learned, may then be unconcerned at all the changes of ministries and of government; since they may be well satisfied, that while ministers of state are rogues themselves, and have inferior knavish tools to bribe and reward; true virtue, wisdom, learning, wit, and integrity, will most certainly bring their possessors—
NOTHING.

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S O M E
P A P E R S

PROPER TO BE READ BEFORE THE
R O Y A L S O C I E T Y,

CONCERNING THE
TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS,
GOLDEN-FOOT, OR GUINEA;

AN INSECT or VEGETABLE, resembling
the POLYPUS, which hath this surprising
Property, That being cut into several Pieces,
each Piece becomes a perfect Animal or Vege-
table, as complete as that of which it was
originally only a Part.

C O L L E C T E D
BY PETRUS GUALTERUS,

But not published till after his Death.

BY HENRY FIELDING, Esq;
Not printed in his Works.

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PHILOSOPHICAL TRANSACTIONS,

For the Year 1742-3.

The CONTENTS.

Several Papers relating to the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS, GOLDEN-FOOT or GUINEA, an Insect or Vegetable, which has this surprising Property, that being cut into several Pieces, each Piece lives, and in a short time becomes as perfect an Insect or Vegetable, as that of which it was originally only a part.

Abstract of Part of a Letter from the HEER
ROTTENSCRACH in GERMANY, communicating
Observations on the CHRYSIPUS.

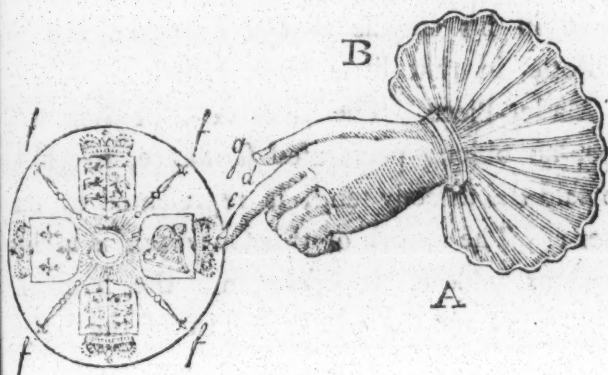
SIR,

SOME time since died here of old-age, one
Petrus Gualterus, a man well known in the
learned world, and famous for nothing so much
as for an extraordinary collection which he had
made

made of the Chrysi, an animal or vegetable; of which I doubt not but there are still some to be found in England: however, if that should be difficult, it may be easy to send some over to you; as they are at present very plentiful in these parts. I can answer for the truth of the facts contained in the paper I send you, as there is not one of them but what I have seen repeated above twenty times; and I wish others may be encouraged to try the experiments over again, and satisfy themselves of the truth by their own eyes. The accounts of the Chrysi, as well as the collection itself, were found in the cabinet of the above-mentioned Petrus, after his death: for he could never be prevailed on to communicate a sight of either while alive. I am,

S I R, &c.

The Figure of the TERRESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS
licking to a Finger.



Observations and Experiments upon the TER-
RESTRIAL CHRYSIPUS OF GUINEA, by Mynheer
Petrus Gualterus.

Translated from the French by P. H. I. Z.
C. G. S.

THE animal in question is a terrestrial vege-
table or insect, of which mention is made
in the *Philosophical Transactions* for several years,
as may be seen in N^o 000. Art. 0000. and N^o 00.
Art. 002. and N^o —. Art. 18.

This animal or vegetable is of a retund, orbi-
cular, or round form, as represented in the figure
annexed. In which *A*. denotes the ruffle, *B*.
the

the hand, *g.* the thumb of that hand, *d.* the finger, *e.* the part of that finger to which the *Chryſipus* ſticks, *f. f. f. f.* four tubes, representing the Πείος *, or Man's Staff, mentioned by Galen in his treatiſe *de Uſu Partium*; and by Aristotle, in that little book called *Agχιστέλιον*, or Master-Piece. The τὸ θηλυκόν, or Woman's Pipe, an oblong perforated ſubſtance, to which the ſaid Πείη directly tend, is represented by the letter *c.* The mouth of this *Chryſipus* is in this antierour middle, it opens into the ſtomach, which takes up the whole length of the body. The whole body forms but one pipe, a ſort of gut which can be opened but at one end, *i. e.* at letter *c.*

The ſize of the body of a *Chryſipus* varies according to its different ſpecies.

I know two ſpecies only, differing in extent almoſt one half; which, for diſtinction ſake, I call the Whole *Chryſipus*, and the Hemi-*Chryſipus*. The latter of theſe is by no means ſo valuable as the former. The length of the Πείη differ likewise in proportion to the different ſize or extent of theſe two.

The Πείη of thoſe of a modern growth are ſo imperfect and inviſible to the naked eye, that it

* See Philoſ. Tranſact. concerning the *Arbor Vitæ*, anno 1732.

is much to be feared the species will soon be entirely lost among us: and indeed in England, they are observed of late to be much rarer than formerly, especially in the country, where at present there are very few of them to be found: but at the same time it is remarked, that in some places of the continent, particularly in a certain part of Germany, they are much plentier; being to be found in great numbers, where formerly there were scarce any to be met with.

I have not, after the minutest observation, been able to settle, with any degree of certainty, whether this be really an animal or a vegetable, or whether it be not strictly neither, or rather both. For as I have by the help of my microscope discovered some of its parts to resemble those of a Lion; I have at other times taken notice of something not unlike the Flower de Luce. Not to repeat those parts above-mentioned, which bear great analogy to the *Aidōia* of the human body. On their extremities (if they are not very old) may be seen certain letters forming the names of several of our kings; whence I have been almost inclined to conclude, that these are the flowers mentioned by Virgil, and which appear to have been so extremely scarce in his time.

*Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina regum
Nascuntur flores.*

Particularly

Particularly as he adds,

—*Et Phyllida solus habeto.*

Of which we shall take notice hereafter, when we come to speak of its properties. What hath principally dissuaded me from an opinion of its being an animal, is, that I could never observe any symptoms of voluntary motion: but indeed the same may be said of an oyster, which I think is not yet settled by the learned to be absolutely a vegetable.

But though it hath not, or seems not to have any progressive motion of its own, yet it is very easy to communicate a motion to it. Indeed some persons have made them fly all over the town with great velocity.

What is said of the Polypus, in a late excellent paper communicated to the Royal Society, is likewise applicable to the Chrysis.

“ They make use of their progressive motion, “ when communicated to them, to place themselves conveniently, so as to catch their prey. “ They are voracious animals; their $\Pi\epsilon\tilde{\eta}$ are for “ many snares, which they set for numbers of “ small insects. As soon as any of them touches “ one of the $\Pi\epsilon\tilde{\eta}$, it is caught.”

But then it differs from the Polypus in the consequence; for instead of making the insect its

prey,

prey, it becomes itself a prey to it; and instead of conveying an insect twice as large as its own mouth into it, in imitation of the Polypus, the poor Chrysipus is itself conveyed into the Loculus or pouch of an insect a thousand times as large as itself. Notwithstanding which, this wretched animal (for so I think we may be allowed to call it) is so eager after its prey, that if the insect (which seldom happens) makes any resistance, it summons other Chrysipi to its aid, which in the end hardly ever fail of subduing it, and getting into its pouch.

The learned Gualterus goes on in these words:

“A Chrysipus, by the simple contact of my own finger, has so closely attached itself to my hand, that by the joint and indefatigable labour of several of my friends, it could by no means be severed, or made to quit its hold.”

As to the generation of the Chrysipus, it differs from all other animals or vegetables whatever: for though it seems the best supplied for this natural function, Nature having provided each female part with four male ones, which one would think sufficient; yet it may be said, as of the Polypus, they have no distinguished place by which they bring forth their young.

Gualterus

Gualterus judiciously remarks * : “ I have (says
 “ he) some of them, that have greatly multiplied
 “ under my eyes, and of which I might almost
 “ say, that they have produced young ones from
 “ all the exterior parts of their body.

“ I have learned by a continual attention to
 “ the two species of them, that all the individuals
 “ of these species produce young ones.

“ I have for sixty years had under my eye
 “ Thousands of them ; and though I have
 “ OBSERVED THEM CONSTANTLY, and with
 “ ATTENTION, so as to watch them night and
 “ day, I never observed any thing like the
 “ common animal copulation.

“ I tried at first two of them ; but these I
 “ found would not produce a compleat Chrysi-
 “ pus ; at least I had reason to think the opera-
 “ tion would be so slow, that I must have waited
 “ some years for its completion. Upon this, I
 “ tried a hundred of them together ; by whose
 “ marvellous union (whether it be, that they
 “ mix total, like those heavenly spirits mentioned
 “ by Milton, or by any other process not yet re-
 “ vealed to human wit) they were found in the
 “ year’s end to produce three, four, and some-
 “ times five complete Chrysipti. I have indeed
 “ often made them in that space produce ten or

* See Remarks on the Polypus, p. 6.

“ twenty;

“twenty; but this hath been by some held a
 “dangerous experiment, not only to the parent
 “Chrysipi themselves, which have by these means
 “been utterly lost and destroyed, but even to
 “the philosopher who hath attempted it: for as
 “some curious persons have, by hermetic experiments,
 “endangered the loss of their teeth, so
 “we, by a too intense application to this Chry-
 “sipean philosophy, have been sometimes found
 “to endanger our ears.” He then proceeds thus:

“* Another fact, which I have observed, has
 “proved to me, that they have the faculty of
 “multiplying before they are severed from their
 “parent. I have seen a Chrysipus, still adhering,
 “bring forth young-ones; and those young-
 “ones themselves have also brought forth others.
 “Upon supposition, that perhaps there was some
 “copulation between the parent and the young-
 “ones, whilst they were yet united; or between
 “the young-ones coming from the body of the
 “same parent; I made divers experiments, to be
 “sure of the fact; but not one of those experi-
 “ments ever led me to any thing that could give
 “the idea of a copulation.”

I now proceed to the singularities resulting
 from the operation I have tried upon them.

A Chrysipus of the larger kind may be divided:

* Remarks, P. 7.

into one and twenty substances (whether animal or vegetable we determine not), every substance being at least as large as the original Chrysisus. These may again be subdivided, each of them into twenty-four; and, what is very remarkable, every one of these parts is heavier, and rather larger than the first Chrysisus. The only difference in this change, is that of the colour; for the first sort are yellow, the second white, and the third resemble the complexion and substance of many human faces.

These subdivided parts are by some observed to lose in a great degree their adherescent quality: Notwithstanding which, Gualterus writes, that, from the minutest observations upon his own experience, they all adhered with equal tenacity to his own fingers.

The manner of dividing a Chrysisus differs, however, greatly from that of the Polypus; for whereas we are taught in that excellent treatise abovementioned, that

* “ If the body of a Polypus is cut into two parts transversely, each of those parts becomes a complete Polypus: on the very day of the operation, the first part, or anterior end of the Polypus, that is, the head, the mouth, and

• See Polypus, p. 8. 9. 10.

“ the arms ; this part, I say, lengthens itself, it
 “ creeps, and eats.

“ The second part, which has no head, gets
 “ one ; a mouth forms itself at the anterior
 “ end, and shoots forth arms. This re-produc-
 “ tion comes about more or less quickly, accor-
 “ ding as the weather is more or less warm.
 “ In summer, I have seen arms begin to sprout
 “ out 24 hours after the operation, and the new
 “ head perfected in every respect in a few days.

“ Each of those parts, thus become a perfect
 “ Polypus, performs absolutely all its functions.
 “ It creeps, it eats, it grows, and it multiplies,
 “ and all that, as much as a Polypus which
 “ never had been cut.

“ In whatever place the body of a Polypus is
 “ cut, whether in the middle, or more or less
 “ near the head, or the posterior part, the ex-
 “ periment has always the same success.

“ If a Polypus is cut transversely, at the same
 “ moment, into three or four parts, they all
 “ equally become so many complete ones.

“ The animal is too small to be cut at the
 “ same time into a great number of parts ; I
 “ therefore did it successively. I first cut a Poly-
 “ pus into four parts, and let them grow ; next,
 “ I cut those quarters again ; and at this rate I
 “ proceeded, till I had made 50 out of one single

“ one : and here I stopped, for there would have
“ been no end of the experiment.

“ I have now actually by me several parts of
“ the same Polypus, cut into pieces above a year
“ ago ; since which time, they have produced a
“ a great number of young-ones.

“ A Polypus may also be cut in two, length-
“ ways. Beginning by the head, one first splits
“ the said head, and afterwards the stomach.
“ The Polypus being in the form of a pipe,
“ each half of what is thus cut lengthways
“ forms a half-pipe ; the anterior extremity of
“ which is terminated by the half of the head,
“ the half of the mouth, and part of the arms.
“ It is not long before the two edges of those
“ half-pipes close, after the operation : they ge-
“ nerally begin at the posterior part, and close
“ up by degrees to the anterior part. Then each
“ half-pipe becomes a whole one, complete : A
“ stomach is formed, in which nothing is want-
“ ing ; and out of each half-mouth a whole-one
“ is formed also.

“ I have seen all this done in less than an
“ hour ; and that the Polypus produced from
“ each of those halves, at the end of that time,
“ did not differ from the whole-ones, except that
“ it had fewer arms ; but in a few days more
“ grew out.

“ I have cut a Polypus, lengthways, between
 “ seven and eight in the morning; and between
 “ two and three in the afternoon each of the
 “ parts has been able to eat a worm as long as
 “ itself.

“ If a Polypus is cut lengthways, beginning at
 “ the head, and the section is not carried quite
 “ through; the result is, a Polypus with two
 “ bodies, two heads, and one tail. Some of those
 “ bodies and heads may again be cut lengthways,
 “ soon after. In this manner I have produced a
 “ Polypus that had several bodies, as many heads,
 “ and one tail. I afterwards, at once, cut off
 “ the seven heads of this new Hydra: seven others
 “ grew again; and the heads, that were cut off,
 “ became each a complete Polypus.”

“ I cut a Polypus, transversely, into two parts:
 “ I put these two parts close to each other again,
 “ and they re-united where they had been cut.
 “ The Polypus, thus re-united, eat the day after
 “ it had undergone this operation: It is since
 “ grown, and has multiplied.

“ I took the posterior part of one Polypus,
 “ and the anterior of another, and I have brought
 “ them to re-unite in the same manner as the
 “ foregoing. Next day, the Polypus that re-
 “ sulted, eat: it has continued well these two
 “ months, since the operation: it is grown, and

“ has put forth young ones, from each of the
 “ parts of which it was formed. The two fore-
 “ going experiments do not always succeed : it
 “ often happens, that the two parts will not join
 “ again.

“ In order to comprehend the experiment I
 “ am now going to speak of, one should recollect,
 “ that the whole body of a Polypus forms only
 “ one pipe, a sort of gut or pouch.

“ I have been able to turn that pouch, that
 “ body of the Polypus, INSIDE-OUTWARDS; AS
 “ ONE MAY TURN A STOCKING.

“ I have several by me, that have remained
 “ turned in this manner ; THEIR INSIDE IS
 “ BECOME THEIR OUTSIDE, AND THEIR OUT-
 “ SIDE THEIR INSIDE : they eat, they grow,
 “ and they multiply, as if they had never been
 “ turned.”

Now in the division and subdivision of our
 Chrysisus, we are forced to proceed in quite a
 different manner ; namely, by the metabolic or
 mutative, not by the schyftic or divisive. Some
 have, indeed, attempted this latter method ; but,
 like that great philosopher the elder Pliny, they
 have perished in their disquisitions, as he did, by
 suffocation. Indeed there is a method called the
 Kleptistic, which hath been preferred to the Me-
 tabolic ; but this is too dangerous : the ingenious

Gualterus

Gualterus never carried it farther than the Metabolic, contenting himself sometimes to divide the original Chrysipus into twenty-two parts, and again to subdivide these into twenty-five; but this requires great art.

It cannot be doubted but that Mr. Trembley will, in the work he is pleased to promise us, give some account of the longevity of the Polypus. As to the age of the Chrysipus, it differs extremely; some being of equal duration with the life of man, and some of scarce a moment's existence. The best method of preserving them is, I believe, in bags or chests, in large numbers; for they seldom live long when they are alone. The great Gualterus says, he thought he could never put enough of them together. If you carry them in your pockets singly, or in pairs, as some do, they will last a very little while, and in some pockets not a day.

* We are told of the Polypus, "That they are
 "to be looked for in such ditches whose water
 "is stocked with small insects. Pieces of wood,
 "leaves, aquatic plants, in short, every thing
 "is to be taken out of the water, that is met
 "with at the bottom, or on the surface of the
 "water, on the edges, and in the middle of the

* Polypus, p. 1. 2.

“ditches. What is thus taken out must be
“put into a glass of clear water, and these
“insects, if there are any, will soon discover
“themselves; especially if the glass is let stand a
“little, without moving it: for thus the insects,
“which contract themselves when they are first
“taken out, will again extend themselves when
“they are at rest, and become thereby so much
“the more remarkable.”

The Chrysis is to be looked for in scrutores,
and behind wainscotes in old houses. In searching
for them, particular regard is to be had to the
persons who inhabit, or have inhabited in the
same houses, by observing which rule, you may
often prevent throwing away your labour. They
love to be rather with old than young persons;
and detest finery so much, that they are seldom
to be found in the pockets of laced cloaths, and
hardly ever in gilded palaces. They are some-
times very difficult to be met with, even though
you know where they are, by reason of pieces of
wood, iron, &c. which must be removed away
before you can come at them. There are, how-
ever, several sure methods of procuring them,
which are all ascertained in a treatise on that sub-
ject, composed by Petrus Gualterus, which, now
he is dead, will shortly see the light.

I come now, in the last place, to speak of the virtues of the Chrysis : in these it exceeds not only the Polypus, of which not one single virtue is recorded, but all other animals and vegetables whatever. Indeed I intend here only to set down some of its chief qualities ; for to enumerate all would require a large volume.

First, then, A single Chrysis stuck on to the finger will make a man talk for a full hour, nay will make him say whatever the person who sticks it on desires : and again, if you desire silence, it will as effectually stop the most loquacious tongue. Sometimes, indeed, one or two, or even twenty, are not sufficient ; but if you apply the proper number, they seldom or never fail of success. It will likewise make men blind or deaf, as you think proper ; and all this without doing the least injury to the several organs.

Secondly, It hath a most miraculous quality of turning black into white, or white into black. Indeed it hath the powers of the prismatic glass, and can, from any object, reflect what colour it pleases.

Thirdly, It is the strongest love-powder in the world, and hath such efficacy on the female sex, that it hath often produced love in the finest women to the most worthless and ugly, old and decrepit of our sex.

To

To give the strongest idea in one instance, of the salubrious quality of the Chrysipus: it is a medicine which the physicians are so fond of taking themselves, that few of them care to visit a patient, without swallowing a dose of it.

To conclude: Facts like these I have related, to be admitted, require the most convincing proofs. I venture to say, I am able to produce such proofs. In the mean time, I refer my curious reader to the treatise I have above mentioned, which is not yet published, and perhaps never may.

P O S T S C R I P T.

Since I composed the above treatise, I have been informed, that these animals swarm in England all over the country, like the locusts, once in SEVEN YEARS; and, like them too, they generally cause much mischief, and greatly ruin the country in which they have swarmed.

AN
E P I S T L E
TO
GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq;
WITH NOTES,
EXPLANATORY, CRITICAL, and HISTORICAL,
BY
GEORGE FAULKNER, Esq; and
ALDERMAN.

"Cum tot sustineas, et tanta negotia solus,"

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ADVERTISEMENT,

BY THE ANNOTATOR.

THIS poem is justly ranked with the most celebrated compositions of Doctor Swift, Pope, Major Pack, Cowley, Prior, Mrs. Pilkington, Parnell, Addison, and Henry Jones, whose works may be had, bound or in sheets, at my shop in Parliament-Street. I have undertaken, at the request of my friends, to add annotations, remarks, strictures, and observations, explanatory, critical and historical, for the benefit of strangers, who might otherwise be ignorant of many persons, things, and circumstances, alluded to in the composition, after the manner and form of my notes on Dr. Jonathan Swift, D. S. P. D. that have not a little contributed to improve, and likewise make his works be understood.

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[175]

A N

E P I S T L E

T O

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD, Esq; *

LET Faulkner boast † of rhymes and letters,
To praise himself, and maul his betters;

For

* *Epistle to G. E. H.*]—He hath amassed a considerable fortune by various means, and lived in tolerable repute, as a practising attorney, till he quarrelled with the author hereof; who has since exposed him in sundry witty paragraphs, pointed epigrams, stinging repartees, facetious verses, biting epistles, humourous acrostics, sharp raileries, keen retorts, brilliant quibbles, and anonymous stanzas.

† *Let Faulkner boast, &c.*]—George Faulkner, printer, bookseller, and author of the Dublin Journal. He hath lived with the first wits of the present age in great credit, and upon a footing of much intimacy and kindness. He is well known to have been the particular friend of the Dean of St. Patrick's, and at this moment corresponds with the Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters will be published by him immediately after the demise of the said Earl. He was sent to Newgate by the House of Commons, in the year 1738, for his steadiness in prevaricating in the cause of liberty; and sworn an alderman of Dublin in the year 1779: fined for not serving the office of sheriff in the year 1768. His Journal (to which he hath lately added a fourth column) is circulated all over Europe, and taken in at the coffee-houses in Constantinople, besides Bath, Bristol, Boston, Tunbridge Wells, Brighthelmston, Virginia, and Eyre-Connaught. In his paragraphs he hath always studied
the

For law and wit we read your page,
Which guides the courts and charms the stage*.

The

the prosperity and honour of his native country, by strenuously decrying of whiskey, projecting cellars, holes made by digging for gravel in the high roads, voiding of excrements in the public streets, throwing of squibs, crackers, sky-rockets, and bone-fires; by which many lives are lost, men, women, and children maimed; sick persons disturbed out of their sleep; eyes burned out, and horses startled; recommending it to Archbishops, Dukes, Lords, Privy Counsellors, Generals, Colonels, Field Officers, and Captains, to fall down precipices, tumble into cellars, be overturned by rubbish thrown into the streets, in order to remove nuisances; dissuading all bloods, bucks, smarts, rapparees, and other such infernal night-walkers, from committing man-slaughter upon pigs, hackney-horses, watchmen's lanthorns, and other enormities: prophane cursing and swearing, and breaking the Sabbath, and the commandments; exclaiming against the importation of potatoes, and advising to grow more corn; inciting to virtue by characters in his Journal, and calling upon the magistrates to do their duty.—The Earl of Chesterfield compareth him unto Atticus a Roman Baronet, and sundry other compliments.—*N. B.* His nephew Todd continueth to make the best brawn, and hath lately imported a large quantity of James's Powders.

Besides the great men above-mentioned, as Dean Swift and the Earl of Chesterfield, who at present correspond with the author hereof, he hath the most kind, affectionate, and complimentary letters from the celebrated Mr. Pope, of which the following underwritten Epistle is a copy.

“ To Mr. George Faulkner, Bookseller, in Dublin.

“ S I R,

“ I hear you have lately published an edition of
“ Doctor Swift's Works: send it to me by the first
“ opportunity

The *ermin'd sages* quote your *Pleas*,
And children lisp your roundelays.
On Fancy's wing aloft you soar,
To praise Monroe †, and Letty Gore;

Their

"opportunity, and assure the Dean that I am ever
"his sincere and affectionate servant,

"Alexander Pope."

Also the following most friendly letter from the famous
Mr. Wilkes.

"To Alderman Faulkner, Dublin.

"S I R,

"As I have no further occasion for your Journal,
"I desire you will discontinue sending it to your
"humble servant, John Wilkes."

* *Which guides the courts, and charms the stage.*]—
Howard hath published *Pleas on the Exchequer
Equity; Rules of Chancery; Almeyda, or the Rival
Kings, a Tragedy; the Siege of Tamar, and the Fe-
male Gamester in manuscript.*

† *To praise Monroe,*]—This hinteth unto the under-
written stanzas of said Howard, whereby he adviseth
and encourageth a painter to proceed in painting said
lady, and likewise publickly declareth, that he him-
self will be an adventurer, and will dare to undertake
to compleat, and also to finish the piece, by partly
supplying some hints, whereby said painter may be
forwarded in his work.

*To a certain nobleman, on being told he had wished for
the picture of a celebrated beauty.*

Fond swain, I hear your wish is such,
Some painter should on canvass touch
The beauties of Monroe;
But where's the adventurer will dare,
The happy mixture to prepare,
Her peerless charms to shew?

Their charms shall last in song divine,
Like embryos preserv'd in wine *.

Yet by those radiant beauties fir'd,
And my ambitious muse inspir'd,
Let me some hints supply;
To Nature's stores then straight resort,
Call ev'ry tint, the goddess court,
This piece to dignify.

—First, let the cheeks with blushes glow,
Just as when damask roses blow,
Glist'ning with morning dew;
Contrasted with the virgin white,
With which the lily glads the sight,
Blend them in lovely hue.

And truly then that cheek to grace,
Upon her flowing tresses place,
The chesnut's auburn down;
Her lips you may in sort depaint,
By cherries ripe, yet ah 'twere faint,
Should they with her's be shewn.

Next, let two eyes with lustre gleam,
Ev'n as the sun's reflected beam
Upon the glassy lake;
Tinge it with dye of brilliant jet,
Let it in milk be sweetly set,
Each wand'ring heart to take.

Let the transparent web of lawn,
Be o'er the virgin bosom drawn,
As fair—yet cold as snow;
That love may thro' the veil espy,
What else were more than mortal eye
Could view and safely know.

But O to trace th' internal grace,
That beams divinely in her face,
How vain the muse would soar:
If e'er celestial cherub came,
To bless thy sight, in mystic dream,
Snatch that—the task is o'er.

Your

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD. 179

Your classic pencil finely traces,
The beauties of the SISTER GRACES †;

When

* *Like embryos preserv'd in wine.*] — Embryo's are young children which are not born, which Anatomists after they come into the world preserve in spirits of wine in bottles. There is the finest collection of these in the known world in the College Anatomy-house, in Dublin; also many human figures of both sexes in wax, in the fact of child-bearing, a dead shark, and an Ægyptian mummy, as old as king Charlemagne. — It may be of great service to families, who are apt to keep their children in bottles, to mention an accident which happened by this means, to a person who was my particular acquaintance. Being taken in the night with a violent tooth-ach, and wanting to swage it with brandy, or some hot liquor, he started out of bed in the dark, and seized a bottle which he found on the top of the chimney, but being surprized to meet something solid between his teeth, he cried out to his lady, who was asleep by his side, What's this in the bottle over the chimney? and was much concerned and ready to vomit, when she replied, that it could be nothing else but poor little Dickey. — By burying them decently as soon as they are born, it may prevent their being drank, and other accidents to which bottled children are liable.

† *The beauties of the SISTER GRACES;*] — Three Miss Montgomeries, on whom Howard wrote the following under-written verses hinted in these notes.

*On the absence and return of THE THREE
FAVOURITE SISTERS.*

Of late Love's Queen all in despair,
Fled through each region of the air,
Her graces were astray:
To seek them, Maia's winged son,
From Pole to Pole with speed had run,
It was a bustling day.

N 2

Cupid,

When in an easy vein you tell us,
Of Love's mistake, and Venus jealous.

His fire, his fortune to improve,
To study law young Ovid drove *,
He heeded nought but verse and love.
The same thy vein ;—but, happier, you
Can make estates and verses too ;

Cupid, who had to earth been sent,
Return'd, with haste and toil near spent,
And vow'd he saw them there :
That 'twas on fam'd Ierne's shore,
Than which with beauties none shine more,
On the tereſtrial ſphere.

Straightway a troop of little Loves,
Who tend their Queen where'er she moves,
And bask in her sweet eyes :
Flew for the nymphs, whom, when they brought,
Alack ! 'twas found the urchins caught
The three Montgomeries.

Soon as their charms shone full to view,
The Paphian Goddess jealous grew,
She fear'd her future reign :
Her boy she chid for his mistake,
Nor would forgive, 'till he took back,
The three to earth again.

* *To study law young Ovid drove,*]—Ovid, otherwise called Naso, a famous poet in the reign of Augustus. He wrote several books of Metamorphoses, or the changing of one thing into another, Love Epistles, and Fast Days : he was not called to the bar, nor ever practised as an attorney. For further particulars see his works, *In Usum Delphini*, printed and sold by me in Parliament-Street.

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD. 181

In both you equally succeed,
Resistless when you sing or plead ;
Thus by the force of diff'rent arts,
Men lose their lands, and maids their hearts.

Oh how each breast with rapture glow'd,
At your sublime Pindaric Ode * :

* *At your sublime Pindaric Ode:*]—Howard wrote an Ode on His Majesty's Birth-day, which much resembles Dryden's on the Feast of Alexander. I have consulted sundry of the best critics, judges, and geniuses ; Mr. Dexter, who keepeth the Four-Courts Marshalsea ; Mr. Kavanagh, attorney at law ; Mr. Croker ; Alderman Emerson, at the Spinning-wheel, Castle-street, and others ; who all assure me they don't think Howard's Ode superior to Dryden's. In my own opinion, Dryden's is preferable.—For instance, the following stanzas are equal if not superior to any of the aforesaid poet's, or of Swift, Pope, Pindar, Plutarch, or C. Cibber.

I.

Celestial maids, descend and sing,
With rapture touch the trembling string ;
To hail the sun of this auspicious morn,
On which the Star of Britain's isle was born.

II.

While conquerors joy in din of arms,
And shake the globe with dire alarms ;
Great GEORGE's glory is to be
The best, the Father of the free.

III.

When death shall blot out every name,
And time shall break the trump of Fame :
When tongues shall cease, and worlds consume,
Thy fame shall last, thy glories bloom.

With your applause the garden rings *,
 When you describe the best of kings ;
 All hearts to loyalty you tune †,
 'Till Jacobites turn Whigs in June ‡ !
 Well Bartlemon' § you may take pride in,
 A bard who soars above old Dryden || ;

For

* *With your applause the garden rings,*]—The Garden, commonly called the New Gardens, or Dr. Bartholomew Mofs's Gardens. They were opened in the year 1757, and an hospital erected for lying-in women. 'Tis an excellent charity, and a stately edifice.—This note was sent me by an ingenious friend, who desires his name may not be made public.

† *All hearts to loyalty you tune,*]—The people of Ireland are remarkable for a great deal of loyalty, and thick legs : as a proof of this, the Government goes in their coaches every 4th of November round the statue of his Majesty King George II. at Stephen's-green, in honour of King William III. who hath one of his own in College-green, of glorious and immortal memory, whom God long preserve.

‡ *Jacobites turn Whigs in June!*]—The furious blind rank sticklers for the House of Stewart were called Jacobites, because they abhorred, detested, and disliked king William III. of glorious and immortal memory. I knew a Jacobite of great learning, parts, and erudition, who was found smothered alive in the Black-hole at Calcutta, with my Journal in his fob.

§ *Bartlemon'*] A celebrated musician, who playeth upon the fiddle at the New-Gardens, or Doctor Bartholomew Mofs's Gardens. He set Howard's Ode to music, on the birth-day of his Majesty George III. whom God long preserve.

Vivat Rex.

|| *A bard who soars above old Dryden ;*]—John Dryden, a poet, who was well known in the reign of Charles

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD. 183

For who, that Howard's Ode can taste,
Will relish Alexander's Feast?
Should foolish George attempt to turn all
Your works to burlesque, in his Journal,
You'll make him of your wit the butt,
And prove a deadlier foe than Foote*.

For

Charles II. He was born of a gentleman's family in Northamptonshire. In order to give his countrymen of Ireland some more intimate knowledge of him (no author's works having a better sale at my shop in Parliament-street), I undertook a journey to London, to collect materials for his life; but after remaining there three months for this purpose, I could only learn that he was accustomed to sit in a big chair among the wits at Button's; and this my friends telling me not being sufficient for a life of said poet, I accordingly discontinued it.

I also begun a life of the Dean of St. Patrick's, in a style which was much admired, and equal to the fine simplicity of the Greeks, and the Dean himself, which I begun in this manner. "Dean Swift was a man who had wax in his ears." I am in possession of many other anecdotes, known to no person now living, and when they are compleated, it will be published by me and my executors in Parliament-street.

* *And prove a deadlier foe than Foote.*]—Samuel Foote, Esq; manager of the Theatre-Royal in the Hay-market, London. He exposed Alderman Faulkner, under the character of Peter Paragraph, in one of his pieces, acted upon Smock-alley stage in Dublin. He was prosecuted for said offence by Mr. Faulkner, and tried before Mr. Justice Robinson, who inveighed very eloquently against stage-plagers, and said he might be considered as rubbish or a dunghill, and brought under the head of nuisances. The

For tho' good-natur'd all your life,
 Averse to calumny and strife,
 Yet Satire's sting you can impart,
 Tho' oft good-nature hides the dart :
 On thistles thus soft down we spy,
 Yet underneath sharp prickles lie,
 In vain the Freeman aid shall bring,
 " You're not a bee without a sting * ;

Tho'

learned council for the prosecutor also compared him unto Aristophanes, and the alderman unto Socrates ; adding also, that Socrates was not the worse for the comparison. The play-house would have run with blood on this occasion, and many swords would have been drawn, had not Mr. Faulkner prevailed on his friends (who were present every night of the representation) to hear the piece out, and let him take his remedy by law ; to which they very obligingly consented.—N. B. *Sad Foote* hath with impunity exposed upon the stage some of the greatest men and greatest wits now living ; such as the late Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Glover, the late alderman Beckford, Mr. Langford the auctioneer, Mr. Peter Taylor, and the rev. Mr. Whitefield. He lost his leg by a providential fall from his horse, in company with his late royal highness the Duke of York, at the seat of the Earl of Mexborough. He was taken up much bruised, and the amputation was performed by Surgeon Bromfield.

* " *You're not a bee without a sting ;*]—There is a peculiar felicity (as I am told) in this comparison of Howard unto a bee, although the Epistle sayeth that he " is not a bee," for whereas a bee never resetteth upon one bud or flower, but flyeth about in wandering and uncertain angles, from shrub to shrub, and from

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD. 185

Tho' wisely ev'ry sweet you cull,
Of which your apophthegms are full *.

You prove what riches tillage yields †,
And smiling plenty crowns our fields ;

from hollyhock to poppy, and never is content until his bags be filled: so Howard hath amassed an ample fortune by different occupations ; and also hath completed a volume of apophthegms from the divers rich spoils of learning which he hath happened to encounter in his poring over books, many of which he hath had access to in my shop in Parliament-street.

* *Of which your apophthegms are full.*]—Some of the greatest geniuses of antiquity, and the moderns, have taken particular delight in collecting all the wise sayings, and brilliant proverbs of the cute observers upon men, manners, and things—an excellent collection of this sort is to be found in one of the last pages of Boyer's French Gentleman's Grammar. But I am informed that the Lord Bacon, Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Albans, and Plutarch, have been more industrious in this way than any of their contemporaries, the moderns. Howard, in imitation of these supernatural wits, is also the author of a compilation of an octavo volume, under the title of Howard's Apophthegms, collected from Bacon, Plutarch, Sir John Fielding, Julius Cæsar, The Wit's Vade Mecum, Solon, a Christmas-Box for Young Ladies, Taylor's Holy Living and Dying, and the Buck's Companion.

† *You prove what riches tillage yields,*]—Howard is the author of several letters, signed Agricola, recommending tillage. I printed them without any exception to the author, before our quarrel, but have since declined it. He hath taken most of his hints from my paragraphs, and endeavoured to imitate my style and spirit; but my friends tell me he hath failed therein.

Sure

Sure all who read you must allow,
 You write as if you held the plough.
 You prove by ploughs the kingdom's fed *,
 That *pictures* cannot serve for *bread*:
 From whence 'tis plain this lazy nation,
 Owes to your pen its preservation.

My muse the Architect now greets,
 Whose lofty domes adorn our streets † ;

Who,

* *You prove by ploughs the kingdom's fed.*]—Ploughs, an instrument for turning up the earth, were first invented by Triptolemus, a near relation of the Goddess Ceres, and afterwards much improved by Mr. John Wynne Baker, of the Dublin Society.—The Irish formerly ploughed by the tail with bullocks; but upon Doctor Swift's voyage to the Houyhnhnms being published, and his saying so much in praise of horses, this barbarous, horrid, atrocious, shocking, detestable, cruel, nefarious custom was abolished by act of parliament. See an Abridgment of the Irish Statutes, fold by me in Parliament-street.

† *Whose lofty domes adorn our streets;*] — Howard owneth many houses in Parliament-street. I built my own house myself. Howard having nothing to say to it, nor shall ever come within my doors, unless it be to pay for advertisements in my Journal, or to buy medicines of my nephew Todd.—It may be worth while to mention a very entertaining anecdote (for the satisfaction of the curious) relating thereunto. When my house was building, I happened to be out of the way one morning, penning an advertisement for an agreeable companion to pay half the expence of a post-chaise, to see that stupendous curiosity of nature, the Giant's Causeway, about which it is still a doubt
 amongst

Who, Vanburg like, claims double bays *,
 For piling stones, and writing plays.
 Your skill instructs Gymnastic schools †,
 And Carte and Tierce, reduc'd to rules,

Prove

amongst the learned, whether it be done in common way by giants, or whether it be an effort of spontaneous nature, and my house was erected without any stair-case; whereby the upper stories were rendered useless, unless by the communication of a ladder placed in the street. But upon considering my misfortune in wanting my member, and the carelessness of hackney coachmen, who drive furiously through the streets at all hours, in a state of drunkenness from spirituous liquors, whereby the ladder might be shook or thrown down when I was ascending it, I thought it better to re-build my house, and it has at present a stair-case, by which there is a convenient and elegant communication between all parts of said tenement.— It is somewhat remarkable that my house in Essex-street had no stair-case, whereby Nature seemeth to point out, that having but one leg, I ought not to attempt climbing, and should always remain on the ground-floor.

* *Who Vanburg like, &c.* --- Sir John Vanburg. He was a great poet and architect. I was not personally acquainted with him any farther than printing his works, because he died before my time. Being imprisoned in the Bastile, and having no light, nor pen or ink allowed him, he amused himself with drawing divers plans of the Bastile, which he hath since introduced into many buildings with great success, particularly Blenheim, which much resembleth the Bastile.

† *Your skill instructs Gymnastic schools,* --- Howard wrote a treatise on fencing, and is accounted an expert swordsman. --- He declined accepting a challenge which

Prove you the first of mortal men,
 To poise a sword, or point a pen.
 New light on ev'ry art you strike,
 And matchless shine in all alike ;
 For who can tell if most you're skill'd in
 The pen, the plough, the sword, or building ?
 A puny author may disclose
 Some skill in rhyme, but none in prose ;
 In prose another shews his wit,
 Who can't a single stanza hit :
 Your foes unwillingly confess,
 In both you equal skill possess *.

On

which I sent him to fight my nephew Todd, (in the way of proxy) at the Fifteen Acres, with pistols. I could not fight myself, because I am pledged to the public for my Journal, three times a week, and have the care of the city upon me in my capacity of an alderman. My nephew was at first unwilling to accept the combat, but upon my promising to leave him the Journal after my death, and making him take two spoonfuls of his own *Elixir Vitæ*, he at last consented. This medicine is only imported by him, and is excellent for preventing accidents by sudden death and megrims : it also cureth all mortal wounds, by gunshot and other missive weapons.

* *In both you equal skill possess.*]---This, I conceive, alluded to the following under-written letter of Mr. Howard's, from Killarney, with the signature of POB-LICOLA, with a description, and likewise a comparison of the Giant's Causeway, whereunto he subjoineth an inscription for the tomb-stone of Dr. Averel, bishop of Limerick, and uncle to the right hon Francis Andrews, Provost of Trinity-College, Dublin, who representeth

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD. 189

On a true mirrour's polish'd face,
All objects thus we plainly trace,

But

representeth the loyal city of Londonderry in parliament.---*N. B.* That Killarney is a small village of that name in the county of Kerry. It is a market-town, but doth not send two members to parliament, as most other boroughs do. It is part of the estate of Lord Viscount Kenmare, who hath forfeited his title, he being a Catholic nobleman, although very hospitable, and keepeth a most plentiful table, furnished with all the varieties the season affords. I also had the honour to dine with him when I journeyed into these parts, to see the beauties of this wonderous lake.

To the Printer of the DUBLIN MERCURY.

SIR,

Killarney, Sept. 26th, 1771.

I have at length seen what I have long wished to see, this wonderous lake; to attempt to describe it would require the ablest pen of the antient poets, or, of modern poets, the famous painter of Killarney, wherefore I shall never attempt it:---yet notwithstanding all the beauties of the lake, I cannot think it, as a curiosity, equal to the Giant's Causeway; I have seen both, I never saw any thing LIKE the first, nor any thing EQUAL to the latter; this distinction is agreed to by all I have mentioned it to. But alas! this lake has been the death of a man for whom the whole province here is in tears, the late bishop of Limerick, Dr. Averel, our countryman.---To sum up all shortly as I can, I heard the people of Limerick, (where I was shortly after his death) say, that there has not been such a bishop since the time of the apostles; that the Romish clergy said, they should not wonder, had he lived any time, if they had lost many of their flocks.---What obligations then are due to our Lord Lieutenant, for having appointed such a man their pastor, for though Heaven has pleased to take

But if in spots the MERC'RY lie,
A broken image meets the eye.

O

take him away, his successor will hear so much of him, that he cannot but endeavour to imitate him? I heard this acknowledged by several, as also for his concurrence in appointing that well-known friend to his country, and their city, especially, speaker: from these and many other like instances of his impartial conduct, it is wished that we may never lose him.--- and every day the advantage of a resident Viceroy becomes more and more manifest; that from this new mode of government, there is far more likelihood that merit will be rewarded, proper persons appointed to offices, and the laws supported and executed. A gentleman of your city happening to be at Limerick, shortly after the interment of the bishop, and hearing the prodigious great character of him from all persons, wrote the following lines, extempore, as an inscription for a monument.

P O B L I C O L A.

Beneath this marble stone, weep, mankind weep,
Averel, your friend, lies wrapp'd in endless sleep;
Who, for the poor alone, did fortune crave,
And deem'd himself but rich in that he gave;
From whom, the pray'r of want, or plaint of woe,
Ne'er did unpitied, or unhappy goe.
His mournful flock to their blest'd pastor's praise,
With grateful heart this parting tribute pays.

Before our quarrel, Howard wrote the following Epitaph on me, which, had we continued friends, I should not have been sorry to see put upon my Tombstone, which I now accordingly publish, that my friends may see what an opinion Howard once entertained of me.

An

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD. 191

O Howard ! is it not surprizing,
Your wit alone should stop your rising !
Else on the bench you might be thrust,
Tho' slow as snail, that crawls thro' dust,
By self-conceit you might advance,
As quicksilver makes pudding dance *.
From men of sense fools win the day,
As horses fly, when asses bray.
O sons of Dulness ! bless'd by fate !
Fittest for law, for church, and state ;
Your parent's influence prevails,
And gives her dunces—mitres—seals :

An Epitaph on George Faulkner.

Beneath this Stone lyes set
An Earthly Light,
George Faulkner.
To tell you what he was
Would be to tell the World
There was a Sun and Moon.
Oh then
But from this Star
Such Rays divine diverg'd
Hospitality, Friendship, Love,
That all who saw admir'd.
Can more be said ?
If aught,
Say it who can.

* *As quicksilver makes puddings dance.*]—Nothing is more entertaining to a large company, than to see a pudding vibrating, shaking, moving, and dancing upon the dish, by means of quicksilver inserted into the body of it.

A Tisdall's depth *, a Townshend's wit
Is not for plodding business fit ;
An Eagle's wings were form'd for flight,
A Goose's furnish quills—to write.

I'd also sing, if I were able,
Your generous wine, and festive table ;
Where all those wits in crowds assemble,
Who make the vile Committee tremble :
There, Donough's humour mirth provokes †
While all admire his *Attic* jokes ‡,
Tho' oft, to prove his taste the best,
He laughs alone at his own jest :
Then boasts how once his patron rose,
And told the story of **THREE CROWS** ;

* *A Tisdall's depth*,]----The right hon. Philip Tisdall, Attorney General.

† *There Donough's humour mirth provokes*]---The rev. Doctor Dennis, chaplain to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland ; author of many ingenious pieces.

‡ *While all admire his Attic jokes*,]---The people of Attica were remarkable for the goodness of their jokes, and for having the best salt for preserving meat for foreign importation ; by which means they underfold all their neighbours in the article of salt-provisions. I hope this may be a timely warning to this poor, undone, infatuated country.---Attica was called the Corke of Greece.

Which

Which he'll insert, with meet apology,
 In his new System of Chronology * ;
 And after mending Newton's errors †,
 St. Audeon's-Arch he'll fill with terrors.
 The Castle tribe aloud confess ‡,
 Him great Alcides of the press,
 Like that immortal hero known,
 For fathering labours *not his own*.

Burrows, in epigram so smart §,
 'Till griping Hertford broke his heart * *,

Now

* *In his new System of Chronology*;]---Doctor Denis is at present engaged in digesting a new System of Chronology, under the title of Chronological and Historical Dissertations; which I shall be glad to print and sell at my shop in Parliament-street.

† *And after mending Newton's errors*;]---Sir Isaac Newton. He was made a knight by Queen Anne, and master of the Mint, a place worth 1000l. yearly. He was reckoned a good mathematician, and was very fond of looking through telescopes.

‡ *The Castle tribe aloud confess*;]---This alludeth to the Doctor's being the supposed author of all the political pieces which appear in the Mercury.

§ *Burrows in epigram so smart*;]---Doctor Burrows, during the administration of the Earl of Hertford, maintained the government by many ingenious pieces, particularly witty epigrams, for which he hath a peculiar facility. I have selected one, which was the most admired by the best judges, as a specimen of the Doctor's abilities.

Now deals in Hebrew roots profound,
 And only treads prophetic ground;
 Jerus'lem Artichoke supplies
 Those visions that made Daniel wise.

What! sweet Miss Meredith of Chester,
 Espous'd to Alderman Trecothic!
 That stupid cit---but what possess'd her,
 To chuse an animal so Gothic?

Some demon sure her mind misled,
 To make a choice so void of reason;
 Else what could tempt the girl to wed
 A wretch who soon must swing for treason?

Another one.

A goose in the oven! no, sir, 'tis a slander,
 As some, who discover'd the fact, can declare;
 For it was not a *goose*, but you a poor *gander*,
 (As fools will be peeping) who thrust your head
 there.

****Till gripping Hertford broke his heart,*]---Some of my most familiar and intimate critics and geniuses are of opinion that the poet meaneth gripping Hertford, and that it ought therefore to be spelled with a double p. But I candidly and totally differ from them, and prosecute my own opinion, in maintaining that it implyeth, that his Excellency the said Earl of Hertford, was grievously afflicted with various disorders of the gripes, brought upon him by windy flatulencies, mortal dry belly-achs, and other pinching sicknesses of the guts, during the time he presided over the chief government of this his native country; and that this was the whole tote of his case is notoriously known to every human creature, man, woman, or children, whether in the castle, in the city, or the suburbs of Dublin.

The Doctor proves to all the nation,
 No mystery's couch'd in Revelation,
 'Till every gossip can explain
 What sage divines explore in vain.
 No juggler ever play'd such tricks,
 As he with John's seven candlesticks,
 By whose mysterious lights are spied
 Wicklow's Seven Churches typified.
 Next maudlin Brooke *, whose novels please,
 Like some old dotard's reveries,

Without

* *Next maudlin Brooke, &c.*]—Henry Brooke, Esq; an excellent poet, philosopher, and patriot. He hath for some time retired to his country seat in the Bog of Allen, where he is carrying on great improvements, in laying the country under water, and searching for hidden treasures in the bottom of lakes, ponds, marshes, sloughs, and other navigable rivers. He published a famous Novel, called *The Fool of Quality*, which is sold in separate volumes, or together, at my shop in Parliament-street. There is so much variety in this piece, that the best judges agree, 'tis indifferent in what part you begin to read it, being beautifully interspersed with stories of beggars, trouts, foreign birds, and Indian princesses. The Earl of Chesterfield, as a proof of his esteem for his fine talents, made him a barrack-master. He is a true friend to the religion of his country, and hath written many excellent tracts in defence of Popery, and the Protestant persuasion. He wrote a ballad opera, called *Jack the Giant-Queller*, being a satire upon the Lords Justices of Ireland, which was accordingly forbid to be represented. The excellent tragedy of *Gustavus* was also stopped for the same reason, by the Lord Chamberlain, being a noble incitement to sedition, in the cause of liberty. He was at

Without beginning, middle, ending,
To *utile* or *dulce* tending.

With equal art, his genius pliant
Can drain a bog, or *quell a giant*:
Whilst one hand wounds each venal brother,
He for a bribe extends the other;
Your character's worth just so much,
As you afford, and he can touch:
With ev'ry virtue he abounds,
Who tips the patriot fifty pounds;
Gold works strange wonders in his eyes,
Makes cowards brave, and dunces wise.
Like Swift, his hireling muse engages
On any side that pays best wages;
One while staunch friend to Martin Luther*,
He finds pure light and gospel truth there;

Then

first the conductor of the Free-Press, which trust he executed with great integrity, taking divers sums of money from several public officers, to prevent their being satirized in said Journal; which he did with great integrity. This Journal is not so universally circulated and admired as mine, because it containeth not such a variety of interesting particulars, intelligence from foreign courts, the Transit of Venus, high-water at Dublin-bar, assize of bread, sailing and return of packets, births, deaths, and marriages; not to mention curious queries, and ingenious paragraphs.

* *One while staunch friend to Martin Luther,*—A Roman Catholic Clergyman, esteemed a good Preacher. He understood Italian, French, and other antient languages. He quarrelled with the Pope of Rome about Transub-

Then thro' the realm makes proclamation,
 For Popery, Priests, and Toleration.
 He first, with many a fair pretence
 To public spirit, truth, and sense,
 Hatch'd that disgrace to law and reason,
 That mass of slander, dulness, treason;
 That Journal which the Arch produces *,
 For singeing fowl, or viler uses.

How

Transubstantiation and other Church ceremonies. Henry the VIIIth offered him the united Bishopricks of Clonsfert and Kilmaëduagh, in the county of Galway, which he politely refused, and published a virulent libel against said King. Said King replied with much wit and humour, for which the Pope presented him a fine Provence Rose for a Nosegay, and called him Defender of the Faith, and so forth.—Nicholas Luther, who liveth at the sign of the Mitre and Punch Bowl, in Martin's Lane, is descended from said Martin Luther.

* *That Journal which the Arch produces,*] —The Freeman's Journal is printed at St. Audone's Arch, in Old Bridge-street, Dublin, where, contrary to law, there is no Printer, nor any other person who answereth questions, but an old woman who is dumb. The following anecdote happened once to the Printer hereof. A gentleman came to his shop whom he had put amongst the deaths in his Journal the day before, and was much enraged to find himself dead, as it occasioned some confusion by those who were in his debt coming to demand what was due to them; whereupon the author hereof acted in this manner; Sir, said I, 'tis impossible for me to tell whether you be alive or dead, but I'm sure I gave you a very good character in my Journal. The gentleman was so pleased with the repartee, that he laid out thirteen shillings and four-pence half-penny before he left my former shop in Essex-street.

How chang'd from him whose noble rage
 Brought great Gustavus to the stage,
 And rous'd the Patriot's god-like fire,
 In strains which Phœbus might admire!
 Now Metius' fate and his are one,
 By all he's torn, that's true to none.

MACRO, with college dust besprent *,
 There mingles to give malice vent,
 With various tongues thick set as fame,
 And ev'ry tongue dispos'd to blame.
 In studious Macro may be seen,
 The copious Polyglot of spleen :
 He searches old and modern lore,
 To learn to hate his neighbour more ;
 Fond of men's follies and their vices,
 As beggar of his forces and lice is ;
 With eyes like fox, and mouth like shark,
 That seems less form'd to speak than bark.
 Let others, while their bowls they quaff,
 Distend their lungs with heart-felt laugh ;
 In short shrill shrieks of fiend-like glee,
 He proves his risibility.

* *Macro, with college dust besprent,*] — We have not been able to discover whom the author intendeth to describe in these verses: but some ingenious friends conjecture that it is some rev. gentleman, who understandeth many languages, and keepeth a play-house Miss.

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD. 199

His knowledge, like a treacherous beacon,
Holds out false lights to the mistaken;
And when they wander from their way,
Humanely leads them more astray.
Yet Macro, whose peculiar pride
Is to expose a friend's blind side,
Can to more glaring folly stoop,
Himself a bankrupt *player's* dupe.

There bashful B——n once was seen,
Mistaking dulness for the spleen:
Who says, unsays, agrees, disputes,
And his own arguments confutes.
How eloquent in shrugs and sighs!
In uplift hands, and winking eyes!
What supplications, what contortions!
His words half form'd, his thoughts abortions!
Such wriggling, grasping, pawing, leering.
You know not if it's praise or sneering,
Such sudden stops and circumflections,
Such prefacings, and interjections,
With "ah, good Heaven," and "oh, my God, sir;
"I'm wrong, I own, I kiss the rod, sir;
"There's weight and sense in all you utter—"
—Mere prologues to an egg and butter;
That, did not pudding sleeves declare him,
Some antic Scaramouch you'd swear him.
Yet underneath that form uncouth,
Dwell candor, genius, sense, and truth;

And no distortion can they find,
Who view thee only in thy mind.

But oh, what power more dull than sleep
Does o'er my torpid senses creep?
Does Morpheus shed his poppies round?
Do fresh-pluck'd cowslips strew the ground?
Do harps Æolian lull my ear?
Are drones of Scottish bagpipes near?
Do beetles wind their drowsy horn?
Are gales from swampy Holland born?
In vain with snuff my nose I ply,
In vain the power of salts I try,
I yawn—I nod—for Clarke is nigh*.

}
Let

* *I yawn—I nod—for Clarke is nigh.*]—The rev. Dr. Clarke, Vice-Provost of Trinity-College, Dublin. He hath a very fine taste for poetry, which plainly appeareth by the specimen annexed to this piece, as it was first published.

On a lady's forgetting her riding-bat. Written by the Rev. Dr. Clarke, when Vice-Provost of Trinity-College.

I.

Fair Anna had no heart to give,
So left her head behind;
Bright MINA on whose smiles I live,
Was not by half so kind.

II. Both

Let mists and fogs invest my head,
 Let all the Fathers penn'd be read,
 Bid Bellamont recite his speech *,
 Fitzgibbons plead, or Garnet preach † ;
 Set mayor and alderman before me,
 Bid everlasting C — ll bore me,
 Tell o'er again a thrice told tale,
 Drench me with port or ropy ale,
 Be opium mingled with my drink,
 My hands shan't fold, nor eye-lids wink :

II.

Both head and heart she with her brought,
 And both she took away,
 And with her carried all she caught,
 THAT's all THAT gaz'd THAT day.

III.

Ye nymphs that o'er nine wells preside,
 Instruct the willing fair,
 To give their hearts, whate'er betide,
 And hands when they come here.

IV.

So when we see St. John's great eve,
 The fires that round do move,
 Shall each instruct us to receive,
 A hand and heart that glow with love.

* *Bid Bellamont recite his speech,*]—The Earl of Bellamont, Knight of the Bath; famous for his eloquence and personal accomplishments.

† *Fitzgibbons plead. or Garnet preach ;*]—Counsellor John Fitzgibbons—Doctor Garnet, Bishop of Clogher. He wrote an excellent Paraphrase on the Book of Job. —The whole edition may be found at my shop in Parliament-street.

But

But these vain boasts avail not now,
 More pond'rous Clarke to thee I bow.
 When wilt thou ease the groaning town,
 Thou old cast troop-horse of the gown?
 What hast thou with the world to do,
 Or what the world to say to you?
 Thou canst not now in amorous glee,
 Write madrigals to *fifty-three**,

And

* *Write madrigals to fifty-three*—Various are the conjectures of the learned on this passage. Mr. Kavanaugh is of opinion, that it alludeth unto the political disputes which raged in the year fifty-three; in which the Doctor may be supposed to have wrote madrigals, to appease the minds of the people. My nephew Todd inclineth to believe, that something is intended which he can't discover. For my own part, I opine, that it only referreth to the age of the lady, who had attained her fifty-third year. It certainly is not very genteel to ridicule this passion, which is properly called all-powerful, to shew that it spareth neither age nor condition, station nor dignity. Not to mention the example of Anacreon, who was choaked with a grape-stone, drinking the health of his mistress, at the age of four-score; I am myself this instant a captive to the charms of a lady who has passed her grand climacteric, and have addressed many sonnets to her, in a style no less tender than the Doctor's, one of which, the most admired by my friends, I have selected, and venture to publish, as a proof of my passion, and a specimen of my poetical endowments.

*To the Widow ———, on her taking a vomit of
 Ipecacuanha.*

I.

Soft relief whose enchanting charms,
 My captive heart enthrall;
 Whose frown congeals whose kindness warms,
 Like honey mixt with gall;

Say

And frisk in rhymes to please the dame,
Which Christmas bell-man would disclaim.
Nor canst thou now in fulsome strain,
Pen Jacobite address again;
And scandalizing Alma Mater *,
Of right divine in monarchs chatter;
Nor canst thou, on extortion bent,
Raise insurrections and thy rent †.

Then

II.

Say, when the nauseous draught you take,
On Faulkner will you think;
And for thy own dear lover's sake;
His health in vomit drink?

III.

Discharge, bright maid, the foul contents,
That now your stomach bind;
But oh! be sure, at all events;
Leave Love and George behind.

IV.

So when in sieve well pierc'd with holes,
Where dregs of fires do rest,
With shaking nought remains but coals,
To warm the riddler's breast.

* *And scandalizing Alma Mater,*]—Mater, as may be found in Littleton's Dictionary, is Latin for mother. My nephew Todd is of opinion, that the Doctor must have had some quarrel with his mother: for my own part, how unwilling soever I may be to find fault with my author, I cannot but agree with Mr. Kavanagh, and other ingenious friends, that it were better not to divulge family brangles.

† *Raise insurrections and thy rent.*]—This relateth to a recent fact which happened about ten years ago in the

Then buzz no more, thou reverend drone,
But to thy kindred earth begone.

What figure next confounds my sight,
An Austrian Count, an Irish Knight * !

With

the north of Ireland. The Doctor being unwilling (for the benefit of the incumbent who was to succeed him) that his living should be let at an under value, insisted with his parishioners, who offered him twelve hundred yearly, to be paid fourteen; which they thinking unreasonable, went to law, and reduced it to the sum of 700l. This was the first beginning of the insurrection called the Oak Boys in the North of Ireland.

* *An Irish Knight* !]—There are several sorts of Knights, Knights of Malta, Knights of the Garter, the Bath and Thistle, Knights of the Post; poor Knights of Windsor, Baronets and Bachelors, and the Knight of Kerry. The Author hereof was offered to be knighted in the field, by the Earl of Chesterfield in the Castle: but considering that said honour was to be conferred by the posture of kneeling, which is impossible to the author hereof, by reason of his member, which he accordingly refused to accept, making divers acknowledgements for declining said honour. This objection was near being removed by the ingenuity of my worthy friend a Sixth Clerk, who, besides his being a great scholar and critic, is also a most excellent mechanic, and contrived a leg of cork, with a spring-joint in the knee, and turning out its toes as naturally as one made of flesh and blood, and in this leg I practised the posture of knighthood by genu-flexion, my friend holding a drawn sword over my shoulder, but being too quick at the third rehearsal, in attempting to get up, after said friend had pronounced these words, “rise up Sir George,” I unfortunately snapped the spring, and fell on my chin to the ground, so as to be much bruised,
and

With doleful phiz presaging wonder,
 Much German pride and Irish blunder *.
 No brain but his could e'er contain
 Stories so vapid, old and vain;
 So Plutarch tells of poison cold,
 Which asses hoof alone can hold.
 Humours and mirth no more are found,
 For C——ll casts a gloom around.
 Lethargic dullness loads each eye,
 Ev'n dunces please, when C——ll's by!

and would have been a fore, but for the use of a salve, which is sold by my nephew Todd, for bruises, maims, contusions, dislocations, and other scratches, in Parliament-street. When the above leg is repaired, I propose accepting the order in it, which I am told his Excellency the Lord Viscount Townshend is willing to confer upon me, in the same manner as the Earl of Chesterfield.

* *Much German pride and Irish blunder.*]—The Germans are supposed in general to be a proud people: Julius Cæsar and Mr. Nugent give them this character. The Irish are very unjustly charged for a particular talent in blundering; but it is well known that no people express themselves in their native tongue, the English, with more perspicuity and precision. The Dean of St. Patrick's, who, though born and bred in England, always declared himself, when sober, to be an Irishman. It will not, I hope, be considered as presumption, that I add the authority of my journal, which is considered as the standard of our language; whereas I have always consulted the particular propriety of diction, and may be bold enough to challenge any author now extant, for such a variety of tracts, written in so unblemished a purity, without any abbreviation of termination, and abounding in the best chosen epithets.

Thus

Thus sunshine sparks from flint-conceals,
 Which darkness of the night reveals.
 In Pliny's learned page it's found *,
 That lightning cannot sea-calves wound †;
 Congenial is the dunce's matter,
 Callous to wit and pointed satire.
 Unsatisfy'd with nonsense said,
 He's now resolv'd to read us dead,
 With pamphlets nauseating he'll puke us,
 On Lord May'r's feasts and Doctor Lucas ‡;

He

* *In Pliny's learned page, &c.*]—Pliny wrote many books, and was killed by Mount Vesuvius falling upon his head, though he always wore a pillow fastened to the top of his wig, to save him from that accident.

† *That lightning cannot sea-calves wound;*]—An animal that seldom appeareth on our sea-coasts, unless to fishermen in the main ocean.

‡ *On Lord May'r's feasts and Doctor Lucas*]—A very remarkable apothecary, and member of parliament. He lived upon Ormond quay, in Dublin, at the sign of Boyle's-Head, who was a famous druggist. He was banished from Ireland by a vote of the House of Commons, which confined him to Newgate. He returned to his native country by the special mercy of his Majesty, whom he hath always continued to oppose (for his good) in two parliaments, where he representeth the city of Dublin. This gentleman unfortunately died between the different editions of this work, which prevented that accident being mentioned at first. Being one of his constituents, and having a scarf at his funeral, riding in my chariot, which I borrowed from one of the sheriffs, when the greatest peers and patriots walked on foot, I thought it my duty to celebrate his memory by the

He sings of beggars blind and dark,
Like some old snuffing parish clerk :

For

the following pastoral Dirge, which I sent to the Freeman's Journal, of Saturday Nov. 9, 1771, which I knew it would please the Doctor to have inserted in his favourite paper, under the title of Corydon.—The reader will observe that I have taken notice of the miserable, distressed, distracted symptoms in which the Doctor has left the kingdom in general, no cocks crowing night or morning, nor violets or primroses blowing in our pleasure-gardens, the Doctor having died when King William was born, it being the fourth of November 1771.

Sacred to the memory of Doctor Charles Lucas.

I.

Come every Nymph and every Swain,
Every Dryad of the Plain,
Ye Naiads from your Streams emerge,
Join me in the mournful Dirge.

II.

Tune your reeds to solemn sound,
With cypresses strew the hallow'd ground,
For ah! your faithful Corydon
To the Elysian fields is gone.

III.

See the primrose droops it's head,
The violets fade, the daisy's dead;
Each flower in sorrow dies away,
The kids and lambkins cease to play.

IV.

The tuneful race in every grove
Neglect their song, neglect their love.
The village cock forgets to crow,
And grief sits perch'd on every brow.

V. Hark

For stanzas vile he racks his brain,
 And vainly mimicks Howard's strain;
 He writes, he hobbles, bows, and leers,
 To gain a seat among the peers;
 And ev'ry object art he tries,
 To prove he's qualify'd to rise.
 With panegyric he bespatters,
 Degrading him he meanly flatters.
 Ah, purblind knight! thy arts misplac'd,
 Think better of a Townshend's taste:
 Fools only will such praise assume,
 As Hottentots think grease—perfume.
 Mark with what ease his brain creates
 Speeches ne'er spoke, miscali'd Debates,

V.

Hark the solemn tolling bell,
 Rings his last, his funeral knell;
 See the weeping train approach,
 The black-plum'd hearse and sable coach.

VI.

Lo Ierne by his side,
 Fainted mourns her greatest pride,
 Sighing o'er his dear remains,
 Her beauteous cheek with sorrow stains.

VII.

Tune your reeds to solemn sound,
 With myrtle strew the hallow'd ground,
 For ah! your faithful Corydon
 To the Elysian shades is gone.

Till at the goddess Dulness' summons,
 He makes one C——ll of the commons*.
 Thou, Hutchinson †, whom every muse
 With winning grace and art endues,
 Whose power 'gainst prejudice contends,
 And prove that law and wit are friends,
 In that promiscuous page alone,
 By letters I. H. H. art known.
 In thee Malone ‡, the nations boast,
 Precision, law, and sense are lost.
 Andrews §, who knows with various skill
 To rule the passions at his will,
 Who, like a wise musician, seizes
 The tone which best his audience pleases,

* *He makes one C——ll of the Commons.*—Doubts having arisen how the deficient vowels are to be filled up, I consulted several friends: my nephew Todd imagineth it meaneth caudle, a liquor drank by lying-in ladies, as it is composed of several mixtures: (I think it best when it is strong of the white wine). Mr. Croker very ingeniously hinteth, he makes one *cartfull* of the commons; that is, the commons all move together in the same machine. I think, with submission to better judgments, that the word *dunghill* removeth all difficulties, and corresponds exactly with the author's meaning, and with every thing but the text.

† Right Hon. John Hely Hutchinson, Prime Serjeant and Member for the city of Corke.

‡ Right Hon. Anthony Malone, Member for the county of Westmeath.

§ Right Hon. Francis Andrews, Provost of Trinity College, and Member for Londonderry.

Wonders to find NEVALDI sunk
 To a vile scraper blind and drunk.
 How oft on polish'd Osborne's * tongue
 Pleas'd the attentive Senate hung?
 While parties emulously strove
 Which most should praise what all approve.
 Now view him in thy faithless strain
 Pert, peevish, and perplexed as Mayne †.

Gisborne ‡ who says—just what he ought,
 Who weighs, condenses every thought,
 Whose logic faction can controul,
 And strike conviction to the soul,
 With energy no longer pleases,
 But worse than babbling Cramer teazes §.
 Think, false retailer, how each sprite
 Will haunt thy slumbers every night,

* Right Hon. Sir William Osborne, Bart. one of the Commissioners of the Revenue, and Member for the borough of Dungarvan.

† Sir William Mayne, Bart. lately a Privy Counsellor, and at present Member for Carysfort. He is supposed to understand hand-writing and accompts as well as any book-keeper in Meath-street; he is very fond of cyphering and arithmetic, and every day wanteth to know more of them.

‡ Major General James Gisborne, Member for Lismore.

§ John Cramer, Esq; Member for the borough of Belturbet, and seventh cousin to the E— of L—h.

While

GORGES EDMOND HOWARD. 211

While these dread sounds invade thine ear,
And chill thy conscious soul with fear.

"Where's Pery's * deep ironic sense?

"Where Flood's † impetuous eloquence?

"Where witty Howard's ‡ well-timed jest?

"In thy cold tale so ill express'd?

* Right Hon. Edmond Sexton Pery, Speaker of the House of Commons, and Member for the city of Limerick.

† Henry Flood, Esq; Member for the borough of Callan.

‡ The late Counsellor William Howard, Member for the borough of Lanesborough: he was remarkable for wit and humour, and told many pleasant stories and sprightly bon mots, viz. seeing once an officer of the Light Infantry, who was very little, with a large plume of feathers in his cap, said the Counsellor, "If he had but a cork in his tail one might make a Shuttlecock of him." And at another time meeting a young Squire who was just returned from abroad, and very conceited, "He is (said the Counsellor) something like my grey circuitteering horse, the worse for travelling." These bon mots, my friends tell me, are not to be compared with some of my own, viz. what I said to the gentleman who was angry at being killed by my Journal, which will be seen further on in these annotations; also to the Earl of Chesterfield, on said Earl's complaining that the letter and paper of my Journal were not of different colours; with many others too tedious to insert.

“Where Langrishe *, French †, and Brownlow ‡,
“gone?”

“Where the bright flame of Hamilton?”
Dull Chymist!—all exhal’d and fled!
—Thy caput mortuum in their stead.—

But whither, Clio, would’st thou rove?
Fond thy descriptive pow’r to prove,
Resume the theme, resign’d too long,
Let Howard’s praise conclude the song.
Mæcenas, puff’d by ev’ry quill §,
Sits highest on the three-fork’d hill,
And lives for ever in the praise
Of Horace’s and Virgil’s lays ||;

Yet

* Hercules Langrishe, Esq; Member for the borough of Knoctopher.

† Robert French, Esq; Member for the town of Galway.

‡ Right Hon. William Brownlow, Member for the county of Armagh.

§ *Mæcenas puff’d by ev’ry quill,*]—Caius Clinus Mæcenas, a great lover of learning, and learned men. For his history, and that of the Emperor Augustus, and the whole policy of his reign, see Littleton’s Dictionary.

|| *Of Horace’s and Virgil’s lays*]—They are both to be had, from the hours of eight in the morning till twelve at night, at my shop in Parliament-street.

I have now gone through the several passages of this admitted poem, which I thought required any illustration or comment; and the reader will judge how far I

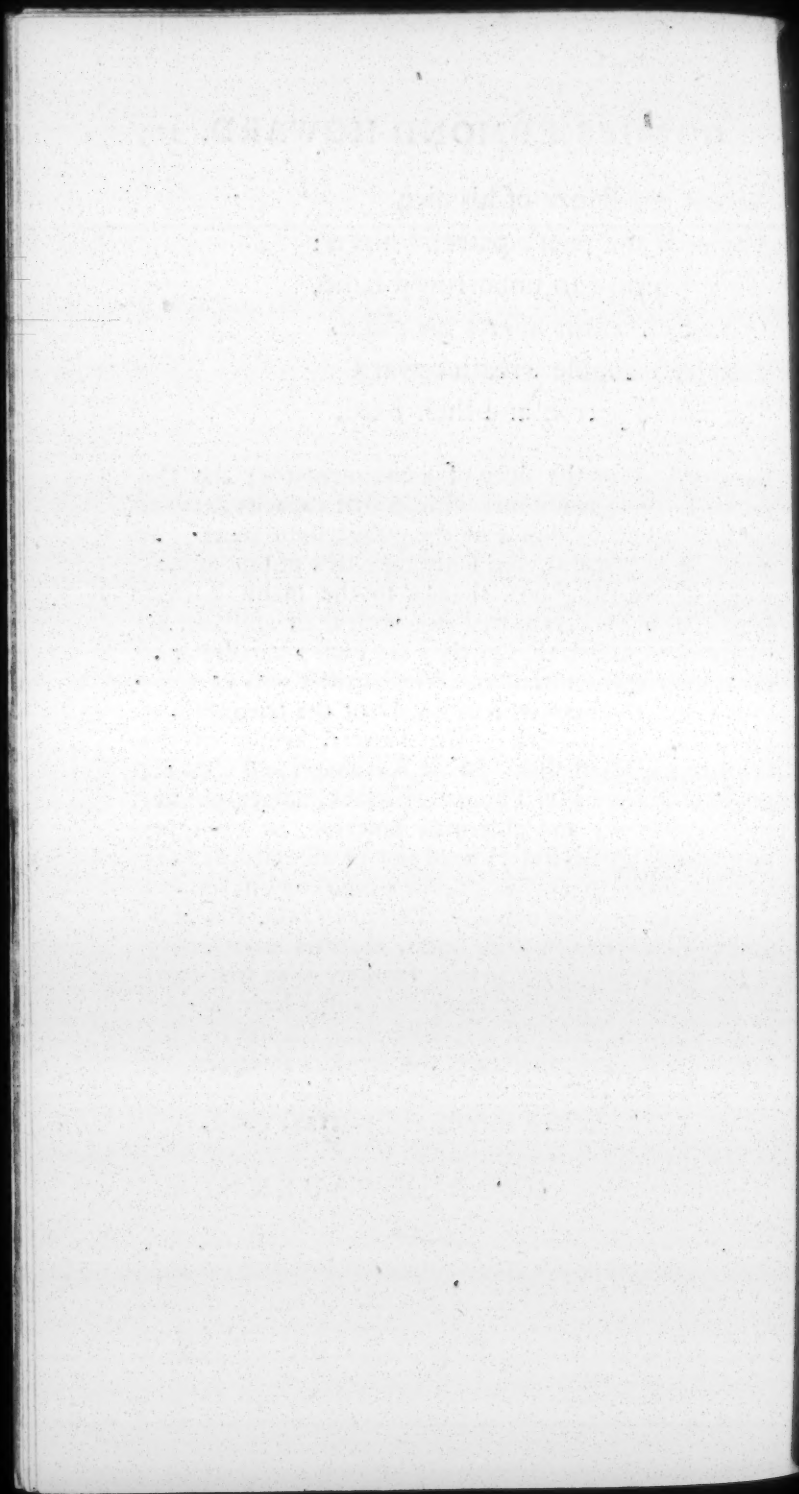
am

Yet not one stanza of his own
 Has made the poet's patron known :
 While Howard to unborrow'd fame,
 By his own works asserts his claim.
 Then let a double wreath reward
 The muse's patron and their bard.

am qualified for the duty of a commentator; tho' the success I have already met with in that capacity leaveth me little room to doubt of the public indulgence. It would be ungrateful, did I not take this public opportunity of returning my thanks to the many learned friends who have favoured me with their assistance in this arduous undertaking; they are such a catalogue of names as would do honour to the greatest wits of antiquity; and the man who can boast of the friendship of Mr. Dane, sixth-clerk; Mr. Dexter, keeper of the Four-courts Marshalsea; Mess. Kavanagh and Croker, attorneys at law; Mr. Thomas Mullock, notary-public, in Skinner-row; and alderman Emerson, of the spinning-wheel, Castle-street; need not be ashamed of putting his name to any work, in which they have been his coadjutors. My nephew, Thomas Todd, has been so often mentioned in these notes, that 'tis unnecessary to say any thing in his praise, further, than that he is an acute critic, a great traveller, and I have always found him very faithful and diligent in his duty as my foreman. To him, therefore, this work is inscribed, by

His sincere friend, and paternal uncle,

GEORGE FAULKNER.

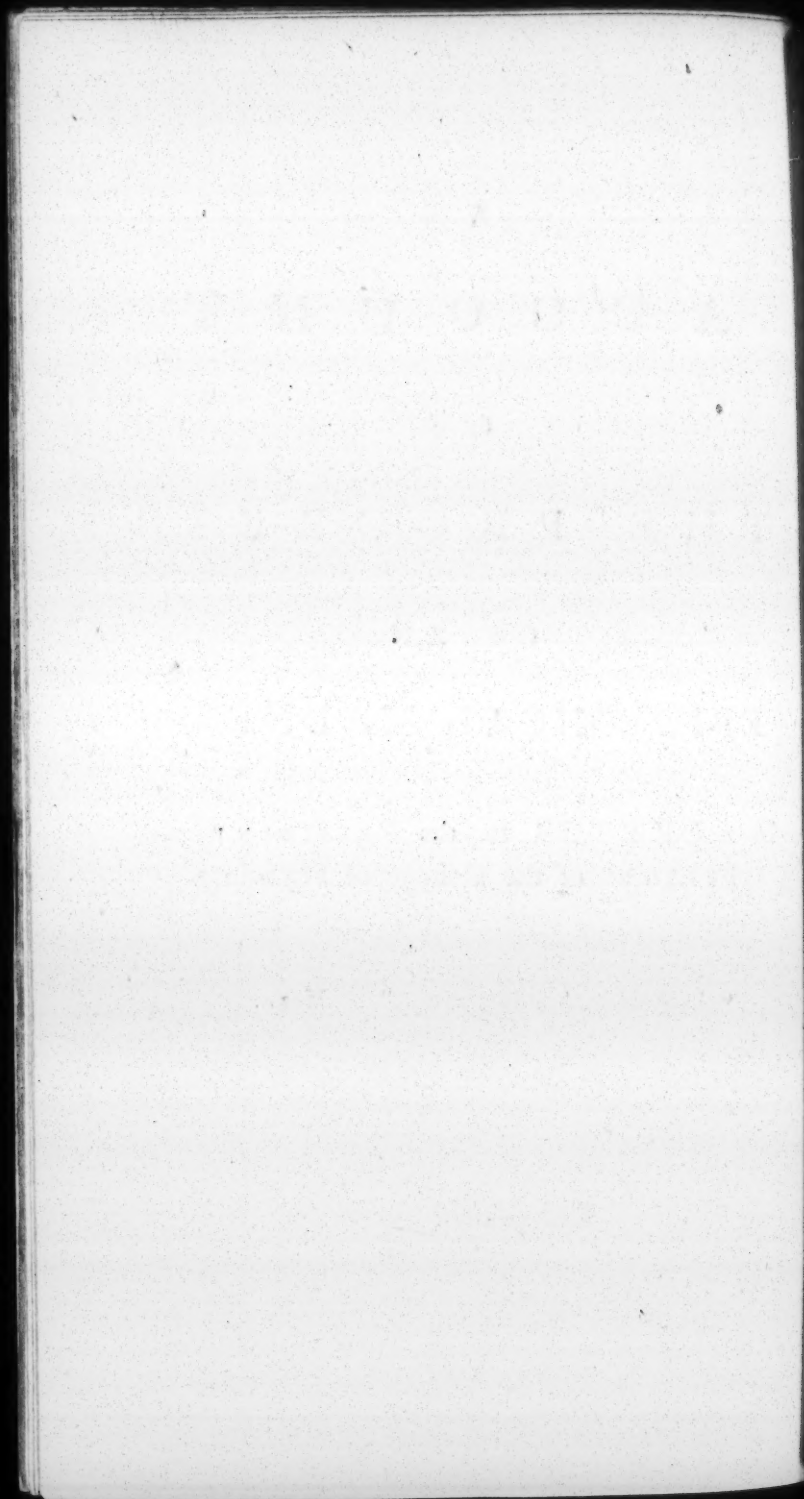


AN
ACCOUNT
OF
THE PROGRESS
OF AN
EPIDEMICAL MADNESS;

In a LETTER to the PRESIDENT and
FELLOWS of the College of Physicians.

"Lucanus an Appulus, anceps." HON.

First printed 1735.



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A C C O U N T, &c.

GENTLEMEN,

OUR nation has been observed by foreigners to abound in *Maniacs* more than any other upon the face of the earth, to our no small reproach. The great numbers confined in the celebrated hospital of Bethlehem, besides others committed to the care of private practitioners, and multitudes that are suffered to run at large, and frequent Coffee-houses and other places of publick resort, may perhaps have given occasion for this remark.

Many reasons have been assigned for this odd Phenomenon, as the climate, the use of the Bible in the vulgar tongue, and our custom of feeding on an animal diet more than any of the neighbouring nations. But to me these accounts are by no means satisfactory; therefore I hope it may in some measure turn to the emolument of the publick, if I make it a present by your hands of some observations I have made on this endemial malady, in a practice of near thirty years.

This

This I undertake the more readily, because I find it has of late increased so much among us, that there is scarce a family in the nation entirely free from it. Upon this and other weighty considerations, I shall with all possible brevity give you the sum of what I have been able to collect, upon the strictest enquiry, and closest attention to these miserable lunaticks. And in doing this, I hope to discharge the duty of an honest man, and a good citizen, for I am fully convinced that we are all indispensably obliged to acquaint the world with every new discovery we make, which may tend to the cure of any distemper human nature is liable to. And that it is a high violation of the duties of society to keep those secrets to ourselves with a prospect of private advantage, as is the practice of too many, which, when discovered, may be of service to millions. For my part, that I may not be suspected of any such narrow and mercenary views, I shall industriously conceal my name and place of abode. Not to mention that charity should operate in private.

It is a common but unfortunate circumstance attending madmen, that they can seldom be persuaded they are so. I shall therefore, for the advantage of such as shall in their lucid intervals peruse this treatise, begin with a general history
of

AN EPIDEMICAL MADNESS. 319

of madness and its symptoms, as I find them described in the writings of the ancients, who may perhaps have more weight with them than the moderns, or me their contemporary, though I have studied their distemper with great application, and, I hope, some little success.

And if they should once be convinced that they are really mad, it is to be hoped that they will apply themselves immediately to you Gentlemen of the Faculty, in order to be cured of this terrible malady. Should this happen, I would advise the apothecaries to buy up all the Hellebore that they can lay their hands on, for, be assured, that commodity will grow very dear.

First then, Celsus says, “ * In a Phrenitis there “ is a continual depravation of the senses, or if “ the patient has some little use of them, his “ imagination is wild and extravagant. Some “ are merry, others sorrowful and dejected; some “ make use of artifices, others of violence, to “ bring about their mischievous designs.”

* Phrenitis tum demum est, cum continua dementia esse incipit, aut cum æger, quamvis adhuc sapiat, quasdam vanas Imagines accipit.—alij hilares, alij tristes sunt.—alij —intra verba desipiunt, alij insurgunt, & violenter quædam manufaciunt; atque ex his ipsis alij nihil nisi impetum peccant, alij etiam artes adhibent.

“ There

“ * There is, says the same author, another
 “ kind of madness, which does not much endan-
 “ ger the lives of the patients. Some of these
 “ are terrified with groundless apprehensions, as
 “ Ajax and Orestes are represented by the poets;
 “ and some have their intellects weakened to a
 “ degree of folly.”

I choose to make these quotations from Celsus rather than Hippocrates, because Latin is more generally understood than Greek.

Cœlius Aurelianus gives us the different opinions of Plato, Empedocles, and the Stoicks concerning madness. “ † Some kinds, says he, are
 “ caused by Bacchus, others by Venus, and some
 “ by Apollo and the Muses.” And again, “ love,
 “ anger, sorrow, fear, superstition, are different
 “ causes of this unhappy effect; as also too great
 “ a fondness for money, glory, or knowledge.”

* *Tertium insanix genus est—vitam ipsam non impedit. — Quidam Imaginibus non Mente fallunt, qualem insanientem Ajacem & Orestem Poetarum Fabulæ ferunt: Quidam animo desipiunt. Celsus, Lib. 3. C. 18.*

† — *Alium ex Libero fieri Patre; alium ex Amore — alium ex Musis — Alerum divinum, sive immisum, ejusque Appollinem inspiratorem esse. — Amor, vel iracundia, aut mæstitudo, vel timor, vel superstitio nimia — Intentio nimia sensuum & intellectûs ob cupiditatem disciplinarum, vel quæstum pecuniam, aut gloriam. Cæl. Aurel. Morb. Chron. Lib. 1. Cap. 5.*

Though

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Though I am of opinion the want of a passion for the last is more frequently the case.

The same writer informs us, that madness is sometimes contagious, which some late observations incline me to believe.

These short extracts compared with the accounts I am going to give of the above-mentioned epidemical madness, cannot fail to convince even the possessed themselves of their deplorable condition, if they are ever so happy as to enjoy the least glimmerings of reason, and will attend without rage and prejudice.

I am now entering upon a very disagreeable part of my undertaking, for it must be a mortifying speculation to a man of common humanity, to observe the various Phænomena of this Proteiform Malady, as they appear in different persons, according as constitution, education, or particular situations in life, determine the fury to break out in this or that peculiar shape.

I will begin by giving an account of its surprising effects on those in a high sphere of life, from whence I will trace it through all its various meanders in different degrees of mankind.

When a grandee or minister of state is seized, his imagination is so vitiated, that he becomes the most whimsical incontinent creature upon the face of the earth. He neglects or despises all real dangers,

dangers, terrifying himself with vain apprehensions of things that can never come to pass. For example; it is not unusual for him to imagine that the Cafres and Hottentots of the Cape of Good Hope are to join the Spaniards and Cherokee-Indians, and that this quadruple alliance is to fit out a fleet of five hundred sail, which is to have an hundred thousand land-forces aboard: these he foresees are to sail to England, with a resolution to destroy the established religion, and set up Quakerism in its stead. In order to avert this calamity, he begs the King of Spain, that he would intreat the Great Duke of Tuscany to permit him to set up a May-pole in his dominions.

As soon as this favour is granted, we must equip a fleet, which is to convey several regiments to Italy, who are to dance round about this May-pole; but they have strict orders to run their heads against it with all their force, though at the expence of a broken skull. At the same time they have the strongest assurances of a cure, if all the gens d'arms, dragoons, and infantry of the kings of France, Spain, and Sardinia, can perform one, though it should cost forty or fifty millions. Then if you do not make bonfires, and celebrate by all possible demonstrations of joy this *Coup de Maitre* of policy, incontinently you are a rogue, a traytor, a jacobite, a papist, a
sturdy

AN EPIDEMICAL MADNESS. 223

sturdy beggar, or a friend and abetter of the Quakers. Such is their inconsistency in the violence of their paroxysms.

After such an instance of phrenzy as this, it will not be surprizing to find the distemper break out in very odd strains of policy and extraordinary maxims of state; for a specimen of which take these few political aphorisms, which they will frequently lay down with great confidence, and defend with that obstinacy usual with madmen.

The most expeditious way of discharging the national debt, is to squander our revenues in presents to every indigent petty state, that has the impudence to beg supplies of us: and to keep ten or twelve thousand foreigners in constant pay, who can never possibly be of any service to us.

The only method of preserving the balance of Europe is to make our most inveterate enemies as powerful as we possibly can, and to aggrandize those who have done their utmost to break it whenever a fair opportunity has offered, and whose interest it is to do so still.

The only way to encourage and advance our trade, is to compliment and assist a nest of pirates, at the very time they are making continual depredations, and plundering our trading vessels.

Not many centuries ago, I have read, there was a vast fleet fitted out to chastise the insolence of these robbers, as was apprehended; the commander had his commission delivered to him sealed, which he was enjoined not to open till he had been at sea a limited time: it was his duty to obey, which he accordingly did, but was surprized to find his orders run as follows:

To the Admiral of the Puissant Fleet, the most politick Visier of the West sendeth greeting.

“YOU are to make the best of your way to
“ New Spain, where you are to find out the most
“ unhealthy and noisom place that part of the
“ world will afford you; and there you are to
“ lye till such time as famine, the plague, and
“ the pox, have made an end of two-thirds of
“ you at least. Mean time, if you should meet
“ with the pirates, and see them take and pillage
“ any of our merchant-ships, you are to laugh
“ till you burst your diaphragm, without taking
“ any farther notice; and so I consign you over
“ to eternal damnation.”

The Admiral's life had been forfeited by disobedience; so he endeavoured to perform what was enjoined him; but died of a broken heart in the execution.

This

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This madness is said to have been aggravated to this degree of virulence by the mal-practice of a Spanish physician, whose name I have forgot, sent hither by the King his master, under pretence of curing us of a certain kind of Marasmus, attended with a * Boulimia and thirst, which our English grandees are very subject to. This he pretended to relieve by certain magetical applications to the palms of the hands by way of amulet.

We have had many such practitioners sent us by the Kings of France and Spain out of pure love and kindness to their afflicted neighbours.

I have read of one Dr. Gondemar, a Spaniard in the time of K. J—— the First, who was in great esteem for his skill and dexterity at this kind of application, which indeed performed a temporary cure, but drove all the patients mad.

You, Gentlemen of the Faculty, who are perfectly versed in the τὸ Θεῶν of Hippocrates, the Archeus of the chymists, and the modern exploits of the no less intelligent animal spirits, must be sensible that the loss of a little blood would have performed a cure, without the fatal consequences of these pernicious amulets, and much better secured the patients from a relapse.

* An insatiable voracity.

Since I have mentioned the animal spirits, indulge me in a small digression, that I may congratulate the faculty upon those elaborate theories of the moderns, founded upon this important discovery. These great philosophers throwing off the yoke of the ancients, and not contenting themselves with a strict attention to common sense, and things observable by the vulgar, have furnished us with hypotheses of great use when we talk to Apothecaries, Nurses, and other good old women, who frequently ask questions very difficult to be answered rationally without the assistance of these invisible agents. Now this sublime dialect not only satisfies their curiosity, by confounding all manner of ideas, but has another effect upon the querist to our advantage: for their opinion of us rises in proportion to their ignorance of our inability to account for the inexplicable mysteries of nature.

But to return to my subject.

In the reign of our most religious and gracious K. Charles the Second, we had an inundation of French Quacks; retailers of Charms, who were permitted to practise upon that monarch, when he used to be in danger of a Marasmus from some extraordinary spontaneous evacuations. Many also of these empirics were encouraged during the

reign

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reign of his wise successor ; who ruined his constitution without performing a cure.

During the time of K. William and Q. Anne's administration they were much laid aside, till about the year ten, one Dr. d'Aumont a Frenchman revived the practice. Those who are desirous to know the particular symptoms of the then reigning madness, may consult the conduct of the English at Utrecht, Catalonia, and Quebec.

It would be inexcusable in me, if I omitted this opportunity of celebrating the gratitude of Great-Britain, and doing justice to our own physicians. We in return for the kindnesses of our neighbours, have frequently sent members of our own college, when madness has been epidemical amongst them, who have practised generally with good success.

Towards the end of the last century, and in the beginning of the present, our poor neighbours the French were seized with an unaccountable phrenzy. They raved strangely of a great painted butterfly with an hundred stings, which they called Universal Monarchy ; and were angry at the Dutch, English, and Germans, for keeping this extraordinary insect from them.

They would likewise rove about in great companies to the number of fourscore or a hundred thousand in quest of this imaginary butterfly,

throwing down their neighbour's fences, letting out their cattle, and doing them great damage.

When they became very troublesome to the Emperor, and had infected some of his subjects with the same distemper, one doctor John Churchill was sent over to cure them, which he happily performed by the following method :

Having found a great number of them together in Bavaria, he first of all took away a great quantity of blood, and then made them suddenly take a leap into cold water. This practice, which is exactly conformable to that of the Greeks and Romans, succeeded beyond expectation.

As for catharticks, there was little occasion for them, because the humours had a great tendency to pass off by stool whenever the doctor came within a league of them : so great is the force of imagination !

It has been apprehended that the French are at present in danger of a relapse. If that should happen, we shall again have an opportunity of exercising our humanity. I have been told that the president of our college has formerly practised successfully at an hospital near Oudenarde ; and that an honorary fellow one Dr. Campbell acquired much experience and fame by prescribing to these French enthusiasts : therefore, should they unhappily relapse, the remedy is at hand.

But to return to our noble maniacs—According to an observation of Cœlius Aurelianus, which I before omitted with a design to mention it here, that the resemblance of the ancient and modern madness might more plainly appear; they sometimes fancy themselves * Orators, Poets, Tragedians, Comedians, and sometimes believe themselves invested with regal authority. And, endeavouring to act up to these imaginary characters, expose their phrenzy to all the world.

Hence some less diligent observers have taken occasion to pronounce them fools; not charitably considering that such wild actions are owing to a depravation of the intellectual faculty occasioned by a Phlogosis Spirituum Animalium, whose Procataretick cause is Repletion; as will more fully appear hereafter.

However, though they should happen to be in the right, it will not break in upon my theory, but may serve to reconcile the old stoical paradox, which asserts that all fools are mad.

I should not omit one circumstance which is common to these with most other lunatics, *viz.* that they believe themselves the only sober people in the nation. And to such a degree of extra-

* Sic denique furens alius se—existimavit—Oratorem, alius Tragœdum, vel Comœdum,———alius———mundi sensum teneret.

vagance do they carry this whim, that they are perpetually distributing papers and books about the kingdom, tending to persuade the world that their frantick authors and abettors are just, prudent, and politick, and that all mankind besides are villains, madmen, or ideots.

I shall now proceed to the cure.

From the voraciousness of their appetites, and quickness of digestion, we may easily apprehend the distemper is owing to a Plethora; for which reason evacuations of all kinds are indicated. These, however, must be used with caution; for though some have been brought to reason by operations of this kind directed on purpose, and others, being reduced to a spare diet by the loss of their estates, places, and pensions, have accidentally recovered, yet a far greater number has been driven into a contrary and more destructive kind of rage by the regimen aforesaid too severely insisted upon.

When I have dispatched this kind of madness I intend to give some account of the other: mean while it may not be improper to examine into the conduct of some other nations both ancient and modern, who have been afflicted with this dreadful calamity.

The Athenians in the cure of this kind of madness preferred the juice of Cicuta or Hemlock to

Hellebore.

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Hellebore. They had also an operation which they called Ostracism, which was a particular way of applying the Testacea, which are known to be great sweetners of the blood.

The Romans thought a fright would have a good effect upon the spirits, as had been experienced in love-maniacs, who used to leap from a rock at the promontory of Leucate, and, pursuant to this opinion, sometimes cast the patient from a precipice called the Tarpeian Rock. *Subito terrei & expavescere in hoc malo prodest,* says Celsus.

The modern method of cure is somewhat different from the ancients. The Turks seem to think this madness a-kin to that which is caused by the bite of the Tarantula; and his sublime highness keeps certain musicians constantly in pay, that they may be ready to perform upon their instruments, in case any of his ministers should upon a sudden emergency have occasion for them. These are called Mutes, and play upon a single-stringed instrument, which bears some resemblance to the British HURDY-GURDY.

The munificent Kings of France have provided an hospital for the entertainment of their Maniacs, commonly known by the name of the Bastile: Nor do we want one; though it is not so often made use of as might be wished: however, when

it is, our physicians seem to think musick necessary: but we make an addition to the Oriental single-stringed instrument, and force the patients to join in concert with the performers, who are not mutes: this is practised with so much success, that generally after the singing a psalm or two, the diseased falls a capering and dancing as long as his breath will last, and, as soon as the jig is over, becomes as grave and sober as if he had never been mad.

I have also known bleeding plentifully in the internal jugular veins, *usque ad animi deliquium*, of singular service; but this being a bold piece of practice, physicians do not care to venture upon it, unless in extreme necessity, for fear of being called to account for it, though it should succeed.

This method was very much in vogue in the reign of K. Charles the Second, and was prescribed to several, who either were not in the least mad, or if a little infected, might have been cured by operations less violent. And perhaps this is the reason why the practice has been pretty much laid aside.

In others the same distemper appears with some variation of symptoms, verging towards melancholy. These are perpetually raving against the iniquity of the times, evil ministers, bribery, corruption

AN EPIDEMICAL MADNESS. 233

sorruption, and a thousand chimeras which have no existence but in their deprav'd imaginations.

Sometimes they will shriek out all on a sudden, and swear there is an exciseman in a corner of the room, with his breeches down, and will throw a glass of wine in your face, if you do not confess you smell an abominable stink. At another time this imaginary exciseman has a design upon their teeth, their snuff-boxes, their eyes, or tobacco-stoppers.

It is very remarkable, that all who are affected in this manner have a particular regard and veneration for each other, and a most extravagant aversion to every body besides. When they meet with any stranger, the first thing they do is to feel his pulse, and if they perceive it beats like their own, they are immediately seized with a sympathetick pharoxysm, and embracing him, howl, and groan, and lament the destiny of their bleeding country; never regarding whether he is a bishop, or a tinker, a judge, or a t—t-man, a privy-counsellor, or a prize-fighter. Then will they sit down and drink to great excess; and no sooner are they elevated to a certain pitch, but they draw their swords, and threaten with horrid imprecations to cut off every man's ears who will not think and act as they do, and assist them in redressing their imaginary grievances.

It

It is very fortunate that this species of madness is attended with an uncommon * Androphobia, otherwise the consequences might be fatal. But should they meet with any man in his senses, that alone is reason sufficient for their displeasure, which will break out, as soon as ever his back is turned, in words very familiar to them, such as ideot, puppy, scoundrel, betrayer of his country, and many other well-bred expressions of the like kind.

Patriotism is what they above all things affect: for this reason you will see multitudes of them entering cities and boroughs in cavalcade, playing ten thousand monkey-tricks, and throwing away immense sums to the populace, while their tradesmen go unpaid, and their families are ruined and starved.

———*Neque enim loculis comitantibus itur,*

———*Posita sed luditur Arca.*

JUV. SAT. I.

They are passionately fond of an entertainment of their own invention, which they call Hunting the Visier Azem. This odd kind of diversion consists in opposing him in every thing he does, not regarding in the least whether he be right or wrong. And if they meet with a disappointment in the chace, which generally happens, they

* A dread of Men,

immediately

immediately fall into convulsions, screaming, kicking, scratching, biting, and raving of liberty, property, places, pensions, the golden age, red and blue ribbons, standing armies, the millennium, and a thousand other inconveniencies, without any manner of order or connexion. But they must be very far gone before they arrive at this pitch of extravagance.

Whilst such are disturbing the peace of mankind in populous cities, others of a more saturnine complexion retire into the country, and divert themselves with beating and kicking their servants, wives, and children, and knocking down every old woman and rag-man that comes in their way: nor do their rational neighbours escape persecution, if these lunatics ever have it in their power to injure them.

It is observed that all the abandoned rakes, atheists, and prostitutes, have this troublesome distemper complicated with a filthy disease which I do not care to name.

As that species of madness I first described proceeds from a Plethora, this has a quite different cause, *viz.* emptiness, which the dissection of several who have died raving, confirms; in these the Glandula Pinealis was scarce so big as a pin's head, the Cerebellum dry, shriveled, and of a less

less bulk than usual, and few or no traces of ideas could be observed in the Corpus Callosum.

I apprehend this to be a-kin to that which our judicious countryman Dr. Sydenham informs us is sometimes the consequence of profuse evacuations; for I myself know many cases where the patient has run stark-mad, upon being reduced to a low diet, by the loss of a place or pension, as was before hinted at.

However, this hazards the patient's life more than the former, nor is it less dangerous to others, for they are exceedingly dexterous at plotting mischief, unless carefully watched. This is so exactly conformable to what Celsus has observed, that I cannot forbear giving you the passage in his own words: * *Alij artes adhibent, summamque speciem sanitatis in captandis malorum operum occasionebus præbent, sed exitu deprehenduntur.* Therefore they are not to be trusted.

The methods of cure which have been recommended in the first species are rather too violent in this; indeed the practice of bleeding in the internal jugulars was successfully applied to this disease about fifteen, when it was very epidemical, and the patients extremely wild and raging: But I rather blame the doctors, who directed it, for I

* Celsus, Lib. 3. Cap. 18.

am convinced by a multitude of cases, that the method of cure by Evacuations is too rough, and that Restoratives seldom fail of success. I do not, however, much disapprove dry frictions, which are recommended by the use Asclepiades made of them, who practised at Rome in the time of the war with Pyrrhus; these should be performed with a modern Strigil called a Cat of Nine-Tails; and for want of such an instrument, I have known a remission procured by a succedaneous Cudgel or Horse-whip.

This Mania has a great tendency to a species of madness formerly so epidemical in these kingdoms, that few or none escaped the infection. Dr. Swift, an eminent physician, has given an account of it in the case of a certain nobleman, whose name was Peter; this illustrious person would have persuaded his family that all manner of meats and drinks were contained in a piece of dry bread, and that every body would be damned who did not believe so. He would also curse and swear, and fall into violent ravings, if you did not think so too. You will find a particular account of the symptoms at large in the above-mentioned author, to whom I refer you.

For a great many centuries the most eminent in the profession could find no cure for this unaccountable malady, till at last one Dr. Harry Tudor
(for

(for the physicians themselves were also infected) being extravagantly ill of this phrenzy, even so far as to write a book in its defence, in time perceived that Nature endeavoured to throw off the distemper by a kind of Crisis, which periodically affected the Pudenda with an extraordinary tumor.

Hence judging the distemper to arise from a *Deleterium quid in Spiritibus Animalibus delitescens*, he applied himself to find out a cure with great success: for making some experiments upon whole societies of these franticks, who had retired into hospitals erected in the richest and most beautiful situations of the kingdom, by the exuberant charity of weak women, departing misers, and expiring tyrants; and finding these periodical tumors in the Pudenda, with which most of them were affected to a violent degree, had not so salutary effects upon them as he had experienced in himself; he, like a wise physician, followed the steps of nature, and supplied the defect in this Crisis by supplemental evacuations of another kind. By this treatment almost the whole nation was cured.

Indeed sometimes after, an ignorant quacking woman, called MAD MOLL, had like to have made us all relapse, for her education being such as by no means qualified her for the practice of physick, she would often mistake the case, and take it into
her

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her head that certain people were mad, though not one symptom of it appeared, but the contrary. These she would confine without regard to rank, age, or sex, and order them to be whipped, and lose vast quantities of blood. She was also passionately fond of the hot regimen, and would almost roast her patients by excessive fires.

These operations killed some, others went mad in earnest, and the rest were forced to dissemble it, for fear of having their case mistook. Her stages were erected in many parts of this kingdom, and at this day there are the remains of one near Baliol College in Oxford.

Had not her death prevented it, it is likely she would have been called to account for male-practice, as were a race of physicians, whose names were Stuart, half a century after; and indeed we had all been driven mad by one Dr. James Stuart since deceased, had not this method been taken.

About the year twelve we were again in some danger, which has been said to be owing to the ignorance or villany of an eminent apothecary one Henry St. John, conspiring with a Diathesis inflammatoria then reigning.

These physicians were presidents of a college in Westminster, consisting of honorary fellows, and others that were elect, to the number of six or seven hundred. Now these presidents have sometimes

times had the misfortune to be a little touched, and have set up for themselves, without the assistance or advice of their colleagues; and upon a remonstrance from the members have flown into strange vagaries; raving of an encroachment upon their prerogative, cursing and swearing, and stamping, throwing their hats and wigs into the fire, and affirming themselves to be the sole arbiters of practice, and that the rest were only slaves and apothecaries to make up what medicines they should vouchsafe to direct. Such always turned out most execrable practitioners, and have constantly been expelled, to prevent mischief.

Nothing can be more deplorable than the above-mentioned distemper when it seizes on the reverend the clergy. For then the directors of the faithful, the sources of knowledge, the luminaries of the world, behave as if possessed with more devils than entered into the Samaritan herd of swine. So various and extraordinary are its appearances in these holy men.

Some, whose intellects are naturally weak, affect a strange kind of gravity and reserve; and fancying themselves ambassadors, lords, or princes, treat with the utmost insolence the vulgar and unsanctified: so that they are pleased to think every body besides themselves, with a reserve only to such as have the disposal of any considerable church

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church preferment : as the Greeks treated the rest of the world as barbarians ; and the Jews were only civil to those potentates who assisted them in building or beautifying their temple. Mean time to such as have it in their power to increase their revenues, are they the most abject fawning slaves upon the face of the earth. These are adored more than the eastern monarchs, and with a greater excess of flattery ; as may be seen in the reverend Mr. D——'s dedication prefixed to a Latin translation of Castiglioni's *Corteggiano* ; where the present Lord M—— is complimented upon his great abilities for wrestling, and kicking foot-ball ; though he is one of the least men in England, and the most unlikely to excel at such kind of exercises.

Many instances of this may also be found in the works of a certain poetical and frolicksome divine, a

“ * Polite Apostate from God's Grace to wit,”

as he himself informs us ; thereby prostituting his religion and the grace he mentions to a low witticism. This unfortunate gentleman, neglecting the severer studies of divinity, and applying himself to the muses, made himself much taken notice of for certain essays in metre upon the love

* Vid. *Universal Passion*.

of fame, and some of the most execrable sermons that ever were preached or printed.

The same person in a fit of lunacy, some years ago, took a strange aversion to Shakspeare; in-
somuch, that during the operation of such cathartics as his physicians thought proper to direct, he would make use of nothing but a leaf out of this dramatick writer: and this whim he continued till he had utterly spoiled that celebrated tragedy, *The Moor of Venice*. Those who have a mind to be acquainted with more particulars of his case, may form a just idea of it by perusing the *Ocean*, and other fulsome pieces of poetry, by the same author, published in subsequent paroxysms.

But to return from this digression.—

If any of their unhallowed inferiors, as they call them, take the wall, or accidentally tread upon their toes, they will curse them with a shew of great sanctity, and affirm they have forfeited all pretence to eternal salvation by so impious and horrid a sacrilege.

They never omit an opportunity of contradicting any one who happens to affirm a truth in their presence, though never so plain and intelligible. And to reason with them is doing nothing; for though you prove your assertion from

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Euclid or Sir Isaac Newton, all the effect it has is to set them a cursing you and all the mathematicians in the world, till they are out of breath, and calling you a stupid coxcomb, an atheist, and an enemy to the church: for they will tell you that their grandmothers and nurses believed the contrary, and therefore, though Archimedes was to rise from the dead, they would neither be convinced by a demonstration nor a miracle.

But if you once contradict any of these, immediately laying aside all regard to the great duty of charity, they become your irreconcilable enemies, pursuing the offender with vengeance to his utter destruction, if they are able to accomplish it.

Since madness has been so epidemical, this spirit of persecution has been of great prejudice to the interests of religion; and has made more infidels than all the superficial arguments of professed atheists and libertines against Christianity. For whilst these Maniacs extol humility, meekness, charity, patience, and humanity; and at the same time mankind with open eyes behold them

1, passionate, cruel, and revengeful; weak minds will naturally conclude that their teachers are not in earnest, but in reality infidels themselves; since their practice so manifestly gives the lie to their doctrines, and they neglect themselves

those duties which they affirm to be the condition of salvation to others.

But the wiser should consider, that such conduct is not owing to artifice; but is a symptom of the epidemical madness I have been describing; against which reason is of no more efficacy, than against the paroxysm of an ague; or the celebrated apathy of the Stoicks, against the torments of the gout or stone.

In others of these afflicted fathers the distemper is attended with a very odd circumstance, which may be called, not improperly, *Cynanthropia*, from the patient's affection for the company of dogs. Perhaps this may be that sort of madness which *Cœlius Aurelianus* informs us was called *Mania*, from a Greek word, which signifies to be alone, in regard to the passion these Maniacs have for solitude. These you will see ranging the deserts, and traversing the fields accompanied only with dogs, whom they are perpetually talking to and treating as rational creatures: though sometimes they will fall into violent rages, and beat the unfortunate animals most unmercifully.

Others, like *Domitian*, are passionately fond of playing with flies; insomuch, that if the season of the year, or any accident, prevents their getting them, you will see these distressed artificers as intent upon counterfeiting these insects, as if
the

the welfare of the church depended upon their industry and application to this entertainment.

These think, because the apostles were fishermen, and left their trades to preach the gospel, that they are indispensably obliged to abandon the trade of preaching, and turn fishermen by a whimsical *vice versa* rule, which they religiously adhere to.

It is an observation of one of the * antients, that Maniacs learn astronomy without being taught. Ours indeed are not great astronomers; but they have a surprising facility at learning backgammon, whist, all-fours, and such elegant and useful sciences, as if they were inspired. You seldom meet with one who is not an extraordinary bowler, inasmuch that they will hazard the revenue of a whole week upon the success of a single bowl.

They will also frequently be terrified with apprehensions that the King is sending a regiment of dragoons to piss down the church-porch, and insinuate that the church itself will be next attacked.

They have one unaccountable symptom attending, which is, that they fall asleep, or become blind immediately upon taking a Latin book into their hands. They have also as great an aversion to Greek, but more particularly to He-

* Aretæus.

brew characters, as those who have been bit by a mad-dog have to water. Indeed our Maniacs have no relish for water; but fluids of most other kinds they are extreamly fond of, and will swallow down in great quantities.

It is farther remarkable, that most of these are affected with a Satyriasis, very troublesome to themselves and neighbours; which is manifestly morbid, because of its violence.

The method of cure in these cases is a particular kind of rough Sinapism or Vefication; something like what the vulgar improperly call, stripping their gowns over their ears. But I recommend it to you gentlemen of the college, seriously to consider of some proper specifick, which may be more effectual than any hitherto discovered against such enormous symptoms.

I make no doubt but that the infected will be outrageously angry at me for attempting their cure. But from the sober part of the clergy I expect other treatment. Let such be assured that no man living has a greater veneration for them than myself; and that one great design of my writing this treatise was, to weed out of their order so reproachful and pernicious a distemper.

But amongst all the melancholy effects of this raging disorder, none appears more worthy of attention than the case of the tender sex. For
when

when a lady is seized, which frequently happens about the age of fifteen, she immediately fancies herself a nymph, an angel, or a goddess. And throwing off all manner of regard to the greatest duties of life, she harnesses herself with a load of ribbons, tinsel, and all manner of insignificant fopperies, and spends her time in running from one publick place to another; and all this to afford and vouchsafe an opportunity of adoration to our inferior sex.

Some pretend there is a *furor uterinus* generally attending, of which these sallies are only symptoms: but I cannot pretend to determine whether there is or not, having practised very little upon this sort of maniacs. However, thus far is certain, that they usually lay hold of the first opportunity that offers of retiring privately with the most worthless fellow they can find; and upon these occasions they are subject to fits, which make them tumble backwards, and fall into strange convulsions.

They have one singularity peculiar to themselves and turkeys; for if you hang a piece of scarlet cloth upon a fellow's shoulders, they will follow him with the utmost eagerness all over the world. This, however, must be understood of the younger sort; for the more experienced, as I

have frequently observed, are fonder of black, especially if the Furor is very strong upon them.

This phrenzy often comes to a Crisis, and fixes upon the * Abdomen, which appears swelled as in a † Tympanitis. But in process of time this tumor is discharged by proper critical evacuations, and the patient is well for some time, though very subject to relapses.

I find this distemper is not peculiar to my fair country-women; but on the contrary very antient, and frequent amongst the Greek and Roman ladies.

Homer tells us of one ‡ Polymele a famous dancer, the daughter of Phylas, who, retiring to the top of a house with one Hermes a highway-man and pick-pocket, was seized with such a paroxysm as the above-mentioned, and afterwards with a tumor, of which she got cured in a reasonable time.

Juvenal informs us that the Roman Empress § Julia was very subject to these tumors; but being a little impatient she would never let them

* The lower belly.

† A kind of dropsy.

‡ Vid. Hom. Il. 16. V. 180.

§ Cum tot abortivis fecundam Julia vulvam
Solveret, & patruo similes effunderet ossas.

Juv. Sat. 2.

come to maturity, but used to forward the discharge too precipitately; and for this reason relapsed so often, that I am afraid by the circumstances it must be a long time before she got cured.

Tacitus also gives us some secret memoirs of the Empress Messalina; by which it appears she was not entirely free from a madness very like that I have been describing of the modern ladies. Many other celebrated instances may be met with in the writings of the ancients.

Give me leave to assign a probable reason, why this phrenzy takes such an extravagant turn in the fair sex.

There are in every corner of this populous city certain physicians, followers of Herodicus, who was the first that applied the Gymnastick Art to medicinal purposes. To the care of these it is the custom to commit the British ladies very young, in order to be instructed in the art of using all the organs Nature has furnished them with to the greatest advantage. This was also a Roman custom, as may be collected from Horace, who seems to have been well acquainted with it:

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos

Matura Virgo, & fingitur artubus

Jam nunc, & incestos amores

De tenero meditatur ungui.

Mox

*Mox juniores quærit Adulteros**Inter Mariti vina—*

HOR. Carm. L. 3. Od. 6.

What effects this may have upon a tender imagination, and what a turn it may give to the abovesaid distemper, I need not be tedious in explaining to you gentlemen, who are abundantly conversant in all kinds of natural and experimental philosophy.

It may not be amiss however to observe, that the Gymnastick Art takes its denomination from *γυμνός*, which signifies naked, because the ancient exercises were performed without any covering. But in our northern climate the professors indulge their pupils in the use of cloaths, whilst they are learning; but so soon as they are arrived at any degree of perfection, they are encouraged to practise what they have learned naked, as far as the waist at least, as is the manner of some, or in their shifts only.

There is another species of madness with which our young gentlemen are greatly afflicted, and which I chuse to treat of in this place, because it makes the patient become a woman in every instance that nature will admit of; as in dress, conversation, delicacy, sentiments, diversions, and taste. They industriously avoid the society of any
thing

thing that has the appearance of a man, and affect the company of females only, not with any sinister designs; for I must do them the justice to say they are incapable of doing any mischief.

This explains a passage in Herodotus, which is somewhat obscure, and has given his interpreters a great deal of trouble. That historian informs us that the goddess Venus sent amongst the Scythians, the $\Theta\eta\lambda\epsilon\iota\alpha\ \nu\epsilon\tau\Theta$, in revenge for their having violated her temple. These words have been variously explained: but I am satisfied the critics are generally mistaken; for Herodotus certainly means that the goddess plagued the Scythians with such a distemper as our modern beaux are troubled with. And this conjecture is supported by a passage in Hippocrates, who says, that people were remarkable for their impotence.

I am further more greatly mistaken if Cœlius AURELIANUS does not describe the case I am at present treating of, in his chapter * *de Mollibus seu subactis*, which the curious reader may consult.

As to the cure of our fair maniacs, I know of none that will effectually guard against a relapse, though many ways have been tryed. The Spaniards have a † Prophylactick operation, which is performed by means of a padlock. But the ladies

* C. 9. L. 4. Morb. Chron.

† Preservative.

of Great-Britain have such an abhorrence of this practice, that I think it is never likely to prevail amongst us.

I entirely disapprove of the Exorcism performed by the priest, whilst the patient stands before him in a white sheet. For this generally makes her grow worse. The only things I shall recommend are strong exercise and hard-labour; which may be equally serviceable to the ladies and gentlemen above-mentioned, and may with a proper regimen do wonders. The former will find their account in beating hemp. The latter may have an opportunity of endeavouring at least to serve their country in the ensuing war, at the same time that they are pursuing a cure: But if they should decline this, I would humbly advise that they may be obliged to assist the ladies.

The last species of madness I shall take notice of, is more pernicious in its consequences to others than any I have hitherto treated of, and worse to the patients themselves; because of the bad effects it has upon their morality: for these unfortunate gentlemen have a system of ethics peculiar to themselves, very different from that of Plato and all other philosophers, and directly contrary to that of the holy scripture in every article.

They are perpetually raving of justice, at the same time that they are exceedingly industrious
and

and indeed dexterous in perverting it, and turning it into the channels of injury and oppression: infomuch that he is in the most esteem, who has, by the greatest pains and application, best qualified himself for the society of hell.

That this assertion may appear beyond a possibility of contradiction, I will give you one of their maxims by way of example, which I have chosen from amongst abundance of others too flagitious to be even mentioned. It is an article of their faith, that it is meritorious to assist a friend or a stranger (for it is equal to them) with all the artifice and eloquence they are masters of in any controversy, though they should not be certain he is in the right; nay, notwithstanding they are convinced he is entirely in the wrong: nor do they in the least regard, that if the adversary has justice on his side, they are committing the most flagrant piece of villainy human nature is capable of. This is a strain even beyond the courage of the Swiss; for they only venture their bodies, without enquiring into the merits of the cause they are engaged in; whereas our maniacs brave even hell itself at a much greater hazard.

It has, indeed, the appearance of great complaisance, that these unhappy people should risque so much, in order to serve a man perfectly indifferent

ferent to them. But this obliging temper has farther views: for the consequences always make it plainly appear, that such extraordinary kindnesſes are intended chiefly to gain opportunities of picking pockets: this is a diverſion they take great delight in; and at which they are ſo dexterous, that by a ſympathetick magick peculiar to themſelves they will do it at the diſtance of an hundred leagues.

What I have ſaid muſt be underſtood of the ſoberer part: for ſuch as have the diſtemper to any great degree will make court to each of the contending parties, in order to ſerve them both alike.

Theſe, and the Spaniſh madmen of the Inquiſition, are by moſt people and nations juſtly eſteemed the ſcandal and reproach of human nature. But it would be a very difficult taſk to determine which of the two are worſt.

From the extream virulence of this diſeaſe many have thought its ſpecifick cauſe to be the ſame with that of the ancient demoniacs, or poſſeſſed with devils; ſince nothing elſe could produce ſuch horrid ſymptoms. And indeed there is a great ſimilitude between them.

The accounts the Greek phyſicians, Oribafius, *Ætius*, and *Ægineta*, give us of theſe demoniacs, is, that they frequent the tombs, and howl
like

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like wolves (whence the name of *Lucanthropia* has been given to this disorder). As also that this distemper rages most at the latter end of January and beginning of February; and again in October and November. And in England about the same times of the year near Westminster-Abbey are always found multitudes of

* These yelling monsters that, with ceaseless cry,
howl in such a manner that the sacred fabrick
and adjacent hall horribly resound with the hide-
ous clamour.

And to this place, at the seasons aforesaid, do
abundance of these maniacs resort from all parts
of the kingdom.

The great conformity betwixt this modern disorder and the ancient demoniacism, will no doubt convince superficial observers, who have been inclined to impute this conduct to a selfish and knavish malignity, that the case is really morbid, however it may have appeared to them. And the universal benevolence I have for the whole race of mankind inclines me to hope, that the depravation or loss of their understandings will make the curses of widows and orphans fall lighter upon them; for undoubtedly, without such an

* Vid. *Paradise Lost*, Book II, Ver. 795.

alleviation,

alleviation, they would deserve the utmost that could be imprecated against them.

However, as this mania is very contagious as well as diabolical, the disordered, who are exceedingly numerous, demand at least some care in this world, whatever may be their fate in the next.

Therefore since I do not in the least expect to relieve the minutest symptom of so stubborn a disease by any prescriptions of my own, all I can do is to recommend them to Dr. *John Ketch*, who, though an empirick, is the only man I ever yet heard of, that could boast of the least success in his practice upon this kind of maniacs. It seems he has a family-secret, which never fails of performing a cure; though I have been told it throws the patient into a very dangerous Asthma. However, it is the interest both of the distempered and of the commonwealth, that something should be attempted at all hazards.

Other experiments have been tried upon these maniacs; as bleeding in the ears, cataplasms of turnip-tops, and liniments composed of rotten eggs, commonly called *Linimenta ex Ovo*, but all to no manner of purpose. Even the late endeavours of our illustrious college to promote this desirable end have hitherto been ineffectual. Some very competent judges have not scrupled to affirm,
that

that the symptoms have been so exasperated by these honest attempts, that in their opinion the utter extermination of these maniacs from the face of the earth is absolutely necessary to the repose of mankind.

The ill success of the college has been matter of astonishment to all the world, that is acquainted with the honour, learning, and wisdom of the members: but it becomes less wonderful, when it is considered, that several have been elected fellows, who are strongly suspected of having no small degree of infection; and therefore are unwilling to concur in prescribing physick, which they themselves would be obliged to take. Now these are too artful to patronize their own madness openly (for maniacs exceed other people in cunning, as Aristotle observes); but, abusing the confidence placed in them by their colleagues, they have taken care so to embarrass the counsels of their brethren, whenever this affair has been under their consideration, that every innovation in practice has aggravated the distemper to such a degree, that I really believe no other Amendment would ruin the whole nation, unless the interested fellows above-mentioned are expelled before it is attempted.

If such a thing should ever happen, I apprehend the compassion I have for these maniacs,

and such as are miserably affected by their conduct, would have ample matter wherewith to gratify itself. For then might I hope to see one or other of the Ketch family licensed and fixed in every large town of Great-Britain, for the benefit of such as are most raging; and the hospital of Newgate enlarged and converted into a lazaret, for the reception of all that are in a less degree infected.

These things I recommend to the serious consideration of those whose duty it is to watch over the health of the nation.

There is one circumstance which is common to all sorts of madness, inasmuch that it seems to be its characteristick, or *proprium quarto modo*, as the Logicians express themselves. This is a violent and unaccountable aversion which the patients take to their physician. Therefore if any person should be observed to rail against and abuse the author of these sheets, let them be immediately seized and confined; for depend upon it they are infected with one kind or other of those madnesses I have been treating of; otherwise they have no just cause of complaint against me. If they are in their sober senses, why should they list voluntarily into any particular class of maniacs?

As for the lunatics themselves, I have treated them with all imaginable tenderness, and have

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not in the least aggravated the misfortunes of the wretched: therefore let them take care; for though I do not much regard what people say who are not themselves; yet it is possible I may not always keep my temper. And if I am provoked, I shall publish a list of particular madmen, in ten volumes in folio, which I have now by me, and will be ready for the press so soon as my Amanuensis has transcribed them.

P O S T S C R I P T.

I purposely omitted treating at large that species of madness which is caused by Apollo and the Muses, because I would not interfere with Dr. Alexander Pope, who seems to have undertaken those that are afflicted with it by the Great. As they are in very good hands, I shall only observe that his namesake Alexander, the son of Philip, who in every thing formed himself upon the model of Achilles, did the professors of physick the honour of studying their art, in imitation of that hero. This monarch was the first who found out a cure for this kind of phrenzy, having made a successful experiment upon one Cheerilus, who was affected with it to a miserable degree: and ever since, a box on the ear, or kick on the breech, has always procured a remission at least; and proper repetitions of the same have seldom failed of performing an entire cure.

A N
HEROIC ANSWER*,
FROM
RICHARD TWISS, Esq; F.R.S.
A T
R O T T E R D A M,
T O
DONNA TERESA PINNA Y RUIZ,
O F
M U R C I A.

Urbem, quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.

VIRGIL.

• See vol. I. p. 209.

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A N
HEROIC ANSWER,

FROM

RICHARD TWISS, Esq; F.R.S.

FROM various perils of the land and main,
By Venus wafted to Batavia's plain,
Where kindly fens, and genial fogs furround,
His Pinná's lines her anxious lover found.
Not dearer tumults to my kindling heart
A fungus, toad, or tadpole could impart:
Not with more joy some virtuoso spies
The first embraces of two foreign flies,
Whose deeds of love his eager fancy feed
With smiling omens of a lasting breed. 10
Scarce to thy Twiss more transport could it give
To lodge in cellars, or with pigs to live.

Thy melting strains both pain and pleasure move,
Pain for thine absence, pleasure for thy love.
I trac'd thy hand e'en at a single view,
Thy soul still bitter in the purport knew.

Thy gentle lines I drank with eager haste,
 My lips pursu'd thee where thy fingers past;
 My tears bedew'd the lines my kisses dry'd—
 I sung—I danc'd—I fiddled—and I sigh'd— 20
 Gods! can it be?—too full, too perfect bliss!
 Does then my Pinna still remember Twiss?
 Is Richard's image to her fancy dear?
 And Richard's name still soothing to her ear?
 Now, spend your malice, curst Hibernian kind!
 For Richard lives within Teresa's mind.
 Rail, write, and rage; 'I prize the fordid cry
 Less than the hummings of the smallest fly.

Yet let me own, appall'd I trod the ground,
 Where dangers lour'd and shames lay scatter'd
 round. 30

A thousand tongues from stage to stage pursu'd,
 And fresh disgrace th' unwearied gibe renew'd:
 Thus down the chimney some poor sparrow strays,
 And roams the parlour with a wild amaze;
 Dogs, cats, and children, a malignant crew,
 The hapless stranger round the room pursue.

Some demon sure attends the youth, who roves
 To bogs and horse-ponds from the maid he loves.
 Oh! I have much to tell, and thou to hear;
 A tale of sorrows, that will rend thine ear. 40

L. 25. *Hibernian kind'*] As to the Natural History of the
 Irish species, &c.

Twiss's Tour in Ireland, Dublin edit. p. 24.

Thy

Thy gentle spirit feels no vengeful flame;
Thou little know'st the curst Hibernian dame;
What thirst of vengeance fires an Irish maid,
What ready arts that thirst of vengeance aid.
Heaven arms its creatures for their proper state
With various weapons of defence, or hate.
To serpents, teeth; to scorpions give a tail;
To me, my printer, and my leaden flail;
Hibernian dames are train'd to cuff and kick,
And nature arm'd them,—for their legs are
thick.

50

The thirst of vengeance ev'ry breast inspires,
And bowls of whiskey feed their cruel fires.
Lyæus thus the Theban dames posselt,
And goads and stings inflam'd the madding breast.
“Revenge! Revenge!” the dire Agave cry'd—
“Revenge! Revenge!” the vocal hills reply'd.
Citheron's summits heard the frantic shout,
And Pentheus trembled at the revel rout.
He scour'd, he fled before th' inhuman train,
In vain—his limbs bestrew'd th' impurpled plain. 60

From forging franks, each pert Hibernian mis-
Converts the quill, and has her fling at Twiss.

L. 50. *And nature arm'd them—for their legs are thick.*] As to the Natural History of the Irish species, they are only remarkable for the thickness of their legs, especially those of the plebeian females. T. T. I. p. 42.

L. 61. *From forging franks, &c.*] The third custom is that of forging franks, which is pretty universal; the ladies in particular use this privilege. T. T. I. p. 41.

The

The desp'rate inkhorn arms uncounted throngs
With puns and posies, anecdotes and songs.
Revenge inspires them in Apollo's spite ;
A Twiss provokes ; and well, or ill, they write.

How shall the Muse to thee, my fair ! explain
The studied vengeance of the savage train ?
What terms of art the secret shall declare !
Inform thy mind, and yet thy blushes spare ! 70
Hast thou not seen a vase of antique mold,
Of Parian marble, or Barbaric gold,
Doom'd to enshrine some lover's cold remains,
Or pour libations at some mystic fanes ?
Such are those utensils, ordain'd by fate,
The shameful engines of barbarian hate,
(Save that one handle, more for use than pride,
Shoots disproportion'd from the vessel's side)
For off'rings hallow'd, which my charmer made
With purer zeal amid the citron shade ;
They grace the closet, by the couch they stand,
And, night and morning, load the fairest hand.
Without, a foliage crowns the polish'd frames,
And burnish'd gold on flowers of purple flames ;
Within, the potter plants thy Richard's face,
And bids him stare, in horrible grimace.
Thro' lakes of amber as the face appears,
The face repentant seems bedew'd with tears.
The list'ning figure (by the painter's skill)
Attunes its fiddle to the purling rill.

Sure had I trod the dire Conatian wild,
 The blood of Twiss had savage hands defil'd :
 But heaven in vision touch'd my trembling ear,
 Some God inspir'd me with a prudent fear.
 A form, methought, half beast, half human, stood,
 And cry'd, " My son, I warn thee for thy good."
 (A mighty stink-pot in his hand appear'd,
 And ass's ears were on his temples rear'd)
 " (Once, like thyself, I travel'd, lied, and wrote,
 " An author then, tho' now a mountain goat. 100
 " But soon, the victim of ill-manners, fell ;
 " A youth of Galway hurl'd me down to hell :
 " Chang'd to a goat, to travel mountains sent,
 " What was my pastime, is my punishment.
 " If life is sweet, the wilds of Connaught spare ;
 " Beware of all ; of Galway most beware.
 " Yet thirst of railing, greater than thy fear,
 " Will speak, tho' vengeance threats the votive ear,
 " Untir'd, intrepid, as the taylor's wife,
 " Will deal invectives, tho' they cost thy life. 110

L. 91. *Sure had I trod the dire Conatian wild,*] Neither did I go into that quarter of Ireland called Connaught, which comprehends the counties of Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim, Roscommon, and Galway, as I was assured that they were inhabited (especially along the coast) by a kind of savages, and that there were neither roads for carriages, nor inns. Undoubtedly the chief towns of those counties are more civilized.

" The

"The furious taylor plung'd her in the tide,
 "Her fingers rail'd, when accents were denied;
 "In death unconquer'd, shew'd the darling vice,
 "And seem'd to crack imaginary lice."

Not vainly was the warning fantom sent;
 My backward course with timely fear I bent.
 Yet still in dreams th' ideal terrours rise,
 Stain all my cloaths, and seal my blacken'd eyes;
 And oaken cudgels whistle in the wind,
 And sharp-toed shoes assail me from behind. 120
 Now Pinna seems to clasp me to her breast,
 Now pats my cheeks, and whispers me to rest,
 With sticking plaister heals her Richard's scars,
 Disgraceful tokens of unequal wars,
 Or seems the lenient flannel to prepare,
 For love disdains not such a menial care,
 Foments my head, still soft from weary blows,
 And regions livid from eternal toes.

But say, what springs this persecution move?
 The hate of woman, for neglected love. 130
 Here droning pipes the tortur'd organs wound,
 And yells funereal thro' the vales resound,
 No lemon groves with harp and viol ring,
 No maids and striplings tonadillas sing;
 Their voice, their touch, disgrace the soft guitar,
 My catches mangle, my cantatas mar.
 Let not thy bosom harbour jealous flames;
 My steady scorn repuls'd th' Iernian dames.

A song he gave them, but a kiss deny'd;
So bard and fiddle down the Hebrus glide.

Each moment bade some indecorum rise,
Some beastly custom shock'd my tortur'd eyes.
Heavens! how I tremble, chill'd with panic fear,
When water-glasses at the board appear!
How shall the hapless traveller 'scape undrown'd,
When direful females spout the table round;
Yes, Pinna, yes; conceive the foul disgrace; 170
A mouthful oft was spurted in my face.
Thus, when a storm has plough'd the watery way,
And whales, in fullness of their bellies, play;
A thousand nostrils seem to threat the sky,
And lab'ring barks the spouting deluge fly.
Too well, my love, thou know'st the guilty shore,
And "perils such as never errant bore."
And say, what prize repay'd the toil and pains?
What joy seduc'd me to the fatal plains?
No speaking picture crowns the lordly dome, 180
No breathing marble of old Greece or Rome;

L. 167. *When water-glasses at the board appear!*] The filthy custom of using water-glasses after meals is as common as in England; it may possibly be endeavoured to be excused, by pleading the natural unsociableness of the British, who, if obliged to wash, would seldom rejoin their company; but then it may be urged that no well-bred persons touch their viſuals with their fingers, and consequently such ablutions ought to be unnecessary.

T. T. I. p. 40 and 41.

Here smack your horse-whips, let your cudgels fall,
 Hibernian squires ! for this I'd scorn them all.
 I gain'd the trout, the precious trophy bore,
 Preserv'd in whiskey, from the magic shore.
 Haste, haste, ye sages ! ye whom nature fires !
 Gaze on my fish, and satiate your desires !
 In vain his brethren seek, a curious train,
 The darling treasure from thy Twiss to gain ;
 For when, my Pinna, Murcia's bowers I see, 210
 Both trout and gizzard shall be fry'd for thee.
 Well might an artist travel from afar,
 To view the structure of a low-back'd car.
 A downy mattress on the car is laid,
 The rev'rend father mounts, and tender maid.
 Some back to back, some side by side are plac'd,
 The ravish'd maid by panting youth embrac'd.

L. 213. *To view the structure of a low-back'd car.*] Goods
 are conveyed about the city on small two-wheeled cars drawn
 by a single horse ; the wheels are thin round blocks, each
 about twenty inches in diameter. The wheels of those cars
 which are used in the country are placed at a greater dis-
 tance from each other than those of the city cars. They are
 frequently used as vehicles for the common people, on their
 parties of pleasure ; a bed, or a mat, is at such times placed
 on the car, and half a dozen people sit on it, with their legs
 hanging a few inches from the ground ; they are generally
 dragged a foot-pace.

By dozens thus, full many a Sunday morn,
 With dangling legs the jovial croud is borne;
 Clontarf they seek, or Howth's aspiring brow, 220
 Or Leixlip, smiling on the stream below.
 When ease and cheapness would thy Twiss engage,
 Cars he prefer'd to noddies or to stage.
 Oft on a car *Buvindus* saw me ride
 From Tredagh's towers along his verdant side.

Wonders like these, of nature and of art,
 Midst all his suff'rings cheer'd thy Richard's heart;
 And social comforts lent their genial rays,
 When some kind *Bufo* gave his port and praise *.
 But

L. 224. *Buvindus*] The river Boyne.

* In the original MSS. these lines followed:—

Some attic hours the pensive bosom cheer'd,
 By Leland's wisdom and his wine endear'd;
 Two brother wits with olive garlands grac'd,
 We met, we bow'd, we wonder'd, and embrac'd:
 In wordy wars of compliment we strove,
 And gifts exchang'd in token of our love;
 Full thirty shillings was the cost of mine,
 And three pence, Leland! was the price of thine:
 Thus Glaucus * erst with bold Tydides stood,
 And plighted friendship in the field of blood.
 A losing truck the Lycian hero made,
 And golden armour was with brass repaid.
 My tour through Spain I gave, a portly tome,
 The load! and ornament of shelves to come!

* HOMER's Iliad.

But why, my Pinna, kill me with thy tears, 230
 Thy causeless sorrows, and thy idle fears?
 Wrong not, my fair, thy lover and thy self!—
 What!—Twiss desert the Murcianmaid for pelf!—
 Yet say, that gold could win thy Richard's charms,
 Or grandeur lure him from thy constant arms:
 Fear not a rival on th' Hibernian plain;
 I scorn its damsels, a penurious train.

With gold it's back, with gold it's edges glow'd—
 A pamphlet sermon the divine bestow'd!
 Where naughty dames their wand'rings learn to rue,
 And like the hearers the harangue look'd blue.

When Mr. Twiss was first introduced to Dr. Leland, he presented him with his *Travels through Spain*, which the Doctor with great gravity received, and deposited on a shelf, from whence he took his sermon preached at the Magdalen Asylum, and presented it in return to Mr. Twiss.

L. 237. *I scorn its damsels, a penurious train.*] The Irish ladies are extremely well educated, as they have little besides their beauty and merit to recommend them for wives, their fortune in general being inconsiderable. Men of affluent fortune, who have consequently no need of being mercenary in their choice, may find happiness in an union with these ladies, provided they can convince themselves, that they are disinterestedly accepted. But, on the other hand, this polite education prevents many ladies from being suitably married; for men of moderate fortunes cannot afford to maintain them in the style in which they were bred or reared, often greatly superior to their station.

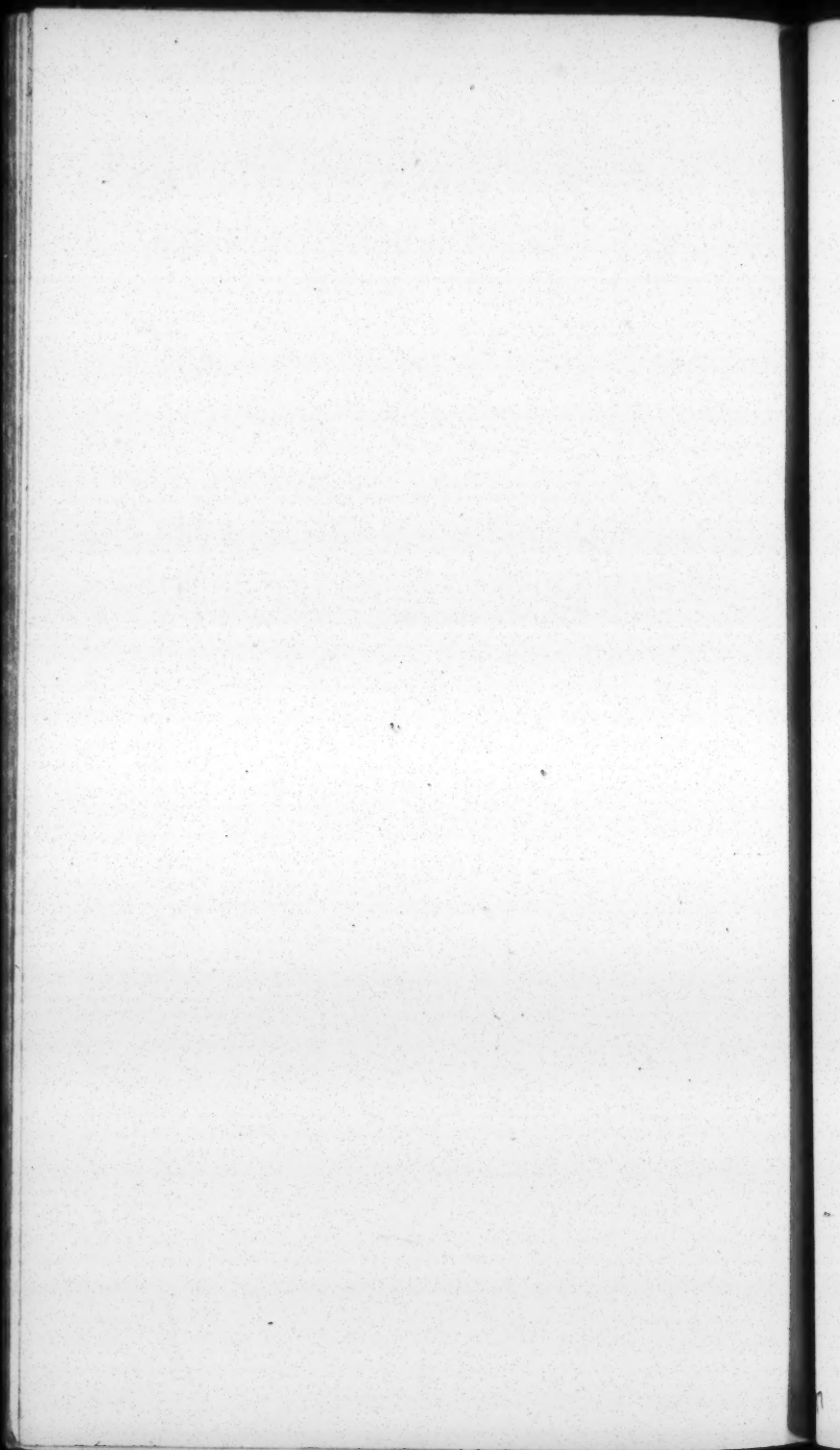
T. T. I. p. 54 and 55.

Scarce

Scarcely by their portions are their gowns supply'd,
 And all their little wealth is dress and pride.
 No Cupid there his arrows tips with gold, 240
 Nor Plutus knits the bands that lovers hold.
 No wary souls in bonds of Ind are caught,
 No little loves arithmetic are taught;
 But home-bred virtue lurks with idle stealth,
 And boasts in honour what it wants in wealth.

Cease, fond upbraider! cease the melting sigh;
 For, big with joy, the teeming moments fly:
 Not long shall fate disjoin our plighted hands,
 Or hold thy Twiss from love's delicious bands.
 One only wandering for the youth remains: 250
 Then Venus wafts him to th' Iberian plains.
 Now fair occasion courts his swelling sails,
 To fish on Greenland's happy shore for whales;
 To strike th' harpoon, uncoil the kindling line,
 To boil the blubber, and the fat refine;
 To roam with bears on drifted ice that live,
 'Till gentle converse full refinement give;
 'Till meet associates happy nature aid,
 And make him perfect for the Murcian maid. 260

L. 243. *No little loves arithmetic are taught;*] There is a celebrated picture by Corregio on this subject.



AN
ARCHAEOLOGICAL EPISTLE
TO THE
REVEREND AND WORSHIPFUL
JEREMIAH MILLES, D.D.
DEAN OF EXETER,
PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF
ANTIQUARIES, AND EDITOR OF
A SUPERB EDITION OF THE POEMS
OF
THOMAS ROWLEY, PRIEST;
TO WHICH IS ANNEXED
A GLOSSARY,
EXTRACTED FROM THAT OF THE
LEARNED DEAN.

[Advertisement prefixed to the 2d Edition, 4to.]

This Edition is printed on a large paper, of the same size with that of the last Edition of *Rowley's Poems*, in order that such persons, as have not yet bound up that valuable work, much more valuable on account of its notes, may insert it in the place where commendatory verses are usually printed.

P R E F A C E.

AS Archaeological science most certainly excels Chinese gardening, and as a president of the society of antiquaries takes precedence (at least on English ground) of a knight of the polar star, I flatter myself, that, in point of subject, and choice of the personage to whom I address myself, I may vie with the inimitable author of the celebrated *Heroic Epistle*. I shall, however, forbear to enter the lists with him as a poet, or march in the rear of his numerous host of imitators: my modesty prevents the one, and my vanity the other. Instead, therefore, of writing heroically, I shall write archaeologically; or, to speak more properly, heroico-archaeologically, employing a style and manner, of which there is at present only one exemplar in the known world; and of which, I trust, the following epistle will be found an absolute *fac-simile*. And I am the rather inclined to do this, because I am credibly informed, that many formidable critics are still attempting to disprove the authenticity of my original. Now, should they succeed in this attempt, the reader

easily perceives, that I may claim a kind of *fee-simple* right to this style by way of direct inheritance: for, should all the old chests in all the parish churches of the kingdom, after a pregnancy of four centuries, choose to bring forth a tuneful progeny of pastorals, tragedies, epic poems, and what not, it cannot be imagined, that the said chests will ever pretend, that they were impregnated in the same wonderful manner, and by the same occult personage, with that of St. Mary Redclift. I must, therefore, if her pretty bantlings be proved supposititious, or illegitimate, necessarily rise up the first archaeological poet in Great Britain.

In this eventful moment, therefore, of literary suspense, let not any rash reader presume to say, that I imitate Rowley; for then another will as peremptorily answer, that I imitate Chatterton. And if, on the contrary, he assert that I emulate Chatterton, the learned personage, whom I address, will be in gratitude bound to prove, that I emulate Rowley; which I own, indeed, I should like best, because then I should run a fair chance of excelling Homer, Theocritus, and the best poets of antiquity. But, be this as it may, I only say of myself simply and honestly, that I write archaeologically; and, as a most profound * etymo-

* See Bryant's Observations, p. 29.

logist has lately proved that a writer must know his own meaning (a comfortable truth to know, in an age, in which so many authors write without any meaning), resting on his great authority, and taking for granted that I do know my own meaning, I profess only to write in common plain English first, and afterwards to unspell it, and unanglicize it, by means of that elaborate glossary which Dr. Milles has fabricated for the use of the readers of my original. Pity! great pity, indeed, it is, that while he was doing this, he did not also fabricate another for his imitators. Had he done this, and placed the modern words before the archaeological ones, it is certain the greatest part of my labour had been saved.

To supply this great desideratum, it is my intention (after my own fame is by my present production fully established) to write a complete *Art of archaeological poetry* in the manner of Mr. Bysie; and not only this, but to add to it a complete Anglo-Gothico-Saxonico-Chattertonic dictionary for the use of tiros. For this latter work I shall, however, order my bookseller to article with Dr. Johnson, or any other writer in the trade, (the Doctor, having been a dictionary-maker, might perhaps be the fittest), who, for a specified sum, or sheet by sheet, as they shall agree, may trans-

pose Dr. Milles's glossary in the way above-mentioned, so that for any given English word the Gothico-Saxonico-Chattertonico, or any thing but English synonyme, may be immediately found. When this dictionary is duly formed, I will be bold to say, that this mode of writing will be found so easy, that every miss and master in the kingdom will be enabled to puzzle not only our old society of antiquaries here in England, but also that new Scotch one, which either is, or is about to be founded under the auspices of the Earl of Buchan.

On hinting this scheme to one of my friends, he told me it was not likely that Dr. Johnson would undertake the task, because were this style to become the fashion, it would eclipse his own. The objection seemed plausible at first, but, on reflection, I can see little weight in it. The merit of the Doctor's style is known to consist in his long words, hard words, and stiffly-constructed sentences. Now the style, which I have the honour to recommend, although there are a few long words in it, such as *amenused*, *cherished*, &c. &c. yet they are not nearly so long, or so numerous, as those of the Doctor's own coinage. Hard words too, I own, are to be found in it; but these only because they are obsolete, and not,
like

like his, brought in through affectation, but from sheer necessity. Then, as to the construction of whole sentences, nothing in the world is so totally dissimilar, as the lexicaphanic and archaeologic manner: the one is *fevotie*, *mole*, and *fetive*; the other *rugose*, *cacophonous*, and *dentifragent*.

Another reason, which my friend gave, why the Doctor would probably not undertake this employment, was, that he entertained heterodox notions concerning my archetype, the immortal Rowley *. But what then? Did not the Doctor once entertain heterodox notions concerning the right of the Hanover succession? And if a pension from the treasury could cure him of the latter, why may not a pension from my bookseller cure him of the former? My money is as good as a prime minister's; and, as (according to the old proverb) money makes the mare to go, so will it make his spavined pen flounder over any ground, dirty or clean, provided only that it be excused from taking that road, which leads to the real interests of his sovereign, or the constitutional liberty of his fellow-subjects. Taking it, there-

* His reason for this heterodoxy is probably this, that Rowley having never had any life at all, there was no probability that any bookseller would ever pay him for becoming his biographer.

fore,

fore, for granted that, if we come up to his price (which, I trust, the sale of the present work will enable me to do), the Doctor will engage in the task, I shall point out, with much brevity, a few of the many advantages that will accrue to the rising generation of poets, if, quitting a mode of versifying already grown threadbare, they would adopt this, which both by example and exhortation I here recommend to them. In the first place, let me assure them, that they will hereby find rimes as plenty as black-berries: for, as archaeology introduces a whole regiment of new-old words, and gives one leave either to use them or not, just as we please, it is plain, that now it will be full as easy to write in rime as in blank-verse, or even in plain prose. And, to shew that I do not make a false assertion, I will produce one instance out of a thousand from my original, and that from the famous *Songe to Ælla*. The poet had in one line written:

“Beesprengedd all the *mees* wythe gore.”

In a subsequent stanza he writes:

“Orr sceft the hatchedd stede

“Ypraunceyng o’er the *mead*.”

Now *mees* being the archæological word, and *mead* the modern English one, it is plain he thought himself

himself at liberty to write modern English, whenever rime required him to do so. Another benefit is, that the poet will be almost entirely emancipated from the vile shackles of grammar; a point so clear, that the reader has only to cast his eye on any page in my exemplar, to find Priscian's head broken by the poet, and healed by his commentator with equal facility. As to orthography, there is only one rule, and that the most simple that can be imagined (which, however, it is not necessary constantly to regard); and this is, to put as many letters as you can possibly crowd into a word, and then rest assured, that that word will look truly archaeological.

But the last and best thing I shall mention is that great and unspeakable emolument which the Anglo-Saxon prefix *y* brings to a necessitated versifier: as *yprauncing* for *prauncing*, *ymenging* for *menging*, &c. &c. By having this always at his beck, that poet, who cannot write a smooth line in any given number of syllables, deserves, in my opinion, never to write a line at all. For this dear little *y* comes and goes just as one pleases, and may truly be called the archaeological poet's toad-eater. In short, with a little variation, we
may

may apply that eulogy to it, which Dryden has given to St. Cæcilia's music: it hath

“Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
“And added length to *any* sounds.”

Such, with a great many more, are the advantages that attend this style of poetry. It is not, therefore, I think, greatly to be wondered at, that either a priest of the fifteenth century, or that a boy of fifteen years of age (take which you please), should write with greater facility at least, if not greater spirit, than those miserable vernacular poets, who are so poor, comparatively, in point of rime, that they have not one to throw at a dog; who are tied so tight to the whipping-post of grammar, and fixed so fast in the stocks of orthography, that they have hardly an idea at liberty; and, which is worst of all, cannot eke out a halting line by any other method than a totally different expression. Oh! if you reflect coolly on these things, my dear brethren of the quill, I am fully persuaded that all of you, like me, will turn archaeologists.

Having thus cursorily shewn what great benefits this style confers upon writers, I might now proceed to prove what superior delectation it affords to readers. But here I am forestalled by
the

the learned Dean, who, in his preliminary and all other masterly dissertations on the works of my predecessor, has irrefragably proved the point. Indeed, as president of the society of antiquaries, and editor of their valuable *Archaeologia*, he has, I think, an absolute prescriptive right to dissent on this subject. I am not therefore without my hopes, that he will one day comment on the following epistle, which, if it want any thing, I am bold to say, wants only the illustrative notes of so sagacious an editor.

P. S. I have lately conceived that, as Dryden, Pope, &c. employed their great talents in translating Virgil, Homer, &c. it would be a very commendable employment for the poets of the present age to treat some of the better sort of their predecessors, such as Shakspeare and Milton, in a similar manner, by putting them into archaeological language. This, however, I would not call *translation*, but *transmutation*, for a very obvious reason. It is, I believe, a settled point among the critics, with Dr. Johnson at their head, that the greatest fault of Milton (exclusive of his political tenets) is, that he writ in blank verse. See then and admire how easily this might be remedied.

PARADISE LOST, Book I.

Offe mannes fyrste bykrous volunde wolle I finge,
 And offe the fruiſte offe yatte caltyfnyd tre,
 Whoſe lethal taſte into thys worlde dydde brynge
 Both morthe and tene to all poſteritie.

How very near alſo (in point of dramatic excellence) would Shakſpeare come to the author of *Ælla*, if ſome of his beſt pieces were thus tranſmuted ! As for inſtance the ſoliloquy of Hamlet,
“ To be, or not to be.”

To blynne or not to blynne the denwere is ;
 Giſ it be bette wythin the ſpryte to beare
 The bawſyn floes and tackels of dyſtreſſe,
 Orr by forloynyng amenuſe them clere.

But I throw theſe trifles out, only to whet the appetite of the reader, for what he is to feaſt on in the ſubſequent pages.

Mile-end,
 March 15th, 1782.

Vale & fruere.

EPISTLLEE

E P I S T E L L E

T O

DOCTOURE MYLLES.

I.

A s whanne a gronfer ^a, with arduous ^b glow;
 Han ^c from the mees ^d liche ^e sweltrie ^f fun
 arift ^g,

The lordynge ^h toade awhaped ⁱ creepethe flowe,
 To hilde ^k his groted ^l weam ^m in mokie ⁿ kiste ^o;
 Owlettes yblente ^p alyche dooe flizze ^q awaie,
 Inrye-wympled ^r shade to glomb ^s in depe dismaie.

E X P L A N A T I O N.

STANZA. I. ^a A meteor. ^b Burning. ^c Hath.
^d Meadows. ^e Like. ^f Sultry. ^g Arose.
^h Standing on his hind legs; rather, heavy, sluggish.
ⁱ Astonished, or terrified. ^k Hide. ^l Swelled.
^m Womb, or body. ⁿ Black. ^o Coffin.
^p Blinded, or dazzled. ^q Fly away. ^r Ivy-
 mantled. ^s Frown.

Vol. IV.

U

II.

II.

So, dygne ^a Deane Mylles, whanne as thie wytte ^b
fo rare

Han Rowley's amenufed ^c fame chevysed ^d,
His foemenne ^e alle forlette ^f theyre groffish gare ^g,
Whyche in theyre houton sprytes ^h theie han
devysed,

Whanne thee theie ken ⁱ, wythe poyntel ^k in thie
honde,

Enroned ^l lyche anlace ^m fell, or lyche a burly-
bronde ⁿ.

III.

Thomas of Oxenford, whose teeming brayne

Three bawfin ^a rolles of olde rhymys historie
Ymaken hanne wythe mickle tene ^b and payne,
Nete kennethe ^c he of archeologie,

Whoe pyghtes hys knowlachynge ^d to preve
echeone ^e

Of Rowley's fetive ^f lynes were pennde bie Chat-
tertone.

STANZA II. ^a Worthy, or glorious. ^b Wisdom,
knowledge. ^c Diminished, lessened; or, meta-
phorically here, injured. ^d Restored, or re-
deemed. ^e Enemies. ^f Give up, or relin-
quish. ^g Rude, or uncivil cause. ^h Haughty
souls. ⁱ See. ^k Pen. ^l Brandished.
^m Sword. ⁿ Furious falchion.

STANZA III. ^a Big, or bulky. ^b Labour, or
sorrow. ^c Nothing knoweth he. ^d Tortures
his learning. ^e Every one. ^f Elegant.

IV.

IV.

Hie thee, poore Thomas, hie thee to thie celle,
 Ne mo wythe aunteyante yearse astounde^a thy
 wytte;
 Of seemlikeenly^b rhym thou nete maie spelle;
 For herehaughtree^c, or prose thou botte arte
 fyttē:
 Yearse for thie rede^d is too great myserie;
 Ne e'er shalle Loverde^e North^{*} a Canynge proove
 to thee.

STANZA IV. ^a Confound, or astonish. ^b Beautiful,
 or delicate. ^c Heraldry. ^d Knowledge, or
 wisdom. ^e Lord.

* As this great Minister, either through necessity or
 choice, is apt to make use of a bad reason, instead of a good,
 here is one ready made to his hands for *not* doing what would
 have done him honour.

If it be considered, that the above verse was written at
 least a fortnight before the sudden (and to him the unex-
 pected) rout of the ministry, the author may justly arrogate
 to himself not only the poetic, but the prophetic charac-
 ter.

V.

Deane Percy, albeytte thou bee a Deane,
 O whatte arte thou, whanne pheered^a with dýgne
 Deane Mylle?

Nete botte a groffyle^b acolythe^c I weene;
 Inne auntyante barganette^d lyes all thie skylle.
 Deane Percy, Sabalus^e will hanne thy foughle,
 Giff mo thou doest amate^f grete Rowley's yellowe
 rolle.

VI.

Tyrwhytte, thoughe clergyonned in Geoffroie's
 leare^a,

Yette scalle yat leare stonde thee in drybplet
 stedde^b.

Geoffroie wythe Rowley how maiest thoue com-
 phere^c?

Rowley hanne mottes^d, yat ne manne ever redde,
 Ne couthe bewryenne^e inne anie syngle tyme,
 Yet reynneythe^f echeone mole^g, in newe and
 swotie ryme^h.

STANZA V. ^a Matched, or compared. ^b Grovel-
 ling, or mean. ^c Candidate for deacon's or-
 ders. ^d Ballads. ^e The devil. ^f Dero-
 gate from, or lessen.

STANZA VI. ^a Well-instructed in Chaucer's lan-
 guage. ^b Little stead. ^c Compare. ^d Words.
^e Express, or speak in any single æra of our lan-
 guage. ^f Runneth, or floweth. ^g Soft. ^h In
 modern and sweet versification.

VII.

VII.

And yettore, faitour ^a, in ashrewed ^b houre
From Rowley's poyntel thou the lode ^c dydt
take.

Botte lo! our Deane scalle wythe forweltrynge
fhuir ^d

Thy wytte as pynant ^e as thie bowke ^f ymake;
And plonce ^g thee inne archeologic mudde,
As thou ydreinted ^h were in Severne's mokie ⁱ
fludde.

VIII.

So have I seen, in Edinborrowe-towne,
A ladie faire in wympled paramente ^a
Abbrodden goe ^b, whanne on her powrethe downe
A mollock hepe ^c, from opper oryal ^d sente;
Who, whanne shee lookethe on her unswote geare ^e,
Han liefer ^f ben beshet ^g thanne in thilke ^h steynct ⁱ
aunere ^k.

STANZA VII. ^a Vagabond. ^b Accursed, or un-
fortunate. ^c Praise, or honour. ^d Blasting,
or burning fury. ^e Pining, meagre. ^f Body.
^g Plunge. ^h Drenched. ⁱ Black, or muddy.

STANZA VIII. ^a Drest in a princely robe. ^b Go
abroad in the street. ^c A moist, or wet heap,
or load. ^d Upper chamber-window. ^e Un-
sweet, or stinking apparel. ^f Had rather.
^g Been shut up, or confined still at home. *For this*
word, see Kersey. ^h Such. ⁱ Stained. ^k Robe,
or mantle.

IX.

“ Spryte of mie Graie,” the minstrelle ^a Maisonne
cries,

“ Some cherifaunie ^b ’tys to mie sadde harte,

“ That thou, whose fetive ^c poesie I pryze,

“ Wythe Pyndarre kyng of mynstrells lethlen ^d
“ arte.

“ Else nowe thie wytte to dernie roin ^e han come,

“ For havynge protoslene grete Rowley’s hie re-
“ nome ^f.

X.

“ Yette, giff ^a thou sojourned in this earthly
“ vale,

“ Johnson atte thee had broched ^b no neder ^c
“ flynge;

“ Hee, cravent ^d, the ystorven ^e dothe assayle,

“ Butte atte the quyk ^f ne dares hys venome
“ flynge.

“ Quyk or ystorven, giff I kenne aryghte,

“ Ne Johnson, ne Deane Mylle, scalle e’er agrose ^g
“ thie spryte.”

STANZA IX. ^a Poet. ^b Comfort. ^c Elegant.

^d Dead. ^e Sad ruin. ^f Been the first to kill
or destroy the high fame of Rowley.

STANZA X. ^a If. ^b Pointed. ^c Adder. ^d Coward.

^e The dead. ^f The living. ^g Grieve, or trouble.

XI.

Butte, minstrelle Maisonne, blyn^a thie chyrckeynge
dynne^b;

On thee scalle be bewrecked^c grete Rowley's
wronge;

Thou, wythe thie compheere^d Graie, dydde furst
begynne

To speke inne deignous denwere^e offe hys songe,
And, wythe enstrotd^f Warpool*, deemed hys laies
Freshe as newe rhymes ydropte inne ladie Myller's
vase.

XII.

Oh Warpool, ne dydde thatte borne^a vase conteyne

Thilke swotie^b excremente of poete's lear^c;

Encaled^d was thie hearte as carnes^e ybene,

Soe to asterte^f hys sweft-kerved scryvennere^g.

Thy synne doe Loverde^h Advocate's surpasse;

Starvation bee thou nempteⁱ, thou broder^k of
Dundasse.

STANZA XI. ^a Cease. ^b Disagreeable noise, or
prate. ^c Revenged. ^d Associate, or companion.
 ^e Disdainful, or contemptuous doubt. ^f De-
serving of punishment.

STANZA XII. ^a Burnished, or polished. ^b Such
sweet, or delicate. ^c Learning. ^d Cold, or
frozen. ^e Stones, or rocks. ^f Neglect. ^g Short-
lived transcriber. ^h Lord. ⁱ Called. ^k Brother

* So Mrs. Newton, Chatterton's sister, spells Mr. Wal-
pole's name; I therefore have adopted her mode of ortho-
graphy, as more archaeological.

XIII.

Enough of thilke adrames^a, and strains like these,
Speckled wythe uncouth words like leopard's
skin;

Yet bright as Avon gliding o'er her mees,
And soft as ermine robe that wraps a king;
Here, fursite of wisegggers^b, I quit thy gloss,
Nor more with Gothic terms my modern lays
emboss.

XIV.

For vearse lyche thyffe been as a puddynge fayre,
At Hocktyde^a feast by goulder^b cooke be-
sprente

Wythe scanty plumbes, yat shemmer^c heere and
there,

Like estells^d in the eve-merk^e fermamente,
So that a schoolboie maie with plaie, not paine,
Pycke echeone^f plumbe awaie, and leave the
puddynge playne.

STANZA XIII. ^a Such churls, or rather dreamers.

^b Philosopher, but here put for a person skilled
in antient learning, *fursite of wisegggers* being syno-
nymous to *president of the antiquarian society*. They
are not to be regarded, who derive the contemp-
tuous term *wiseacre* from this radix.

STANZA XIV. ^a Shrovetide, or any tide Mr. Bryant
pleases, who has written most copiously on the
term, and almost settled its precise meaning.

^b Stingy, or covetous. ^c Glimmer. ^d Stars,
from the French. ^e Dusky. ^f Every.

XV.

XV.

Yet still each line shall flow as sweet and clear,
 As Rowley's self had writ them in his roll;
 So they, perchance, may sooth thy sapient ear,
 If aught but obsolete can touch thy soul.
 Polish'd so pure by my pœtic hand,
 That kings themselves may read, and courtiers
 understand.

XVI.

O mighty Milles, who o'er the realms of sense
 Hast spread that murky antiquarian cloud,
 Which blots out truth, eclipses evidence,
 And taste and judgement veils in fable shroud;
 Which makes a beardless boy a monkish priest,
 Makes Homer string his lyre, and Milton ape his
 jest *;

XVII.

* The reverend Editor proves, in his manner, that numberless passages, in *The Battle of Hasting*s, are not only borrowed from the original Greek of Homer, but also greatly improved. In the same way he has, with peculiar sagacity, found out, "that the *grave* Milton, in his *PENSEKOSO*, *am-fed* himself by *reflecting* on the *bushin'd* tale of Chaucer in these lines:

Or call up him that left half-told
 The story of Cambuscan bold."

Just as Rowley had reflected on him before for not finishing his stories. See note on the Epistle to Mafire Canyoge,

XVII.

Expand that cloud still broader, wond'rous Dean!
 In pity to thy poor Britannia's fate;
 Spread it her past and present state between,
 Hide from her memory that she e'er was great,
 That e'er her trident aw'd the subject sea,
 Or e'er bid Gallia bow the proud reluctant knee.

XVIII.

Tell her, for thou hast more than Mulgrave's wit,
 That France has long her naval strength surpass,
 That Sandwich and Germaine alone are fit
 To shield her from the desolating blast;
 And prove the fact, as Rowley's being, clear,
 That loans on loans and loans her empty purse
 will bear.

XIX.

Bid all her lords, obsequious to command,
 As lords that best besit a land-like this,
 Take valiant Viscount Sackville by the hand,
 Bid bishops greet him with a holy kiss,
 For forming plans to quell the rebel tribe,
 Whose execution foil'd all bravery, and all bribe.

p. 167. O ye venerable society of antiquarians, whatever ye
 in your wisdom shall think fit to do with the rest of your
 president's notes, inscribe this, I beseech you, in letters of
 gold over your new chimney piece at Somerset-House.

XX.

Teach her, two British armies both subdued,
 That still the free American will yield;
 Like Macbeth's witch*, bid her "spill much
 "more blood,"

And stain with brethren's gore the flooded
 field;
 Nor sheath the sword, till o'er one little isle
 In snug domestic pomp her king shall reign and
 smile.

* This was left unnoted in the first edition, in order that it might prove a crust to the critics: and, if the author is well-informed, some of them have mumbled it. They say, and they say truly, that there is no such expression in the play of Shakspeare. But, in the representation of that play, where D'Avenant's alterations are admitted, for the sake of some very fine old musick, which Lock originally set to them, the following chorus over the caldron is well known by the frequenters of the theatre;

"He must, he shall, he will *spill much more blood,*

"And become worse, to make his title good."

Now the author has cautiously not called the witch, who sings this, *Shakspeare's* witch, but "*Macbeth's* witch;" and therefore the quotation is pertinent, though D'Avenant, and not Shakspeare, put the words into her mouth.

XXI.

So from a dean'ry " rising in thy trade,"
 And puff'd with lawn by byshoppe-millanere^a,
 Ev'n glommed^b York, of thy amede^c afraid,
 At Lollard's Tower^d with spyryng^e eye shall
 peer,
 Where thou, like Ælla's spyte, shalt glare on high,
 The triple crown to feize, if old Cornwallis die*.

STANZA XXI. ^a Byshoppe-millanere—the word is
 formed from horfe-millanere, and means the
 robe-maker, or sempstress, of the lords spiritual.
^b Sullen, cloudy, or dejected. ^c Reward, or
 preferment. ^d The highest tower in the palace
 of Lambeth. ^e Aspiring, or ambitious.

* All readers of true classical taste will, I trust, applaud
 this concluding stanza, which returns to the style, in which
 the epistle began, in judicious subserviency to the rule of
 Horace:

————— Servetur ad imum
 Qualis ab incepto processerit, & sibi consuet.

F I N I S.

[Adver-

[Advertisement at the end of the Second Edition
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Virg.

F

J

S

THE
ENTERTAINING
AND
FACETIOUS HISTORY
OF
JOHN GILPIN;
SHEWING HOW HE WENT FAR-
THER THAN HE INTENDED, AND
CAME HOME SAFE AT LAST.

First printed in the PUBLIC ADVERTIZER,
Nov. 14, 1782.

I

F

J

THE
ENTERTAINING
AND
FACETIOUS HISTORY
OF
JOHN GILPIN.

To the Tune of — Chevy Chase.

JOHN Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her Dear :
Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

To-morrow is our wedding day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

My sister and my sister's child,
 Myself and children three,
 Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
 On horseback after we.

He soon replied, I do admire
 Of womankind but one,
 And you are she, my dearest dear,
 Therefore it shall be done.

I am a linen-draper bold,
 As all the world does know,
 And my good friend, the callender,
 Will lend his horse to go.

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, that's well said;
 And for that wine is dear,
 We will be furnish'd with our own,
 Which is so bright and clear.

John Gilpin kiss'd his loving wife;
 O'erjoy'd was he to find,
 That though on pleasure she was bent,
 She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
 But yet was not allow'd
 To drive up to the door, lest all
 Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was staid,
Where they did all get in,
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seiz'd fast the flowing mane,
And up he got in haste to ride,
But soon came down again.

For faddle-tree scarce reach'd had he,
His journey to begin,
When turning round his face he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came, for loss of time
Although it griev'd him fore,
Yet loss of pence full well he knew
Would grieve him still much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty scream'd into his ears,
—The wine is left behind.—

308 THE HISTORY OF

Good lack ! quoth he, yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.

Now, Mistress Gilpin, careful soul !
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor which she lov'd,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had two curling ears,
Through which the belt he drew ;
He hung one bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipp'd from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brush'd and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which gall'd him in his seat.

J O H N G I L P I N. 309

So fair and softly, John did cry,
But John he cry'd in vain,
That trot became a gallop soon
In spite of curb or rein.

So stooping down, as he needs must
Who cannot sit upright,
He grasp'd the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought,
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The horse, who never had before
Been handled in this kind,
Affrighted fled, and as he flew
Left all the world behind.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had flung:
A bottle swinging at each side,
As has been said or sung.

310 THE HISTORY OF

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all,
And ev'ry soul cried out, "Well done!"
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin, who but he!
His fame soon spread around,
"He carries weight, he rides a race,
"'Tis for a thousand pound."

And still as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain, behind his back,
Were shatter'd at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
And made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As he had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced,
For still the bottle necks were left
Both dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
 And 'till he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the Wash about
 On both sides of the way,
 Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
 Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

Stop, stop, John Gilpin, here's the house!
 They all at once did cry,
 The dinner waits, and we are tired—
 Said Gilpin, So am I!

But ah! his horse was not a whit
 Inclined to tarry there,
 For why? his owner had a house
 Full ten miles off at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew
 Shot by an archer strong,
 So did he fly—which brings me to
 The middle of my song.

312 THE HISTORY OF

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And fore against his will,
Till at his friend's, the callender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The callender, surpris'd to see
His friend in such a trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

What news, what news, the tidings tell,
Make haste and tell me all,
Say, why bare-headed you are come,
Or why you come at all.

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke,
And thus unto the callender
In merry strains he spoke.

I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,
They are upon the road.

The callender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Return'd him not a single word,
But to the house went in.

Whence

Whence strait he came with hat and wig,
 A wig that droop'd behind,
 A hat not much the worse for wear,
 Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
 Thus show'd his ready wit—
 My head is twice as big as yours,
 'They therefore needs must fit.

But let me scrape the dirt away
 That hangs about your face;
 And stop and eat—for well you may
 Be in a hungry case.

Said John, it is my wedding-day,
 And folks would gape and stare,
 If Wife should dine at Edmonton,
 And I should dine at Ware.

Then speaking to his horse, he said,
 I am in haste to dine,
 'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
 You shall go back for mine.

Ah! luckless word and bootless boast,
 For which he paid full dear,
 For while he spoke, a braying ass
 Did sing most loud and clear:

Whereat

314 THE HISTORY OF

Whereat his horse did snort, as if
He heard a lion roar,
And gallop'd off with all his might
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin,—and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first :
For why? They were too big.

Now Gilpin's wife, when she had seen
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pull'd out half a crown.

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
This shall be yours when you bring back
My husband safe and well.

The youth did ride, and soon they met ;
He tried to stop John's horse,
By seizing fast the flowing rein,
But only made things worse :

For not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
He thereby frightened Gilpin's horse,
And made him faster run.

Away

Away went Gilpin,---and away
 Went post-boy at his heels;
 The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
 The lumber of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
 Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
 With post-boy scampering in the rear,
 They rais'd the hue-and-cry.

Stop thief!---stop thief!---a highwayman!
 Not one of them was mute!
 So they and all that pass'd that way
 Soon join'd in the pursuit.

But all the turnpike-gates again
 Flew open in short space,
 The men still thinking as before
 That Gilpin rode a race:

And so he did, and won it too,
 For he got first to town,
 Nor stopp'd till where he first got up
 He did again get down.

Now let us sing--long live the King,
 And Gilpin long live he;
 And when he next does ride abroad,
 May I be there to see!

C O N.

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C O N T E N T S

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